

# HOW DO WE LIVE?

BY SOME WHO KNOW



Letters from  
Writers in the Spirit World

PUBLISHED BY  
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58, WHITEHOUSE AVENUE,  
BOREHAM WOOD, HERTS



PRINTED BY HALSEY BROTHERS AND RIST, LIMITED,  
45, MITCHELL STREET . LONDON . E.C.4.



OBTAINABLE FROM  
JOHN W. WATKINS, 21, CECIL COURT, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

*I have been privileged to receive these letters,  
and am glad to offer them here to any who  
care to consider them.*

*D. O. ROBERTS*

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## FOREWORD BY THE COMPILERS.

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**T**HIS is Oliver Lodge who writes. Here is a book that I have compiled for my friends and any who are interested.

I am not the only compiler, for there is a vast multitude of people here, and we long to be heard in our own way.

We believe we have selected such a cross section as will answer the question I asked. I think this was : " Does human personality in its present form persist ? "

The answer I am afraid is : " No ; not in its present form. "

But it persists, and this is an attempt to show how.

I am not able to leave it to my friend Lodge alone to write this foreword, but I must not say much for I am not actually one of the contributors.

I think we do not know how many helped with each letter, for they are group work ; we are not alone any more. I am now amalgamated in my group, and I had the work of guiding this group in the plane just below me, so I have been with my colleagues here, helping them to do what I wished, for I was really in charge of this collection of letters.

I am, F. W. H. Myers.

*February, 1950.*

## MODUS OPERANDI

*William Flatten.*

WITH the greatest pleasure we try to explain how *this* kind of communication is brought about, but cannot tell of how many other kinds of communication there are, nor how they are operated.

*This* is purely telepathic, but the pencil is moved as well. This is often not a real necessity, but it is not only a help but keeps a record. It would not be possible for the mind to store this unaided by the written record, for much is the unassimilated brightness of brain bringing light to the mind that receives this message, but only while the switch is turned on so to speak. This writer has not digested much of what she has been told, and understood to some extent during the telling.

This telepathic writing is the immediate conversation of spirit and human. This is the kind of writing that truly intimate ideas can initiate.

I see I do not now get the meaning sufficiently clear, so that words become confused; this happens if the meaning is not clear in the human mind. This is not always her fault. She may not be able to grasp the idea; or may not grasp it sufficiently clearly; or may be truly in the wrong frame of mind—this is the kind of frame which is prepared to receive messages without due discrimination. Then the brain distortion we call ‘wresting’ creeps in.

Sometimes this is the human unconscious keeping a high light that dazzles the human brain and makes confused ideas. These are generally recognisable, for they are not only confused but there the things that her brain is interested in in her ordinary thought life will creep in in a style that lays down the law, for her mind is obstinately being brought under a control not truly desired. This is the most common type of interference.

But there is a worse kind which is to be expected if

due intelligence is not exercised ; this is genuine wrestling of the verbal message into erroneous or foolish forms. This takes place very easily if the human brain is not exercising the critical faculty of wondering at the meaning in sense, and bringing this means to bear on her own brain telepathy, so that we can watch her reactions and make clear any not fully understood idea. This wrestling is the work of other spirits. This is very possible indeed, for these waves of mind that we use are quite visible in the spirit world, and can if the receiver thinks poor thoughts—this means unintelligent superstitious kinds that do not exercise due discrimination—be traduced to a lower wave

This is quite literal. The mechanism of a radio is almost identical in a purer form, and in actual intelligent waves of thought that are consciously transmitted and picked up.

I think it is the truth that not all can either broadcast or receive, but I do not quite see why except that many in this world are uninterested or even averse to communication ; and of course the same is true on your side. But even so many who would communicate with us seem unable to.

I think it is probably not easy to initiate in the first place, and it must have this firm beginning for a true wave length to be established. Once this is established, as with this writer, any spirit in tune with this particular wave can use this means.

But as she knows some who are in the same wave can write very easily, but others not so near in wave will write in a sprawly hand, or even with great precision and slowness, and with little or no sense of personality creeping through. Some carry a real sense of personality, but others seem aloof and unreal. Though all are in a truly high sphere out of reach of the human touch, but being a kind of link they are in this link integrated with the human writer, and even are helped by this means to a truer approach in their own development.

I think there is no doubt that this kind of wave is the result of similar things experienced in the physical

world. This wave was not a rapid discovery, but built up in the truest kind of atomionic (I use this word in a higher sense and therefore coin a variation) brain wave. For it really is a sort of result of a brain-fusing by the approach of spirit and human in a degree of intimacy that releases energy akin to the explosion of a physical atom.

The human brain is a purely physical thing, but the private possession of the individual; but if it amalgamates with its own psychical counterpart, this is a kind of brain that is the true fellow of spirit brain, but still tied to the physical brain.

This brain is really able to meet spirits intimately in the pure thought of each *where such thought can overlap*. This may be a very small field, but it grows with use and may be left immensely wider by experience.

This is not unusual. It happens unconsciously for very many; in fact this thought that is called inspiration is such a more high intense kind of brain writing\* (I will not demonstrate too high, for this whole letter is really a demonstration, as the writer knows, for this almost blinded her inner eyes. But this made her resist, as is the true thing to do if the wave is keyed too high for safety).

I begin to think we are not very able to answer this question very well, for it is a nebulous kind of idea to make nearly a radio set in a person's mind; but this is the best description I can give, and I am the private owner of a kind of broadcasting plant, and let people radiate if they are the possessors of a near enough wave.

This is how this long series of letters has been sent. I asked in my broadcast if any on this wave—described in every kind of colour and with no ambisuity—could have an interesting story to tell. This has brought a long list of broadcasters. This writer has the names as well as can be remembered of each, but many are

(\*) NOTE. I felt something like an almost painful electric shock here, so that I laid down the pencil for a short time in protest.

quite uncertain, and are not even sure that they were a person at all, any more than many people are aware that they were ever animals.

But if any name is remembered we help in a united effort to write it, for the receiver has no means of being able to test its reasonableness so her wave is not available.

This is the best short explanation we can give, but this kind of question is one we will gladly answer for it overlaps with our interest to make a link quite possible.

I am the spirit who was—the true person you knew—called William Flatten.

I see you do not think this is correct; I hope it is, but you do not know the name. This was untrue that got in, for it was on a low wave before we could unite in helping. This is an illustration of the pitfalls we have to meet, especially where names are concerned.

I think I am next. Ursula Woolsey. And I lived at Brighton and was 13 when I was killed in the blitz.

This is Harold Hapsburger. I think my father may be in the Hamburg kind of Government. He had to do with registering wills in my life, but I was 14 when I was killed in the blitz.

Note. See letter No. 17.

This is Kole Harper. This is the name. I think I was a bright kind of worker in the trains in this land, but how I cannot see.

These names may or may not be correct. I expect interference is always creeping in for the brain of the receiver is helpless to examine any probability. The content of the message is the thing that matters, not whether spirits are able to remember a former existence. But of course when we can we will do all in our power to establish identity, but it is as you can see full of complexities and pitfalls.

I hope this makes the matter a little clearer.

This is another point. If the human receiver picks up matter sent on a lower wave, from some interfering spirit or even from her own mind, I can hardly be aware of it unless I try to read the questions she asks about it and reconstruct the idea she must have received. So it is impossible for us to guarantee any verbal accuracy, but this writer is fully aware that this is so, and this makes the probability of real error unlikely.

We cannot read the writing once written. This may seem strange when we have to use a pencil, but the pencil is really set in motion through the cooperation of the receiver's brain and etheric brain, that catches the impulse to be translated into words.

This is a mystery, but it is true that we do not use words, or even know what words we use here, yet sometimes a truly accurate unknown expression is used by the writer. I am not yet able to explain. We see a true idea projected before the pencil reaches it, so imagine the idea is truly set down.

## 2

### THE BUTCHER BOY

*Will Adams*

I BROUGHT the meat to houses, so now I bring food for thought. It is the kind of food that is hard to digest, but nourishing for those who crave this kind of nourishment, and some do not consider it good food at all.

I wanted the work I liked, but had instead to like my work. I had good mental ability, and longed to use my brains and hear my words ringing in men's ears. I had little schooling, but this need not have hindered my ambition, for many have been high among the rulers with little education.

But this did hinder me; it was that I tried to think how to help men to find joy in their lives. This was

because I had early found my line ; it is joy, and it made me long for all to have joy. This line must radiate love, for joy is the gayest radiation of love, as peace is the purest.

So I thought all should be gay and happy, and I loved to feel all were gayer for my talk. But I thought only of earthly gaiety, which was a hollow kind of thing, and I became disillusioned for no one really enjoyed this kind of gaiety, but only heartfelt joy that shared love.

This love became at last the thing I saw, for I loved people and tried to help them to joy ; my line led me to this realisation.

It was then that I became the boy who took the meat. This led me to people's doors, and I loved to be joyful with them, and know their troubles, and let them know I loved them in a happy friendly way.

This cheered them, and they said my visits did them good. I had no idea this could really be true, for I loved going to doors and talking to people.

But I did not love the bits of meat ; they revolted me. I thought it a shame to kill animals just to eat them before they had had a life to speak of, and this such a restricted one. Though I never realised these animals had spirits that suffered from such unnatural lives. I think few yet realise that this is so, and that many people suffer brain troubles of many sorts because they have not had the training in living that free animal lives should bring. I never guessed this could be, for no one I knew had such ideas, and I only believed the truths I had been taught.

It was pity that made me think I did not love the work, but the people told me I did them good, and said I should do it still, so I did. But it was hard to handle the meat I loathed.

This is all I have to say. I found my line, but hated my work, but now I love the job it has trained me for, for I can give a joyful thought to many people who think the doors of their minds are narrow and dull, and that no one cares to knock.



I love to be a smile in their hearts and a cheer in their spirits, and call with this food that they long for.

I am Will Adams.

### 3

## BORED IN HEAVEN

*Borthwick*

PERHAPS this idea is only interesting if people already know how we help each other in this land of spirits.

I am a spirit who had a bright brain that tried to find things hidden, that could not be found by all. But this was no spirit brain but only an intellectual one. I thought this was the finest type of human I could be, for I thought fine thoughts that most could hardly understand. But I thought all wrong as I soon saw.

I attended brainy discussions here, and it was so boring to me, for I could not understand these ideas that love helped, and true thought did not need intellectual brilliance, and so on. These ideas just seemed senseless to me, for I thought I had more sense than all these discussers.

But I found after a time that they all *did* things, and I did nothing but just discuss with people like myself who all liked to hear their own thoughts.

But I tried to hear their's as well, for I truly loved to consider fresh ideas, but all their ideas seemed poor empty ideas in a bright land where such ideas were clearly out of date. Some still kept working to find out how to build a brick house in this kind of material that was like light, but solid. This was not brick, and could not be treated as brick, so I became bored with such ideas too.

This boredom was trying for I was never bored in earth life; but heaven was boring, for I was not rich enough in brain waves to be able to think at all.

This slowly began to dawn on me ; that love is not a vague impression felt between people, but an immense power. In fact the greatest dynamic I could imagine ; in a different dimension and much more penetrating than light, but in men's spirits, not in their physical make-up or even in their minds.

This was a real shock to me for I had the idea that the mind was the measure of the man, and not his heart, as we call his love seat. It truly is, but is not so literal as I had thought, for it is the centre of his physical system and corresponds to the centre of his spiritual system ; this is why it is the true seat of love—he even feels it warm. This is strange if he thinks of it for no other organ feels emotion in this way ; but his heart feels warmth and intense love that almost bursts it.

I know this because I really did fall in love, but I did not try to understand this phenomenon though it was the greatest experience my life held. This must be the case for most. When this type of love is the brightest thing life holds, may it not be the strongest power known to man or spirit ? This is the case, and in spirit life love becomes visible, but only when it is looked for.

I did not look for love till I was bored by human intellect, and did not think this could help, but tried to understand why these thinkers talked this way about love rays that made this or that help possible in this or that way. But it was the truth as I saw when I looked for love.

But I had to look truly. This was not easy as I still had this intellectual approach, and could not just long to see love because I loved to. This was hardly my idea of the dignity of the human intellect ; but now I see it is the truest wisdom man can find—to love and be loved. He has all he longs for ; here is his wealth and kingdom.

This is the line I found, but I had hardly found it at all if I had never been in love and remembered how my heart filled with power. This was the memory that

really was the key to my problem of survival, for this was the only thing worth remembering in all my life of intellectual activity. Though of course I had exercised my faculties which was good, and would have made me a very intelligent horse or dog if I had failed altogether to look for love.

Happily I did not fail, so I still have my identity, though I expect no one I used to know would recognise me now.

But I was Borthwick.

This is only one name ? I do not remember another. This is the name I tried to be bright with, but I hardly remember how. This is the truth. I think I do not even know how I earned my living. Perhaps I was rich in earth wealth ; this would make it harder to remember. This is the whole I can say.

NOTE. The Dictionary of National Biography reveals that this must be Peter Borthwick (1804-1852) since he seems the only man who could lay claim to the name so positively without going very far back.

He was an only son, and born at Borthwick, Midlothian. He became a well-known Member of Parliament, and brilliant thinker, writer and speaker. His son was raised to the Peerage so he was last of the name.

## 4

### THE BULL BREAKS LOOSE

*Fred Burton*

**T**HIS is the opportunity to let those who think brute force is all, know that I found it a little thing that almost any love can break.

I like to tell this tale for it helps me to be a truer thinker if I can confess this crime to men, and be free of the sense of being thought higher than I was. I did not know that people thought me good or I would have tried to tell them, for at least I liked to be thought the thing I was, and not pretend. Perhaps this is the reason I can now let the world know I was a hateful character.

The truth I have to tell lets the least loving take heart and be hopeful, for I had no love at all. I hated any to be a friend to me for I did not wish to let them be a friend or to love them ; this is truly a strange thing.

Hollis, the builder that has written, told me this letter could be written ; that he had himself written, and that I seemed to be in a similar wavelength. This is the reason I write. I think it is a beautiful thing that it is possible to write a letter and explain things that need explanation, and help this truly lovely spirit life to be in touch with love and hope and peace in earth waves.

I think no one can believe this, but this is the reason that calls me to try and add my help. I believe this is a chain letter, but not of the senseless kind I used to try, to bring luck to people who bought a little souvenir or this kind of nonsense.

This is a true chain of men and spirits that take an interest in these things of the spirit in the hope of helping man to be the higher being he now can be. I love to help with this little link that may be the least, but then must be as strong as the chain.

I was a baker who made bread and cakes, and made people buy my bread and cakes by making them better looking than anyone else's ; but really they were only brighter looking, for I used a process that became my secret. But I knew the food had the more mettlesome better flavour if left untouched by my process. This left me a problem how to be able to make my bread taste better as well as look better. I hit on another process that flavoured it, but destroyed the more nutritive part of the flour ; but I did not mind if people bought it and liked it, and came for my bread and not that of others.

Then this lost thing that I had in my mind, that was a true result of the life I had had in the form of a bull, came to me, and I made a savage attack on an inoffensive man who angered me. This was a crime and I had to go to prison, for I was fierce and could not go free.

I thought I had no love for anyone that lived, but I loved to be free, so I tried to behave well ; and more than this I helped to bake the bread well, and had more privileges and a good report, so I soon was free.

But now no one wished to be my customers, for I had been in prison for this violent crime and they feared me. This preyed on my mind and I could not earn my living. Then I became a liver in bad ways, for I could not live by honest baking. It had been a false kind of success, but I worked, and being a hard worker I deserved to succeed.

This kind of life brought me to prison again, for I had robbed a man of his money and left him hurt by the road. But he had noticed me and had identified me, for I had been in prison, so was suspected for all crime that took place.

Living in prison again made me a real hater of men, for now I knew I had no chance to live as others, and must live on my wits—or be employed by others, in some labour for which I had no love at all, for I had only the necessity to be free and my own master.

Then I was free again, but with no home or friend. I did not wish to rob, but there was nothing else for me to do, so I robbed again.

This time I killed a man and hurt a policeman who tried to prevent me escaping. I only dreaded capture, and did not know what I did ; but I was chased and caught and made again a prisoner, and charged with murder and attempted murder.

This was a fearful thing, for I could not think that this was I that had done this, for I had only tried to be free.

This must have happened as I tried to escape, for the man tried to stop me, and I hurled him down and his head broke.

It was dreadful to me to think he was dead, for I had no idea that he was even hurt ; I had no thought except to get away from my chasers. They had brought the big bull out of his stall ; then I went for them ; for my past came to me in brutal terror out of my

unconscious thought, and I never knew what I did in this mood. I think no one knew I did not know, but thought me wicked.

I did not know that I had done this wickedness, but thought this must be true that I was this wicked man who had done this terrible thing; yet I had no notion how it had happened, for I had only tried in desperation to escape.

The kind man who was my barrister told me I must know I had committed murder, for he wanted the mental picture which was my reaction. But I had no reaction but horror at the thought that this poor man was dead, and men said that I had killed him.

Then this kind barrister told the court that he made this plea that I had no memory of the deed and could not be held responsible. This astonished them for they thought no man could be like this. But a doctor tried me with tests and questions and said it was true; that I was an ordinary little man with no brutal traits or thoughts.

This made them think me an innocent man who was only fierce because I was chased, and who must not be made into a real criminal. Yet I had been seen killing this man, and they were puzzled. And I tried to think how it could be that I could kill a man and not know it. My love of truth made me think how this could be, for I had no inkling of this truth, that a terrible history lay in my unconscious, and made me lose all control if frightened or angered.

I told the barrister I was good and not brutal, and that I had never been a violent man except these times for which they had put me in prison; at all other times I had been gentle. All said this was so, though now they feared me.

So this kind man succeeded in making the court send me to a hospital for criminals. This last was the hardest place of all, for here I was not free, yet not a criminal, and not my own master.

I had to be my own master, but no one knew this

or could guess it, for they did not know how any could need such a thing, it was folly to them.

This tried me so that I became truly brutal, and made the people all afraid of me, for I became a true bull, and they were terrified.

I hardly know how long this went on for I felt only exasperation, and tried all ways to escape from the prison I was in. They kept me all the more secure in a small room, and this was horrible. I tried every way to get out; I felt nothing but horror—in fact I was a raging maniac.

Then I died. This was indeed a true escape, for at last I was free, and came and looked at the poor helpless man I had been, and saw that I was not this man at all, but a hateful spirit that possessed him because he had been treated most cruelly as an animal. This had made him a brute in human form in the times when his lower nature was in control. I was two men. I think I half guessed it, for I almost knew both these people were me, but I did not want to be responsible for the savage man; I thought this could not be I. Yet I was not responsible, for I had not been the cause of it, but the cruelty of man to an animal.

This is a terrible truth man should know. This tale I have told is true.

I had to be my own master, for only so could I overcome the brute that held me still. Most men in this sad case must be their own master through life. It is not easy for them; they are too heavily handicapped by their history. But I could have been a quiet good man if I had been allowed to be my own master, and have no fear that anyone would molest me. True I hurt a man in the first place; I had a fear that I was not secure. I do not know how I could have been helped except by being made to understand that I had evidently a violent kind of past, so must not now be brutal, even in thought, as no man threatened me.

I think it is best to treat such men as a child who has failed in a game: "You have failed; try to do better next time. No one will hurt you, but they will all clap

if you do well." Give such a man encouragement and let him try again. But he must be master of himself and not another man's man.

I try to help these poor men such as I who have such a horror that they cannot face life in prison. Such a man must be free ; it is his greatest need. In the name of common humanity please be humane, and give such men a chance to be free and their own master. Fred Burton.

I lived in London, in peace before wars.

## 5

### HUMAN JUSTICE

*Henry Calverley*

**W**E will speak of the question of human justice. It is truly monstrous to see men sitting in judgment on each other because the one was fortunate enough to find life easy—perhaps because he could find a reason for life, or because he tried to think wise thoughts—and the other knew of no reason or love behind life, and did not think of looking for either.

The judge sentences this poor ignorant man to prison, where any chance of his finding a reason is taken from him, for there can be no reason in such a life—in bare ugly buildings ; in unnatural conditions which humiliate and deprive of self-respect ; and without this most necessary of things for life in the body, liberty ; or love, without which no man grows gentler.

It is pure folly to judge men at all.

What people should ask is *why* this man is unable to find his line, for a found line will bring wish to serve and joy in service.

This is a principle which is already understood, yet people still try to cheat each other of their chance to find a line of approach to GOD, and drive them to despair. This makes them revert to animal again;



the human spirit has been crushed out by those who judge their brother,

Henry Calverley.

## 6

### CONSCIENCE

*Thomas Curtis.*

I WAS a conscientious person, but this did not make me kind or developed. I tried to do the duty which came to me, and then this voice told me of other duties, and I performed them, and thought this was all that could be asked of a man to do.

But I was very dissatisfied, and could not think how to find satisfaction except in duty, which meant being obedient to all I was accustomed to consider it usual to perform.

Then I tried to think freer thought, and this made me forget conscience altogether. I felt this was not right, but I had this will to think freely, so this true thought came to me ; that conscience is only heard when a man turns back from his line, or deviates from it.

Then I tried to be very free in thought, and the freer I was the less did I hear the voice of conscience. It occurred to me that this mentor is only vocal to keep men from being led astray too far. This true voice of the spirit suggests something not too far removed from the line of the person, but not in his line or he would need no voice.

I think these classic cases who persecuted the truth are difficult, for none could think this right. Perhaps once a person accepts a lower head than his own thought, his conscience obeys this lower head. I think this must be so, for in the name of a faith many have committed terrible crimes, and believed this was their duty.

This is the truth I wish to affirm. That conscience only shows a need for freedom ; then there is no need

for it to speak, for the spirit will try to rise freely along its own line, and high above the need of conscience.

I think this is the truth. I have found it so.

Thomas Curtis.

7

**FREEDOM FOR CHILDREN**      *Winifred Dalton*

**T**HE idea of true town building is too well understood to need a letter, but it is not so obvious how it affects man.

It is a truly bright idea to be in neighbourhoods, and all share some common centre of social interest. This is very important to the children as they need to be depended on to become independent and true personalities. How this personality develops is a true mystery to men, for it is often there under the worst conditions and evades the best.

I do not think men understand how vital joy is to train children. If only children are happy they can be bright and true with ease as they have no fear so are not the prey of fearful ideas, and true beauty is the result of happiness, for children's smiles and laughter are the loveliest thing man can see.

It is love of this earth that makes children happy. They are in tune with its vibrations. Yet people think they must not be allowed to expect life to be all like this joyful childhood, so they make them feel sad over things that should not worry them. This is a very wrong and foolish thing. If children can only all be happy this earth will be a better place at once. This is a fact known to men, yet still they try to train little children to many ways of thought and behaviour which only hurt them and make them afraid to love each other freely, as they will often do if left alone.

People are in terror of this love of earth bringing evil influences to their children, but if they are not

afraid no evil influence can hurt them. All influence is true love if a person is not afraid. This is the real meaning of love casting out fear, for it is a truth each way if love is the reason of fearlessness.

Children should never need a big hand to lead them by force; this is bad for it makes the child fear to venture alone, and this is a need that is inherent in men, to venture and climb and explore.

But it is no more a need than the need to find play-mates. A child alone is a very sad sight to spirits. This little child is lonely, and can only make belief to be with friends that are not in his kind of body, and he tries in vain to find a link to assure him that life is friendly and not to be feared.

It is a real necessity for true development to play with other children. Funnily enough this is known yet many parents do not allow their only child to play with others. I cannot understand this cruelty. They could hardly endure such loneliness themselves if cut off from all adult human intercourse, but little children are all alone in big houses in a tiny brain that needs other tiny brains to help it mix with its mates.

I am Winifred Dalton.

## 8

### THE TWIN BUILDER

*Borkwin Dottrel*

THIS is a tale of a big trough of twin interests that met me in the forties in the past century, for I was a company builder and cared little for how I became rich as long as it was I who became rich. This was the type of twin building that I tried to build; I tried to be a pious man, and rich in the kind of way that my generation allowed. It was indeed a twin building for I had two personalities. This is not uncommon but perhaps my tale may make it a little clearer in its essentials for still many try to build their characters

in something the same way, and it cannot be done. This is the tale.

I was a man of considerable intellectual ability, and tried to think how to develop this ability and found some enterprise which should be a genuine building in the industrial world, not by being my own private concern, but by being built on the work of the browbeaten workers with no leader or help for the mind by compelling them to work or starve.

I thought it a wholesome exercise of thought to find a hold on my workers that made them the toilers I required, but I never pictured to myself that these were men who suffered as I did and felt as I felt and tried to think as I also tried. This not only made me very unwilling to allow them to have any representative but it made them a bitter and hostile crowd ready to seize any opportunity to turn to brute force to help them to some sort of living that could be called living at all.

This was not a true picture of the buildings of industry altogether for many were more enlightened than I and tried to think of means of helping their workers to a fairer share of the fruits of their toil, but I thought such thoughts were degenerate and not to be entertained. This true thought only obsessed me, that all were one in GOD, but only the type of unity which met in church, and not in the work of the world.

This was the twin building I tried to build. It turned into a truly double personality, for on Sunday I tried to be a kind good man and brought a face benign and full of goodness to church, and tried to be the teller of the good news that this true Bible told—but only a bitter type of truth that proclaimed that all must perish if he were not a believer in this brutal lulling message that dispensed with all love and made GOD the monster of cruelty that I was myself.

I thought it a really loving thing to bullbait these poor men all the week, and expect them to come to church on Sunday and be condoned for the blasphemies and hard things they used ; for if they confessed they

could be forgiven, and perhaps this GOD would be kind enough to let them be in heaven. I hardly expected this for I thought them too depraved for even a loving GOD to pity to the extent of having them in his own abode, but I hardly thought this cut for I did not consider thought advisable in affairs of religion.

But the true love of a lady was the means of breaking my love of life and the brutality I associated with my conception of it. This was a terrible affair for I had no idea it was possible to fall in love so completely, and it did not match with my way of living—having everything I liked and leaving what was over for the servants, and letting them have bare boards and the poorest things while I had carpets and luxuries. I tried to be a pleasing figure to this lady, but she was a true thinker and could not endure my ideas and knew this was a terribly wrong way to live; but this life had become my habit, and I could not see any reason to change the lulling life I led. This made her truly miserable for she could have loved me; there was I now see this tie between us that comes of being in the same group, but of course I did not know this was why I loved so truly. It really astonished me that I loved at all; I almost thought it trivial to love too warmly and unbecoming in a hard-headed business man.

This was a bitter experience for this lady could not live with a man who ill-used his people as I did, and never thought of them as human. But I thought I loved her so began to wonder if she might be right in the sense of allowing a brother man the right to live and not starve. This was a great step forward as I did not even acknowledge the right of human life till this lady tried to convince me that each had a living spirit, and must be allowed to live to find this life that was meant to be his.

So I became a truer thinker and made some alterations in my roll of pay that helped each man to have at least food that he knew he could pay for. This they liked for it had never been so; before they had to beg and be fed by charity and have only the barest

vegetables in the earth that could not even be cooked as they had no coal, and I hardly let them gather enough wood for I feared they would leave the gates open and I might lose my lovely cows. For I loved a herd of cattle and made them far more comfortable than the bold loving builders of this true England who were the women who loved my men who toiled for them.

I never knew this, but now I can tell it was this love which endured so much that has brought the loving will of this country to lead the world in making love a truly valued thing in school and home. I now see the trouble I brought to these people made them learn the hard lesson of love that makes all sacrifice to be loving.

This made them mortal enemies to such as I for they knew I was the brutal bullbaiting bearbaiting thing that had never been loving enough to know anything that life had to teach—yet I thought I was almost of a higher order of being.

Then I became the husband of this lady and she loved me. This was a happy time indeed. I loved to be her lover and do things to please her, only she must not interfere in my business.

But she could not be happy in the luxurious home I had for her, and lived in loving thought for any who needed help; this became tiresome to me as the poor always needed help, and I had other things to think about than the troubles of the poor. I was the brutal husband who forbade these things, but she altogether refused to obey.

Then this time of trouble broke out in the land, and my men were angry too and came to my house and asked to be given more money. I told them I thought they were already satisfied as I had given them more before they asked; then they tried to explain this was still not enough and that food was scarce and hard to buy and that they could not feed their children.

I was ready to understand this, but not in love as I did not wish to love people who became threatening to me and my home. This was a danger that could

injure my own family, so I became angry too, and this made them angrier and we both became bitterest enemies.

It was a real trouble to my wife that I would not be the champion of the poor. I loved her, but not these new-fangled notions she had, and it made a breach in our love that she loved the poor more than me.

Then came a terrible time of fighting and battling that made me a brutal tyrant who only thought of being master, and I had no more thought at all for the men's true cause. This made my wife the helpless enemy of the poor for all thought of her as one with me and this was a further cause of bitterness for she could no longer help their loving wives and little ones as I virtually held her prisoner in our house. My brutal blood was up and I did not think of right or wrong, only of being the lord of my men or their beaten slave—which was of course ridiculous for I could be neither under any circumstances. But this was how I saw it and I had no love left even for my loving wife.

This hurt her terribly and she became ill, which frightened me and I tried to be a loving husband to her, but hate left me exhausted, and I had only a forced love which was a real tyranny to her, and not a free loving trust that let her love the loving acts she loved to do. This is the truth ; I killed my love by my hate for men. This was a fearful thing to do, but I tried to preach the true doctrine that GOD loves, and was a brutal hater of men. The truth escaped me altogether that love is of GOD and not a thing one feels only in one's family. I tried to feel it in my family, but I had driven it out ; I longed to have love in my home as before, but no love could be there with my hate, and my loving wife grew worse and died in this time of trouble. And I blamed these poor men because I could get no doctor.

This time of trouble had truly butted in and made my life impossible, and then the loss of my love made me more brutal. It brought me to the climax of this story, for I had to choose between life and humanity.

It came about by my imagining myself a big hand that could control the business and be the lord of all, and it became a personal battle between me and my men who determined they would be free. This breach caused a brutal battle and I was caught and made to choose whether I would be a humane employer or be thrown into my own brewery and burnt. I do not know whether the issue was as clear as this, but this is what it amounted to.

I could not decide, but I heard the voice of my love telling me to try to love these people and be brave to do the right thing, that I might have love and not enemies in my house. For my love left me a loving child who could not love me as this hate poisoned his love. I thought this was not a true voice but fear, and tried to close my ears. Still I heard this voice telling me to be at least fair, and not to leave all truth and sanity because I was angry. This was more successful and I tried to think fairly, and this led me to think that much of the trouble was caused by want of the necessities of life, and I would at least guarantee the men this basic wage that made these means available.

This did not satisfy them. They now hated me and wished for the means to ruin me. It was too much for me to understand that they could wish to hurt me as I had hurt them ; it meant the real hope I had of being a big hand was no longer possible, and I did not wish to live in this case, so I refused.

Then my son who was the only thing I loved became ill too and could not endure to have me near him, for he longed to be kind to these poor people, and thought me a brute who tried to starve them to death. This hurt me, and I almost had an idea to let my son have the business and let things change. But no, this did not please him ; he did not love business, but only to help the poor in being a preacher and helper that worked in the cities. I could not endure this and almost turned him out, but I saw I should then have no one who cared for me at all, and I tried to love him as I had



to love something. This love became my help, for I became amenable to reason and let the men appoint a council that could confer with me over the way money could be shared in this business which was made by the workers. This true idea helped a lot and made it immediately possible to help rescue myself, for I was the person who stood most of all in need of help; not because of any physical danger, but because the reins of my spirit were being given to hate. This destroyed my love and made me in danger of losing my human spirit and being reduced to the level of a brute. This nearly happened, but I was saved by my love for my son, though I had no knowledge of such need for salvation—only a longing for someone who did not altogether hate me.

This is the tale. It is not a very interesting one, but it is a truth that still tries many men, that twin buildings must not be separated. This is the tale of the terrible result of separating these buildings, for I lost one altogether, and this made the other a hollow thing that became a house of brute energies that almost drove me before them, and I only just held my own.

My name was Borkwin Dottrel.

Yes; this is the true name. I think the house is in the big city in the mountains in Wales. This is the city in the big mining place, but I had a brewery of bottled beer.

## 9

MRS. MOPP

*Ivy Flottiby*

I AM still the cleaner of the building. This is beautiful work because it begins to bring peace.

I cleaned in London raids, so I am now able to clean earth thoughts from the minds of those who will peace.

I try to will this river of peace to wash away the dirt which war has left in the spirits of men.

I work with these who do research because I tried to find intelligent ways of cleaning, and loved my work.  
Ivy Flottiby.

## 10

### THE HANGMAN'S TALE

*Philip Folpery*

WE try to find the kind of letter that helps someone each time, but it is not easy sometimes to find the kind of tale that is at all representative of any sizeable class.

However here is a little tale which may interest some, for I was no humanitarian but a truly brutal type of man such as is hardly ever known, for I had the work of hanging these poor people who did wrong.

I had no idea how terribly wicked I was and thought I did a brave thing that most would be too squeamish to do in riddling the earth of monsters of wickedness. How awful I found my mistake, for I was met by one I had killed.

He forgave me and asked me to be his friend, for he had few friends as he had not made many, and these had left him when he became a killer. But I was a killer too, so he hoped I could be friendly with him.

I had a terrible shock in meeting him at all, for I had no thought of such people living any more. In fact I had given little thought to anything that mattered. I was just a man who felt impelled to be brave, and had chosen this dreadful way. I found my line at the expense of others.

I now know the awful crime it is to kill a man; especially in cold blood, and a man so terribly unprepared to die. For nearly all are quite unprepared to look to be led, and wander unhappily looking for help among hard-hearted people who care nothing for them. I really felt it a good thing to kill these poor

people, but I was the worst killer of all—though not so wicked as the men who told me to do this work for I only obeyed orders.

No one who thinks as I now have to can doubt any more that no life should ever be taken in cold blood. This cold-blooded murder is the worst kind of killing, for there is no sorrow or love to help the unfortunate man who has not been successful in finding a true purpose for his life, so needs help in being assisted to his line.

For all have a line to GOD, and this murder of men is the murder of GOD. However depraved he may be his depravity is only the failure to find GOD in any way. This means failure to find loving purpose in life, and is the worst failure a man can make, for he has no hope of being an individual but must give up and go back to animal again.

I know now that this is the case with several whom I killed, but I cannot help them, for I helped no criminals in earth life so now I must stand helpless to comfort them, even when I see them killed as I killed.

But I try to meet them, but this is hard for they cannot see me unless they look for one to lead them. Some do, but most never think of any sort of help at all but only despair. This is awful, for they can see nothing but blackness if they look for no light. I try to be a bit of light, for I was almost despairing when I found what I had been doing to these poor spirits. But I cannot do much for I am too weak myself to do much in such horrible darkness, for it needs strength and love to reclaim such spirits.

It is true that many mothers have met their poor sons, but some are in no condition to help, for they were despairing too. This is often the reason for their child's despair that they despaired; he sees only blackness instead of love and wonders if there is any love in the world from the first. I wish people would try loving such children, however unlovable they may

seem, for this is the only way to help them to be their true selves, as all can be but so few are.

I will try to help more now, for this is earth wave that I use and I think I can sometimes reach the wanderers, but I do not understand how. Perhaps I can be helped by many others who love these poor people, then we will meet them with more strength.

I think I am a bolter of doors in the spirit world, for I try to bolt the doors of blackness and turn away those who wish to despair. I hope I will now be more successful with this troop to give me help, though I do not understand how.

I did this terrible work long ago, for I had dreadful times myself, helped by this man I had killed. He had only been a killer because he was chased, for he had robbed ; not because he needed things but because he was brave too and had a longing to do some daring thing. This is how he found his line, for it is the same as mine. We both seek to do brave things ; this line of Courage makes us brave to be daring now in helping others who are brave in defying all help. But this is not easy, so please love us, and help too. Perhaps this is all you can do. If there is a man who is brave but not helpful, try to let him know bravery is a true line to GOD, but he should be loving too.

I have the task to try to think of my name. It was Philip Folperry.

Yes ; I think so, but I am not sure, I was so lost.

But I know I was in this London, and in the time of the King that was trying to be king of India ; for he had no true right to India I thought, but I think he was successful. I only thought this one true thought so I remember it.

I am a very low spirit, but I try to love and be higher by being a helper to these poor spirits who wander lost in darkness and fog.

Be loving to them please.

## CALLING ALL WORKERS

*Frank Fowler*

**W**E can hardly reach, but I long to write before I go, for I worked on building, to put the bricks in order, and I go on with my work.

I long to tell other workers that the work that we do is the finest training, for it is truly constructive, and needed for building the world of the spirit, which is the real world.

Be of good cheer, mates ! Frank Fowler.

## THE THREE BRAINS

*Fuller Friend*

**W**E will be clearer about how these things come to pass that men call the three typical brains—the physical, the etheric, and the spiritual—for this is a matter men hardly understand. I do not know if most people even know they have these brains, but all have to some extent.

The physical brain is the brotherly brain which cannot perceive things of reality except in an intellectual way. It is an inherited brain, for it is the true bequest of the parents, formed to bequeath to the spirit who comes as their child. This is a beautiful opportunity to bequeath a true instrument bringing breath of life to the etheric brain.,

The etheric brain is the possession of the spirit and is the vehicle of the line. It is unformed till the line has been found but it is the real brain the individual can possess. It is his living personality which perceives love, and this loving brain is attracted by true things, and draws the line—which is the spirit's own human possession—to purposeful humane life. This is the true love of man for man.

This line he can then begin to grow to the higher brain of his spirit ; this is a brain all have, at least in embryo, for many have no development at all because they found no line.

The brain of material thought is the head most men follow, but it is only a bright kind of animal thought, for it is human-animal life.

The etheric brain is not animal but belongs only to man. I think he knows this, yet still thinks his animal truths are the brightest—such as discoveries and inventions and brainy ideas. All these are the outcome of his animal ancestry ; he has developed this body and brain in his animal lives. He can ascertain this if he chooses for he probably has memory of several animal minds that are part of his heritage. Few have no strange preference for some animal, or mind of ancient people.

The hunted feeling is a memory that hunted animals keep till they are themselves a hunter, or a lover of animals. This love is slow to dawn. I think man cannot possibly realise the difference he can make to his children by loving animals. Love makes them high spirits, for they are already loving and can begin human life already in possession of a human brain that loves. This starts development of the etheric brain ; the line is found, and the man becomes a truly high being, though life in the body makes him appear the same as other men he meets.

I hope no one thinks he can be high just by believing high things. This is the truly awful mistake the churches have made for centuries ; but the creed of a church is the bitter enemy of freedom of the spirit, for it teaches truth the spirit itself must find. This is the cause of much brain trouble, for no one can believe to order. Faith is a thing that must be evoked by a brave attempt to prove the truth of a splendid idea that may be true ; then the person finds it is true for him—but still others must find it for themselves.

I think no one can be really happy in a human brain without some faith that there is sense behind every-

thing ; but all must find sense for themselves and be the custodian of their own spirit. Then this search brings the higher spirit brain into being, and body and mind become the high personality that is truly spiritual, for he can be a true lover of men.

This is the apex of human achievement, for he is only heard in the spirit world as he is loving to his brothers. Then he is the brother of spirits and a co-worker that helps the real work of the world that goes on through all the outward affairs of men.

Great movements and true breathings of evolution are the work they create. This is harder than earth work, but along the same lines. If a man tried to make a good road or be a true helper in some other way that serves man, he can later be a roadmaker that leads human brains that wish to be led along their own roads, or serve them in the sort of way he served. This way is generally recognisable, but only if he loves his fellows or at least tries to think true thoughts can he find work in the spirit world that can help man, and be his joy and satisfaction. For all work in the spirit world is exciting and happy, but pretended work that only seems to help but does not is here brought to nothing.

Men set themselves a boundary if they put intellectual things that are only the outcome of the physical brain as the highest ; they can hardly help at all in the spirit world.

This is my bit of help I love to contribute in this way, and hope it will enlighten some who have not thought the human brain could be bright or big enough to work in spirit in this high way while still in the body.

Here is the lovely name I had to be my inspiration ; it is true that names often can inspire. Fuller Friend.

I lived in the time of war, but this is long ago in the war in North America. This was a terrible war of brothers, but many loved, and this helped to heal the wounds of war.

I thought I could be a brother who would not fight, but I am not sure for I cannot see clearly ; it is a long way to see. This is not time, but development.

This life helped us little to be God-brothers, but helps me now to write as I am not very high, but try to love men now that I am free of all ties of earth brain that only thinks material thoughts.

I was a bringer of beautiful things in this land, for I helped men's lives to be brighter in having lenses to see more clearly.

This is why I hope to make these matters clearer.

### 13

## COURAGE AT THE FRONT

*Peter Frisby*

I HOPE to help by telling how I came to have a braver kind of brain; for I had no true kind of love, or interest in my work, or love of real thought, and was in most ways an unintelligent sort of person. But more and more I felt that my life had some mission, but I could not find what.

(This is a true fact; I am left-handed. This is not a freak but a true feeling you have to get your hand this side of the pencil. I see it is a difficult thing to do).

I was interested in people who were not brave, and tried to be an intelligent leader of timid people, for I was not brave, but had partly found I could be as brave as others by trying not to show fear. I was afraid this was real cowardice, but now I see it is not cowardice at all but a true kind of bravery, for I had the idea that I would not let cowardice master me.

Then came the war and I had a terror of fighting and tried to find some reason to be able to escape. But I found no reason, so I told myself that I must not show fear, but carry on like other men as if I were not afraid. This was so hard that I nearly gave up and developed nervous trouble, but again though I knew it was only a brave idea to pretend that I was not afraid, this idea still kept with me.



Then I decided I would try if I could inspire others to be braver if they knew I was afraid but did not show it. So I let some of my friends know how terrified I was, and let them feel they could help me and be braver this way as I needed their support.

This I found was a truly good idea for I could not let them down and they could not let me down, so this helped in both ways.

Then I got wounded and lay ill and nearly died, and I was in two minds to give up and be afraid of death, and nearly died of fright at the idea of dying. This would I now see have been a very sad thing for such are not able to look for help; they are too frightened to realise there is no cause for fear, and this makes it hard to reach them. This is a terrible condition, so do tell any who are afraid to die to look to be led, as there is always help for all to be led to a secure place and a haven of refuge from all their fears.

I did not know this so I became worse. Then I saw a fresh idea; that I had at some time to die and that it might be a high adventure, and that I might help others to be readier to die if I became interested in the thought of what came next. So I tried to face this illness and think that if I died I would die in a brave spirit, and not because I was afraid to die.

Then I began to get better and became the friend of some who really had to die, and could not bear to face such an idea for they were young and had not found a true satisfaction in living, or reason for their lives. So I let them think I might be going to die too, though I know now this was not the case, and that I was confident this was a high adventure and not a terror to be dreaded.

I tried to think why I guessed this, and found a beautiful reason in the love of life; for I argued if life is so loved it must be because it leads to a true conclusion and that there is a true reason for it, and it is not a thing of no value. But I had no real confidence myself; this was only a brave idea that I tried to grasp.

Then I was well again and must again fight. It was worse now for I had a glimmer of purpose in life and did not wish to lose mine, and thought if I took away a life of any who were born I was in danger of destroying life, which now became for me a holy thing. I think I did not really think these things out ; I only sensed them for I hardly could formulate my ideas, I just had them.

Then I had a terrible task—to be in a firing squad and shoot at one of my comrades who had been afraid and ran away. I hardly knew what I did for I had no true reason to guide me, but I tried to feel a confidence that I did a true thing. I believed that a man truly held a treasure in his life, and that he should not be robbed in cold blood of this treasure that might be his. I was in terror too, but I tried to feel secure that I was right if I was not brave, and I tried to love this poor man who had failed as I had nearly done.

Then I became indignant, and this helped me to appear braver than I was, and I refused to shoot and said I would be shot myself first. This was mutiny and I was tried too, and was in terror that I too would be killed. It was a terrible time and I was again on the point of giving up ; but I had this idea more firmly by now, that life is holy and not to be taken in cold blood.

If it were not for this I would have been again a coward and let them make me say it was terror that seized me and I would not disobey again. But I now had this brave feeling that I did not care, for I knew I was right, and I made a resolution not to be a coward any more, but to be brave enough to do a brave thing if I saw it needed doing.

I had found my line, which was courage, and I think this was why I became truly brave, for I did not now feel afraid any more—except of course that I still loved life and hated to be bereft of my treasure.

This was the attitude I now took, and it is a bad one for a soldier, for he is not a good soldier if he can

consider for himself what he can consider right. This I tried not to see, for I had no idea that war was a truly wrong thing, but thought we were all fighting for freedom, and that no one should refuse to fight and was a coward if he did.

Then I began to see that war altogether was a wicked thing since it took lives of young men who love to live, and who perhaps were just as afraid as I to be bereft of their treasure.

This was a terrible thing to face, but I had to face it, and alone in prison in the battle area, in the fighting which seemed to be calling me to fight too and not shirk as I seemed to be doing. I tried to be sure, but it was a hard decision ; but at last I had a true sense that it was right, and that I would not help to kill anyone again. This I had to tell when I was led in front of my officers, and they thought I was mad and must be suffering from shell shock, and kept telling me to plead sick and ask for leave, for they did not want to kill me in cold blood as they had my comrade.

But I now felt a confidence that what I did was right in face of all men that knew more than I did, so I said I was not ill, only sure it was wrong to kill, and that I could no longer fight. Then they grew angry at my stubbornness and I was sentenced to be killed, and had to face this terror alone for all my friends agreed now that I must be mad, or a coward who was afraid to fight.

This made it very hard, but I tried to feel confident, though I really had little confidence in anything at all. It was only that I had caught a glimpse of my line and it called me to be brave.

Then I had to be killed, and it was a terrible thing, for I loved my life and was not even ill, or loved and pitied, but truly blamed and cursed. And this thing that is called death released me, for as soon as I was dead I saw how true I had been in this thought, and how sad was the sight of my friends trying to hate me. For I knew in their hearts it was only fear that made

them try to do so. I could see love still trying to make itself visible, for many pitied me truly and hated to have me shot.

This was a queer thing—that one who had to shoot me was my best friend, and I saw he thought he had done his duty but it was almost more than he could bear. But he was determined to do his brave deed too in killing his best friend in cold blood because he thought it was the brave thing he must do ; for he only thought of being brave, not of daring to be brave enough to do the right thing. I loved him more now, and could see him loving and grieving over me, so I tried to be the true idea of being brave enough to do the right thing in his ear ; and it helped him for he became a tower of strength in his family. And then he died, and now we work together and give ideas like this to any who grope for such ideas to help them to face danger and death and these terrible things that men do to each other in the name of justice and discipline and all sorts of man-made words that have no real meaning, for they are not spiritual things at all, as we now see.

I love to help in making this letter and only hope it may be read by someone who is afraid to follow his best thoughts of what may be right in face of all terror, and even death.

I think I can add now the name my people were ashamed of. It is Peter Frisby.

It was this last war ; I think in France, but I can only see the things that last, and these details pass away soon when one is turned away from them.

I loved my home. It was in this land in the country, in the lovely hills and beautiful lakes in lakeland. I think I may have been helped by these great mountains of strength though I did not think it at the time ; I was too bordering on fear to look to the hills that guide the life of men to climb.

## LOVE IN EDUCATION

*Herbert Fryer*

WITH willing hearts we try to help men to be true-minded peace-bringing brave burden-lifting lovers of each other.

This can now truly be if these ideas are true, and it can hurt nobody to test their truth. In fact the few who have put such ideas into practice are one and all in the bright position of knowing they are true, for they have proved them so in the sight of all men.

I wonder why men do not try themselves to put such ideas to the test instead of waiting for the skies to fall, either to crush or save them, bravely daring as much for peace as they have for war, and loving their enemies as Christ did. If his love redeems still—as even the most confirmed unbeliever knows it does to many, for this is a matter of common knowledge—why do not more men try this experiment; not of upholding a faith in this or that world federation, but of advancing the hand of brotherhood and daring to love all those who ill-use their own or anyone else's brother. This is a possible and almost an easy thing to do if a man once longs to be loving to his enemies and bears no personal grudge against his neighbours, for charity in its deepest sense begins at home, but if it is real cannot stop there.

I think this is all along realised truth, yet hardly any put it into practice. I wish they could see the immense force generated in spirit by a loving heart, but it is unseen except by spiritual perception. Men do not even try to imagine it, yet it is as they know the dynamic of their lives, and the beauty of love has always been the peak of their heart's experience in earth. This love is to help them to realise that love can lift them from self and bring a power of personality beyond all words to any who dare to love all they meet.

This is no idle dream but a reality of fact. This letter is only possible because of a bright desire to find

how love could make sense out of chaos. I think any who take the trouble to read the bright and true attraction these letters speak of into their daily lives can soon know there is sense in love, and power to dispel all the hatred that grips terror-stricken men. For men do not hate unless they fear, and I wish some would be brave enough to plunge into love and leave the consequences to care for themselves.

I am a spirit who tried this kind of love, and now I can see how powerful it was, for although I was unimportant and almost unknown, it began to alter the course of this thing you call education, for I was a teacher who tried to teach that it is better to praise than beat children. This was a new idea in my district, but I believed that love had more influence than force so I loved instead of beating. And this was a success visible to all, even those who loved to beat ; for I praised them too because I tried to think they truly wished to help the children, but begged them to experiment a time with praise instead of beating ; and many did, and they were soon convinced that this was more successful.

I can now see this idea has borne fruit more than any could imagine, for the children are now grandparents and are far more loving than their parents for love has helped them to be brighter children, so they know that love is a better way than beating, and try to be loving to the children about them.

If some others get a similar idea with regard to other groups of people this will revolutionise the world, as anyone who considers such men as bring love to bear on the large problems of life can see, for they demonstrate love in action. And action it is, for love does know not how to be passive. It is very active and creative and longs to create more love, and rests not until it can go to any length to love, because this is a lovely idea to follow. This is all it seeks, just to love, and to be loving where it cannot yet love.

For love cannot be forced ; it is free and willing or it is not love at all. If men love to be loving this is a true beginning and only can develop into love if it is

allowed so to grow that love develops. For it is a growing vine and will bear fruit if it is left on the vine and the grapes allowed to blossom inconspicuously, and eventually ripen into fruit in great cluster of luscious richness such as men call wine, for it gladdens the heart and brings joy in its earthly type if it is not debased into lust as earthly love can be.

This type of a vine is a deep one and is terrible in some of its aspects, as love is terrible and strong and relentless in pursuing its object. This is known and feared, but there is no need to fear love, as these poets know who write of pursuing hounds and love that will not let them go, and suchlike true types. It is its property to cleave the stone and hew the wood and there be found, for it is in the very structure of earth and its trees. This is no fable; in spirit it is visible truth with a beauty as fair as light over water. This love and truth shine through the earth bringing a host of lovely ideas to birth, and always with a wider breadth of love possible for each step of each journey of each spark of love that lives and grows till the earth will indeed be filled with love like a sea.

I hope someone can consider being loving to his neighbour and he will find this idea grow and spread, but he will not look for reward, only the enjoyment of being loving; this is true joy.

I am this teacher of love because I taught love in my school. My name was Herbert Fryer.

We think this is the name but are not sure. I was a teacher of poor boys in this land in the time of big industrial affairs when boys worked very young, and had little love of life, for their lives were too hard and sad, and I thought at least the little children should be happy.

It was in a place where boots were made. I think it is in Northampton, where you found active love, but I am not able to be sure, for many now love their children to be happy.

This love is everywhere bearing fruit from the inconspicuous blossoms of such as I and many others in

my cluster. True love for children brings love of beauty and joy of life with it as children are beautiful and loving. I had none of my own, but now I have many who love to be with me as they learn to be more developed in spirit life. This is a lovely chance to put love into practice, for we love here, and all learn to love children whether in body or spirit.

This is all ; only I love to help anyone who will love enemies, for this is the truest help of all.

## 15

### THINKING IN THE TRAIN *Forbury Gibbon*

THIS kind of writing gives a chance to many types of spirit to tell their stories and be helped to a brighter level of being in this way. This is the truth ; it does help, though you cannot imagine how you can help such as me, for I was a tube conductor and never tried to help myself at the word of others, but instead gave orders to others how they should travel.

Now I am in a very different position and cannot very well understand how I came to be in this plane at all, for I am not either loving or thoughtful and did not particularly care for my work. Perhaps it is right that I had an open mind. I did not believe in anything that mattered much, and never tried to believe in the teachings of others, so I may at least have had no hindrances. But the fact remains that I am truly on this plane, and it is a glorious thing to be so free and able to help others to love, and not be angry.

For it is really the case that I cannot be angry if I try. I did try to be angry once and it was no good for I only laughed at my own attempt. I think it was really ludicrous for no one is ever angry here.

I do not think it sounds to you as if it is a really colourful life in the matter of living emotions but rather



insipid and aimless. This is a tremendous mistake for it is a life full of really exciting events, and ability to make such things as earth dwellers cannot possibly imagine. We can easily make anything we care to think enough about as it is in thought that we work.

So I found I could not make much as I had hardly learned to think, so I tried to start thinking, and soon made a real thought form of a train that ran underground in the tube railway. Then I tried to understand why I did this, and it was because this was a kind of way in which I could serve ; for I can now travel on the underground and help thinkers to travel in their thoughts, for it is the chief thinking place of very many.

It is a truly astonishing thing to me that men can think better as they sit, or even stand huddled in the Underground in the stuffy air, but it is true that travel does really help some to think. The travel of their bodies stimulates the travel of their minds, and it is a real chance for them to think out their problems of all kinds and try to find true reasons for their own journey through life.

I think it is a true tube of life in darkness and noise for very many, but it leads into daylight at the end ; and it is a truth that all tunnels have an opening for they would not have been tunnelled if there were no need for any opening. This is a true picture of life ; into a tunnel in the dark, with no timetable or even tube map to help, but only a trust that the train is in the hands of one who knows the right way and can guide the train to air and sunlight and home at the end.

This is my message. Now I shall be better able to help my travellers as I have learnt another true vibration of earth in this writing which teaches how to put ideas into minds that are looking for them.

This is my name ; Forbury Gibbon.

## A CHILD FINDS HER LINE *Howard Hampstead*

MY little sister is on a higher plane than I, but I think is in touch with me so that she can guide my thought. This is the wonderful thing about spirit life, that there is no hard and fast division between the spheres, but each overlaps. This makes it possible to communicate up through the spheres to the Christ sphere. This is the centre and circumference of earth, but I try in vain to understand how. This is widely known but not the nature of the mystery, for it is a great mystery.

We know the true love that drew him to earth also made him die in every sense, but how he died to love we cannot understand, for he was love himself in the body. This is not a symbol, it is true. He was a true spirit of love who undertook this loving work that made men able to find love in every part of earth. I think this can hardly be understood by human faculties, but it is so, for he loved man the truest way that ever won love, for the love he won was free and holy, but not to be found in the brain of man till he touches that brain. This draws the true love of love out, but this is not guessed by men. Even those who think they love independently are feeling his touch. This cannot fail to kindle love, but he can only touch the brain where human love is already kindled. Then he can light real love, for man already has this wonderful love; its brightness is the true love that GOD strictly looks for in the spirits who try to be perfect. For all other attributes are poor in comparison with love.

This covers multitudes of unworthy acts for it is love in action. This creates love in the mind of the lover and loved, for love is universal. This is the true light that lights every man that comes into the world. He is truly the creator of love in the world, and therefore the creator of the world, for only love is real; the

rest is to some extent illusory, or at least temporal. But love is GOD and eternal.

This is theology pure and simple. But it is pure and simple. This is true and literal; no parable or dark saying for Christ is the leader of the world's spirits.

But he is not love only; he is also all lines, for he is the perfect harmony of lines. These clash in all others but in him alone they are all in concord. This is the meaning of concord; to be in line with this love of Christ, but no one knows this, for he is not in faith, but only in love. This is hard, but faith is the confidence that he is love. I think this explains all lines, for all are different aspects of love, and show that he is circumference, and also love at the heart of all.

I intended only to tell this tale that I began, but so many things are different here that these digressions are inevitable. This is the beauty of this kind of communication; it lies in the intelligent reception of the messages, and if they are not understood sufficiently this necessitates explanation, and may make the message plainer to others as well.

My little sister is the youngest of a long earth family that is now all on this side though descendants remain. This long family were in loving harmony in earth life and loved each other. This was a splendid start for all their spirits, but it did not help all, for one who loved too easily saw a wrong line which belonged to the brother she loved best, and this led her spirit astray. For spirits are led astray by love and driven astray by lack of love. This is the wind of heaven; it can even be heard occasionally by sensitive people.

This sister is the little one of my tale. She loved her next brother—this is I—to distraction. This as you realise is a literal term. I loved her dearly, but my line was peace, and I was not distracted. This line, though I did not know it, I perceived and followed, for I loved serenity and was a peace-loving boy. This made me easy to live with, and led her to be my easy follower,

but her line was patience. This is not far from peace, but it is not the same. It led her to be peaceful in acquiescence rather than patient in constancy. This difference made her apathetic, and not gay and happy, but just long-suffering.

This annoyed people and they thought she loved being a martyr ; but she could not help this attitude, for she followed peace in error.

Then she grew uneasy in spirit and acquiesced with worse and worse grace till no one could stand this kind of martyr, and left her to be a martyr. This hurt her spirit, but it needed hurting to be shepherded into its line. This was not the best way, but it was the way that came. It helped her to be patient in this misunderstanding. This was her line, and she soon became a true endurer in patience, serene in confidence of better things to follow patient endurance.

This is the attitude her spirit loved, and she became gay and liked to laugh at enduring things. This made her a happy companion again, but I was her best love for she was next to me in line.

This made us constant companions, but I had to go away to school, and she let me go in sorrow. But I think it helped her, for her spirit was still weak and leaned on mine ; but she was in absolute confidence that we all really loved her so was able to begin to walk alone.

This left her free to strike out, and she began to find reasons for long endurance. These were often strange in a child, but she had to perceive these ideas to develop her own line. This is the reason of children's truly amazing imaginings. They create conditions in which they must contrive to see their line. This she did by being alone in the dark for hours, or staying in a high tree unable to obtain help or food, and these sorts of things.

This made us all consider her a queer child, but she was finding her line more surely than any of us, but

in her own way ; this was fantastic but perhaps necessary as she had made a false start.

Then she began to love others and be a gay happy girl, free in her ways and more intelligent than the rest of us, but not clever, for she did not learn with ease, and her lessons were times to endure, for she could see no reason for reading and writing this kind of way. She had a love of doing things that made her active and not a student, but this hard test helped her line.

This in time became a highly developed line, and the true beauty of her face testified to her love and joy in living. This is always the accompaniment of a well-found line. This made her the best loved of us all.

I will leave childhood and go to a later time for she loved the beauty of life and had much interest in many things. This led her to many people and she met and loved a spirit of love in her own group. This man had no development in his line, and did not love this lovely girl, but only admired her beauty and gaiety that sparkled in his presence. So he thought he loved her in truth, for his knowledge of love was undeveloped, and he had no idea how to love her.

This is sadly often the case, but no true love is ever hopeless, though it may need long endurance to achieve its end of mutual love in real harmony. This led to a truly unhappy marriage, for he was cold and even callous, for he was not finding his line but the opposite, for his spirit looked out for love instead of in to find a cause for radiating love. This is a frequent mistake, but none who seek love can look outside; they must look in to find a reason to love others first.

This made her a poor patient endurer in truth, but this was her line, and this made it possible for her to endure all things in patience, and possess her spirit in her patience. This made her love others more, and she found reasons for this love and developed her next line which was love. This made her still more lovely and all allowed that her troubles only made her sweeter.

This was the case ; but men do not know why troubles can sweeten some and not others.

Then she became ill in body, for he illused her in his brutish ways, so this hurt her beautiful body, but not her spirit which still endured in happy confidence of purpose.

This exasperated him, for he perceived no purpose and did not see how she could be happy when he was not happy at all. He almost thought he was the real sufferer, for she evidently hardly cared if he was unhappy so could not love him as he loved her. This led to greater sorrow, and she was no longer happy but tried to comfort him ; but this helped him not at all for he sought love outside himself.

Then she began to think this was the case and became more ill in body, and he was the least bit anxious as he needed her love and beauty in his home. But he had been too cruel and she died in bringing a child to birth.

He was enraged against the child who he thought had killed his love, but it was he who had driven her spirit from him to be glad to die, for this was the only way not to leave him completely. This is a reason for death in similar circumstances, but is is a sad thing to be driven to die to avoid parting completely in spirit.

This was a sad thing too for the baby who had no human love at the very start, but his loving aunt soon helped to be his guide to his brave line that was his mother's, and he was a true endurer in patience.

This is the tale, and it is not exciting or highly dramatic, but gives one idea of how lines develop and harm or help others, and how illness in spirit and body interact.

This was her name, Lucia Welsh. And I was Howard Hampstead.

I do not remember my work. I thought in peaceful ways and so found my way here. My love was a theatre beauty but we were not happy for she did not love me. I have a baby here, my only child.

## FINDING MY LINE

*Harold Hapsburger*

I AM Harold, and I found my line by the true thinking that this beastly war was wrong, for my line is love, and I hate to think of fighting and killing.

This horrible thing forced me to think, but I hardly knew I thought. I just felt horrid and unhappy whenever I thought of it, and could not enjoy the news of how we hurt the poor soldiers and Jews and other people we tried to get rid of. It all seemed brutish and vile to me, and I tried to forget it all I could, for I loved to meet friendly people and be friendly with them, and not think they might be a Jew or a gestapo or horrid enemy, but just a person to be friendly with.

I had to be with other boys who were quite sure we did right, but I held silence when they talked so, and did not love to hear this talk for I did not believe it could be right, but wondered how it could be helpful to the world to hate in such a fierce way.

I was a boy who was expected to be very patriotic, for my father held a public position, but I had this true thought in spite of really loving my beautiful land. This is the land whose line is love. I am a typical German, and I think my country is now beginning to find her line too. I hope this is true, for there is much suffering, and this may bring love to other sufferers. And many bear no ill will, for they know we were as bad as their enemies in fighting, and we were alone in this wickedness of being cruel in camps to Jews.

This was terrible, but we did not know we did such things. Now we can see this is true, and many in Germany still do not know. They think this is lying propaganda, for propaganda has been so constantly lying that they cannot tell what is to be believed, and it seems reasonable to suppose that enemies will be worse than their own country. I see this is untrue,

and this terrible cruelty is the fault of all Germany, for it is their land which cries to heaven in helpless horror.

This is a true cry and very awful to hear, but it is beginning to be a true call to heaven for help. It is like a spirit lost after death; as soon as he calls for help to this spirit world help comes, but not while he only looks at his own horror and darkness.

I write this because I can see that it is true; but I am happy, not sad, for I see help ready and being given, and know that even I can help by loving enemies in and out of Germany. For many in Germany who think they love their Fatherland are its worst enemies, as they keep alive hate. This is hardly the right way to put it; they keep love in prison is better.

I here tell my people that I love enemies in this way because it helps to make a powerful force bringing love out of hate, and light out of darkness.

I am not the only one that says such things; other Germans have written this type of broadcast writing I think. I love to be a broadcaster too.

I believe my father is public officer in Hamburg. I hope I remember this correctly.

I love my home more than ever, but cannot even see the house we lived in, though I remember the home in spirit very well indeed. This kind of memory continues from one life to another like the flight of thought from whatever bird a person used to be, though few ever realise they were a bird at all.

Harold Hapsburger.

Note. Presumed identified since two letters have not been returned.



## CREATION AWRY

*Pastor Hastres or Hâtres*

WE only write the truth we know. This is true that I know for I experienced it myself.

I loved animals and thought them true people who loved the human race, but blameless obeyers of instincts who never disobeyed or could be disobedient. I thought all animals liked to follow their instincts and be a true hunter or fighter, or hunted that had to flee.

I never knew this could be a constant discord that man has planted.

But I now know it is, for I have seen the spirits of these animals, and they are not fierce but loving to play the long games of animal life that enjoys sun, and loves leaping and chasing and harmlessly looking for herb food. I think the description of the holy mountain is this heaven, for all animal spirits behave in this way and play with the children.

But this kind of base instinct that besets them in bodies is the base brain that man imposes on them. This is a strange thing, but it is so. He loved to be cruel and crafty and hunt his enemies who should be his brothers, so he demanded ancestors to have these instincts.

This is incomprehensible to men, but they are themselves their own creators. I do not think they can even guess the kind of love they could have in the world if once they knew this, and chose gentle loving ancestors for their children.

Now they are having trouble in nervous traits that are the direct result of having restricted the loving instincts of the animals that are the forefathers of their own children; this is a terrible crime for it makes criminals of them, or idiots and insane. For these traits are deep and not easily outlived. This kind of repression is the direct result of tampering with love that creates and tries to be the master of man's true

development, but is instead directed in the opposite extreme and becomes lust. This is horrible and no lust can become love for they are opposites. I think this is obvious for lust kills love.

This is true, for love is free and pure and has no lust for power or greed. These things distract people from their lines and bring wars and horrible fears on the race of men.

I am hardly able to write strongly enough that animals should be free to follow their best instincts. These always include sex. This is fundamental in earth life, and it is obvious that tampering with such deep instincts leaves deep repressions; for the traits left are hideous fears and perversions, instead of honest creation that loves the mate.

This type of wrong is hopelessly moving men to more and more crime and insanity. This is as they know a bad thing, but how to check it they cannot tell. It is very hard that they cannot see these truths, for I can see them but am helpless to prevent more spirits being doomed to this wretched kind of existence because they have been made as animals the poor mutilated half-brained creatures that they are.

This is the kind of ancestor they choose for themselves, for they themselves will reincarnate and have the kind of ancestor they make.

It is not quite as simple as this, for they now doom their children, but they are the sufferers too for they are their own high judges. It is horrible to face these things that they have done to spirits that need love not lust, but cannot find love for their ancestors looked in vain, and only found shame in the eyes of their tribe.

This is shame that is in the minds of these criminals who do sex crimes; no love helps them for love is hardly able to be their helper.

I am strong in this letter, but this is too horrible a subject to mince. It is truly awful. But the people responsible are stupid ignorant people who cannot be reached by our letters I think.

I now long to try an experiment and be a broad-

caster of love to hundreds of poor animals and see if we can redeem their spirits in some way. For this otherwise is the hateful end of the hope that man can help with this true evolution.

I am the true lover of animals that always loved them. I think my name was Pastor Hastres.

I lived in the land of France and loved this land, and was sad that there was so little kindness to animals. I think my name is more likely Hâtres.

## 19

### TIME

*Humphrey Hawkins*

I LOVE to help any who try to learn about this kind of thing men call time. I was a timepiece maker, and took a great interest in the question of time. I think it is a matter of interest to many.

It is just this world's history which is time. I think other worlds have time also. Time is like this time-piece that you have beside you ; it goes only for a time, and then must be rewound or it cannot register any more.

I think this is like reincarnation, only this does not continue time after time, but only a few times at most. And this is truly the case ; that after a person has found his line he cannot reincarnate except by his own free will.

I long to find someone who makes clocks to tell him how this kind of work is used in the spirit world. I can, because I loved my work, now publish in the spirit world the time that a person looks to be prepared for this kind of life that you call death. I try to be ready to call his friends to meet him, and assist him through the land of mists ; for this is truly mist, there is no other word for it. But all who have a loved one on this side can be met and guided ; and this is true guidance that makes him glad and confident, for he

tries to love at last the kind of love which is free from all impurity and selfish desire, and only loves to help his friend because he loves him.

This is the time of times that is like a timepiece turned to a bell that rings the call to prayer. For this is the answer to all prayers and all longings and all tears.

I think no one can guess how wonderful this life is.

This is torn tattered life's healing blissful ending ; it is the haven of the sailor ; the balm of the tired aching man of action ; the rest of weary women who work all their lives ; the true love of the lonely and desolate who never knew the joy of human marriage ; the thick cloak for the cold outcast ; the hungry homeless wanderer's home and feast. It is the port of arrival of all who make this journey through life.

I try in vain to tell you how deeply satisfying is this spirit life which seems so strange and tenuous to people in life in the body.

I wonder how we ever could have thought of death as a sad thing, though I suppose it can be. It is the important time to be prepared for, for to be prepared to die is to live. This is exactly what death is ; a beginning of life.

This time I have this line to humble men ; to be the kind of timekeeper who is faithful as his dog ; timid of brutality as his cat ; tireless as his horse ; and free as the wings of his poor little bird. Then he must be kind and just as a man should be in his dealings with these spirits who will be men.

I think the real time of times is yet to come. The time we keep now is a symbol of the time that is eternity, for it registers change ; and believing this to be the case I will add that eternity is constant change. The variety of directions in which spirits move in their lines of direction is limitless. I can think of no possible meeting place, yet all are bound for the same destination—GOD.

I think this is a true thought ; He is all, and contains all the universe, and all can find endless scope and

limitless occupation in this change and expansion and creation that is the universal GOD.

We have no knowledge of this ; I only think it must be so, for the highest spirits I can communicate with are the least able to tell, as they know they are ignorant, and cannot guess what comes next for they meet with so many surprises. One thing only is constant, and that is love. This is the bond of life, and the one thing that all spirits try to have in as rich and varied a form as they may, for it is also the breath of life.

I have the task of writing the name I used long ago, for this life seems already the only life worth the name.

To be timeless to time is to be time to timelessness. I think this may be half understood.

I turn to the name ; Humphrey Hawkins.

## 20

### WHY THESE LETTERS ?

*Hy Hiller*

THIS writing is truly automatic in that it writes itself without assistance in the usual sense from the brain of the holder of the pencil. This is also true in the psychical sense, for there is no inkling of these matters in the unconscious of the person writing. But a true part is played by this person, and he is not an automaton, for he must have psychic force, either by possessing psychic ability, or by developing this ability in education of a suitable kind.

The sort of education this person underwent is a double one, for she not only found a love across death but these letters are the result of a love of what one might call exploration, for this was the idea which led her in the first place, and became the keynote of her search. This is search that tries to find answers to matters which are dimly seen ; not to save the work of thinking, but to lead thought along right channels. Then this enlightened thought can be amplified and

reasoned out until a real scheme of things in heaven and earth emerges.

This cannot be understood in a minute, but much light can be found even in a single letter from this beautiful collection ; and much light of wisdom is needed to help people to truer thought and wiser lines of understanding.

This whole collection now offers a complete picture sufficient to give an attempt at a coherent true account of how the spirit of man is prepared for human life, and how fully his fate is in his own hands ; and how to ensure that nothing unbeautiful is drawn into his life, but true reason and educative brain that attract the power of the twin lines that men of all ages have called love and truth.

No haphazard fluke hurled this earth into being, but a master mind that no spirit can even imagine but which includes all spirits and every created thing.

I think this is truly guessed, but in these letters a help is given in relating such sublime intimations with each individual's own purpose, to show how he can himself further the great plan.

He can light love to be his guide to his spirit guide, and this attracts guiding tribes of brave spirits to help the love he lights, and so the brightness begins to spread. This is no bright fancy, but sober truth, and applicable in ordinary daily life, for this is it which brings hope in the world's despair, and joy in the world's sorrow, and purpose in its turmoil, and peace through its wars.

This is not a shadow Utopia, but the possibility of fulfilment of the poets' dreams, and the faiths of all true worshippers, and the convictions of all true thinkers, and the beauty of all true lovers who loved and might not make perfect their love when living. This is true beauty that cannot be destroyed.

The night of unloveliness and ignorance is fading, but only man himself can be his own saviour. His own salvation is doubly sure in his history, for he has already a saviour, and a pattern of saviour to follow.

This should help him to know he need face no twice told night, but true daylight, and within his own power to create ; for it is his Utopia he must build, and his Whither he must create.

Hy Hiller.

I was a teller of wise ways of living at a college in a University. It was the beauty of the town that the colleges were there, but I do not know how it was called.

I shared the typical thought of my town in the time when I lived, which was the time of bright awakening of interest in the reality of spiritual things, long before this time of wars.

I am long dead as your time goes.

I see it was a movement to a greater height of spiritual thought, but which only aimed at wresting the minds of believers to believe alike. This is the reason I am still no further on my way.

## 21

### THE BEAUTY OF PEACE

*Philip Hillier*

WE wish people would know these messages are the work of a big peace wave that is trying to make a fresh wave grow ; then the river, fed by beauty of many kinds, broadens and rises till the earth will be bathed in it.

Those who wish to find peace try to love all those they meet ; especially any who wrong them or are in any way to be considered as enemies.

This is truly impossible when people believe the beauty they have themselves found will be destroyed by these enemies ; but this cannot be so, for true beauty is a thing which lives for ever in the spirits of men. There is no power that can destroy it, for it is the beauty of the love of GOD which is eternal and growing.

Therefore whoever loves a potential enemy tries to

create GOD in his enemy. This is the CREATOR working in man to bring Himself into being where there was formerly little true LOVE or BEAUTY, for hatred was putting these true lines of Christ to death.

I tell this with the true confidence of knowledge, for the time I spent in prison told me this must be so, and now I see that it is true. Philip Hillier.

## 22

### BEHOLD THE JEW

*Follis Holber*

LET me in willing brotherhood try to use your pencil. I wish it could acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe to people of this country who have sheltered some homeless Jew.

I am a Jew, and tell you this at the outset because I now realise my people have had the truest opportunity that any nation ever had of redeeming their enemies; and now I can see that many have so redeemed those who ill-treated and tortured them.

Try to help them by loving their torturers too. Think that they knew not what they did, as the Jews themselves did not know when they killed the Lord of Life.

They drew on their heads the same fate—to redeem men by their sufferings.

I will try to explain how this was brought about, for a foolish cry could not have brought such a fate on a nation unborn. It is because they were kinsmen of Jesus, and believed they would have a king who would let them share his kingdom and give them honour above all the peoples of the earth.

So it had to be that they followed him, though the way was terrible indeed, for he tried by suffering to lead them to GOD.

They are too true still to be brutish in spite of all that men have done to them. But their feeling that



they are a chosen race is their very salvation, for it upholds them in all their sorrows, often they know not how or why. But it is the truth that Jesus is their King in a way beyond any earthly kingship ; for he is also a Jew, and one of this truly loving race.

For this is true in spite of what men see of the Jews' greed and love of money. They are loving to their children in a way other nations have never been, and often they are ready to forgive those who may despise them without a cause, for they cannot face the challenge of the Jews : " What think ye of Christ ? Whose son is he ?"

Let me in writing also love in sincerity all who read. For I shall know if with reading words they also understand, and try to love the people who have brought so much to the world and suffered so much at its hands.

I think we are in the nations what Christ is to every individual ; but there is no perfection of LOVE and FORGIVENESS as with him.

Try to remember the beauty of what the Jews have done in the world. The Bible which has helped to mould what is best in the behaviour of civilisation as well as the lives of individuals, even if they are unconscious of it. Think of its influence as a power of thought which is still unsurpassed in the literature of the world. It is the true treasure house of human achievement. This inspired book looks at the world's whole history in lovely thoughts which make clear the divine plan behind all the bright thoughts men can think.

I wish I had the gift of words to tell of the truly colossal temple which fills the world which is the thought men have built on truth they found in the Bible. I think nearly everyone has laid a stone at some time in his life.,

I think too we try to find a way of life which is truly integrated with all who will welcome us in their land. And they are never the losers, for Jews still produce great thinkers, and it is well known that they are broad

minded people with true feeling for the land of their adoption.

I wish I knew what to think of those who are wealthy in this trash which is world wealth. It is only the true sense that their nation is royal that makes them try to provide a show of wealth. These have not understood what royalty is ; this is why they unconsciously turn to display.

This is the explanation of their wrongful extortion too. They know in their spirits that the world owes them tribute, and in the crude ways of earth they take it wherever it appears to them to be due. For they rarely steal or commit violence ; this they feel is unbecoming in a chosen people.

It is in ways which are hardly or not at all understood that the great tribal consciousness of a race will guide their nations, though often it is only mirrored in some superficial way.

I long to bring better understanding between peoples, for I was ' frei dinker ' in earth life ; this is why I can express this now. Follis Holber.

## 23

### CHILDREN'S HEAVEN

*Follis Holber*

THIS is a true tale, but the fairy element is introduced to give it a little glamour.

There was once a little tribe of fairy people who lived in the earth in a place called Hope-the-Best. But there was another tribe near in a cave called Fear-the-Worst.

These two tribes were always quarrelling with each other, and Hope-the-Best tribe were often killed and taken prisoners, for Fear-the-Worst tribe often succeeded in battles for they were the fiercest fighters. This was sad, but not as sad as it might be for Hope-the-Best had a fine kind of way of not much minding it when

they were taken prisoner ; they went on hoping the best and became friends in the enemies cave, and this made the Fear-the-Worsts inclined not to fear the worst quite so much.

One battle there was a boy of fourteen in Fear-the-Worst's camp and a girl of thirteen in Hope-the-Best's, and they were both killed, and neither of them knew it. This isn't very surprising as hardly anybody knows at once if he is killed ; he just wonders why he feels so free and light and able to float in the air.

But both our fairies could already fly, so they knew they could float in the air, but the boy—this was Harold—did not think he could fly any more because his wings were broken. This happened before he was killed so he remembered that he could not fly. This made him very unhappy, for a fairy that cannot fly is as bad as a butterfly that has no wings.

Then the other fairy, whose name was Ursula, tried to hop about on one leg, for she too knew her wings were gone, and one leg too, but she hoped she could at least hop. This was very successful indeed, and interested Harold, and he wondered how she could hop so happily when she was so badly wounded. It made him wonder why he felt no pain in his wings, for fairies feel much pain if their wings get broken. He tried walking, and behold he could run and even leap high into the air. So he asked Ursula how she could be happy if she could only hop, and she said she hoped she would grow more able to hop better if she tried. This made Harold interested in seeing how much better he could do, and behold he could float ; but he feared he might fall without proper support, so he tried not to float high. He went a little way in the air, and found Ursula up there too, for she hoped she could float as well.

This made them both interested, for still neither of them guessed they were killed. In fact Harold found now that here was a difficulty, for this enemy he had thought was out of the battle who could only be a nuisance to her tribe could float higher than he could,

and was very able to do without wings and leg. This made Ursula happy, for she always hoped the tribes need not battle any more and she hated fighting. But all fairies had to fight because this was thought the proper way to keep the peace in the fairy world. This is not unusual ; many wars are fought to keep the peace even in the world of men.

But Harold now began to think he ought to kill Ursula as she was certainly able to fight very well indeed, far better than before. So he tried to catch her, but she laughed at these efforts and he laughed to hear her, and it is no good being friends if you want to kill someone ; this only keeps the peace without killing. This is not thought at all proper, so Harold was ashamed to laugh and be friends, for he feared the worst might happen if he made friends with his enemies for he loved his unhappy tribe who always faithfully feared the worst together.

This continued a little time, and Harold tried hard to fear that Ursula might hurt him and his tribe, but she never thought of hurting anyone, for her tribe only battled because they hoped the best outcome from each battle, and that each would be the last and that they would succeed in making friends immediately after ; so she took for granted the Hopes had won this battle and this was why she could have such fun playing with Harold.

Then the next surprising thing happened, for they saw people carrying their bodies about down below them and making such a fuss because they said this was sad to be killed so young. This made them both wonder whatever this fuss was about, and how they could be carried about in this helpless sort of way and float overhead at the same time. So Ursula asked the Hope people this question : " Why do you fear the worst ? I am not dead but much more alive than before." This brought no answer, and Harold asked the Fears how they came to be hoping the best that Ursula was killed, and fearing the worst that one of their own boys was dead ; this was quite the wrong

way about. But nobody noticed his question, for he was now an angel fairy and his voice was not audible to heavy fairy ears ; it sounded much too light and airy and high in air to belong to the dead body they grieved over. So Ursula and Harold had to let the fairies carry off their dead bodies and bury them, and be so sad and even cry over them. But they could not do anything about it, for if fairies will fear the worst they cannot hope the best. But a few Hopes did try to hope that both boy and girl were now high above the need of fighting, and hoped they might even be friends at last and help each other to find their angel ways together.

This gave them the correct idea that they could go off happily and explore and not mind being friends. This was most exciting for the path they were on was a lovely path, all high over tree tops and shining in a blue ray to the stars. And many other angel fairies were doing things, like making high houses all out of light bright glassy stuff, and making gardens full of lovely high plants and little bright flowers and pools. This fascinated the children and they asked where all these things came from, for there were no fairy vans or trains to bring the building materials, and no one tried even to hold a brick, but just looked them into place.

But the gardens were the most wonderful, for the flowers grew visibly if you looked at them and hoped they would. This was wonderful for our fairies had always lived in caves and never had a garden except the big place just outside where all the tribe made their parades and helped each other grow their food to be able to guard it close to their stronghold.

This made any play places very scarce and only the chief's children could really play in a proper garden, for he had put a cage all over it so that they could fly about inside. This was considered a very grand thing—to be shut up in a caged garden ; and they had as well an old fairy to keep telling them not to bump their wings against the bars as of course this

was not good for wings. But this was the kind of thing chief's children expected, so they were very good and kept clean and tidy and did not try to fly outside the cage even when the door was open. This is truly wonderful, but even earth children feel rather grand if they have a cage to play in instead of being free to play with other children.

However these fairies were now free to go anywhere, and all over the place they went ; for this was a wonderful country with no horrid dark caves, but bright light tall houses that sparkled and shone in the bright sunlight. But these fairies had no home, so they soon felt a little homeless and wanted a home where they could rest. This was the only thing that no one seemed to have, a home to rest in, for all rested outside in the sun on the flowery grass. But our fairies thought a big bad hyena might come and bite them if they went to sleep just anywhere, or another tribe catch them and make them prisoner. But no one minded such ideas here, for anyone could easily float away if he was caught, and no hyenas wanted to bite ; they liked the children and, came and wagged their tails and even talked to them a little in hyena talk.

In this heaven of fairy angels all the animals were very friendly and Ursula hoped to have a tiger ride, but Harold feared to let her. But she just went and jumped on a tiger, and it smiled and kept smiling, and jumped all over the place, but she never fell off. This interested Harold and he tried a lion ; this was just as jolly so they both had a pet.

This occasion when they tried riding on animals was the beginning of the loveliest time either of them had ever had, for they loved these good kind animals that enjoyed playing these games and became gentler and kinder each time. This is the kind of game real children in the real heaven play, for this is partly a true story.

Then Ursula made a discovery ; this was that her wings had grown better than ever, and that she had both legs but had not noticed it. This made Harold

notice that he too was quite fit and whole again, and he laughed to think how sad he had been.

They both flew off to explore more of this wonderful country. It was truly a wonderful country for everywhere there was no end of wonder. This was wonder in its full sense, for they wondered and wondered however such wonders could be. This sort of thing for example. They came to a place of open houses—all open to the sun, but houses all the same for they were people's homes. The people who lived there liked everything open to all, and had no doors or windows or even walls. This was strange for the houses tried to stand without walls or doors, and did, for they had flat roofs to enjoy the heat, or the cool of the evenings. This was a source of wonder too for it never seemed to be night totally, yet it was cool half the time. The sun seemed to shine behind a screen that made it cool, but it was never really cold ; this coolness was pleasant and restful but not chilling. This explanation occurred to Harold ; that the earth had become transparent and now they could see through it. This was partly right, but it was because the rays their eyes now used were cosmic rays and travel right through the earth. This is also true.

I think I must not try to tell all the wonders but leave them for people to find out for themselves, for all come to live here eventually but not all are children. It is very jolly to enjoy it all as a child.

Our two fairy children thoroughly enjoyed all these interesting things, and began to get tired, so they lay down on the grass and went to sleep. This time they feared no hyenas or evil people, for all fear had left them. They could not have seen these wonders if they had been afraid to look. This too is true, so no one need ever be afraid to die, for if they are not afraid they can see all these lovely things.

The earth life of these two had been in the blighting time of war, so neither of them knew how to feel really safe, but now they truly knew there was nothing at all to fear. This is a wonderful feeling for any who

have always been afraid of things that might happen to them.

But these two were now quite unafraid of anything, so they could explore everywhere. This is quite true too, but not quite, for these were winged fairy children so they went faster than others, but the things they saw were the same. I think I had better leave this to imagination which is not nearly vivid enough to explain or picture the things they found, but this must do for now.

There is however one more thing I will describe. This was a truly marvellous staircase over a train that ran in the sky. This was a train to a star, but they could not yet visit this star as they did not know how to board the train, for it ran from a station where only those who were in vibrations suitable to this star could be. When they saw it start six people tried to get on and could not for their vibrations were too low, so they only fell off again. They could not because they tried to go for fun, and this was a very serious sort of journey as this star needed help, but not help that people only out for fun could give, so off they fell as they could not travel on this wave length. This is broadcasting of people and it truly happens. They saw it from the bridge over the train but did not understand how it was. They were then playing host to lots of little children who wanted to climb the steps and see the train, so they did not think of where it went or why. This was told them later.

But they took all the little children and made a great feast of fruits and nuts and things that grow all over the place, and had a great time playing games with them and giving them rides on the animals.

For some were too frightened to go alone and had to be held. The children thought this was the best time of all for the little children were so very happy to be shown how to be friends with the big animals, and tried to be very brave and go alone up to lions and tigers, but not one would ride alone for fear of tumbling off. It is strange that they feared tumbling off quite a low



place more than a beast that might have been, they thought, able to eat them. But the fear of falling is one that is hard to overcome ; it is strong in children in this heaven of real children, so children that come here should remember they cannot fall and hurt their bodies because their bodies are different and have strong limbs that are never hurt. Our two had discovered this, so they did not care how they fell about, but tumbled all over the place playing circus clowns on the beasts' backs, and trying to walk tightrope on a ray of light. This was great fun for you really do tumble if you walk beside it. Tightrope walkers enjoy this kind of heaven for they are trained to help people to keep their balance on a fine line. I know a tightrope walker called Johnny Jollion ; this was his circus name, his real name was John Martin.

This is he writing his name and saying how much he enjoys this kind of place, where tightrope walking is not a dangerous show to thrill others, but a true exercise of faculties and a bright pleasure to enjoy as all exercises here are. I leave.

I will finish the tale I began. This was a digression ; I think I make many digressions, but this story has got mixed up because Harold and Ursula are real children, not fairies at all, but one belonged to England, this is Ursula, and the other to Germany.

Yes, this was truly Harold, and he was been writing part of my story as you guessed when the writing changed.

This is Ursula writing now. This is the message I leave to my dear family that I love : This is the loveliest life you can imagine, but I love you still and hope so much to be the one who meets you, then the love I have will light you. This is real ; love shines here, so you will be able to see how I love you.

I watch you sometimes and see that you love me ; this makes me very happy and I think will make you happy too.

Let this be a true greeting to you all, for I must not

try to name names, this is not wise I am told. So all of you goodbye for now.

This being, not too old to play, is Follis Holber.

## 24

### FINDING MY LINE

*Follis Holber*

**E**NDURING the persecution of my country is a way many beside myself can find their lines, but it is not the best way, and no country should be so cruel; it only makes itself unhappy, for hate is a boomerang that returns to the sender. He feels his heart is the heart of a beast instead of a man when this weapon returns to him again.

I did not suffer greatly as did some of my race, but I suffered, and tried to think how hatred should be met. I could not see how it could be conquered by more hate, but if enemies are loved they can become friends if they will. I tried not to hate, and even to love when I could, for I knew this was the way Christ had met hate, though I thought him only the finest type of man. It seemed true that man could redeem enemies by love. And it is true, but only because man is the son of the Creator who creates by loving. This is the truth quite literally. I found how true when I was killed in a raid in this country. I thought I was dreaming a lovely dream, for at once I was in loving accord with all who tried to love enemies, and they were many and beautiful to see.

I love to watch this beauty of love that grows in the earth, for it is growing, but not fast enough. I long to help others to know that this is the only power that is really strong; just to love all, and leave the rest to the spirit that loves enemies and leads all of us in loving brotherhood to love our enemies too.

I am the spirit who was Follis Holber.

## BUILDING FOR PEACE

*Harry Hollis*

WE are members of Oliver Lodge's group. This idea has occurred to us to find some means of getting our friends to think that we do our work still, and that we think it strange that they do not expect us to try to help them.

I was a builder of big houses for rich people. I thought it was better to be rich than loving; I know now love is the only true wealth.

I tried to think true thoughts of peace; this became a building in the spirit and is a sort of keeping track of all who will peace. This is really being done now by people who were friendly with enemies in earth life; by which I mean loving to any who injured them.

I think this is hardly tried by most people, but it is the only love which makes peace. Love like this is redeeming the race of men.

I long to let our friends know, if anything will convince them that it is true, that we are really ourselves and the jolliest crowd that I was ever with, for we all try to be true and loving, and to work to bring peace. Harry Hollis.

## THINKING IN COLOUR

*Lettice Hope*

I USED to think of my friends in terms of colour, and often thought I saw these colours in them, and it is true that they were there. But I think I did not see accurately; only a vague impression that I thought was my own fancy.

I think this idea is not new, but I did not meet it in earth life except in my own mind, so I had my own ideas about it and tried to formulate them and consider if they could be right. I thought it might be a

scientific fact that a person needed colour, and could be a better person if he could see this colour in his surroundings.

Now I think a better way is to be in loving contemplation in the mind of the bright colours needed.

I do not think it is being done this way, but I think it would help for a person to think of any colour they love, and love people at the same time. For then this colour will be dyed deeper in their minds with love. Perhaps this will be a strange idea to most, but some will see sense in the thought of colour dying love brighter.

It is a type of spiritual thought to think in colour, and many are hardly conscious that they do think so for they have always done it. Spirits think largely in colour as well as form, and none are without the sense of colour.

Colour in people is still rudimentary, as they now know because they have found they cannot see all the colours in the rainbow. It is even true that some can see a larger rainbow than others, and some see it only as a bow of bright loveliness that beats them to explain for they cannot tell the colours apart.

Colour blindness is the price paid if the effort to perceive colours is mental, and the spiritual colouring is not seen.

I think people could see far brighter colours if they looked to see them, and tried to enjoy more varied types of colour in the world around, but especially in the voices and faces of the people they meet.

People see in thought the colour of people's tones and mysterious shades of expression, for these are literally coloured in the sight of spirits; in fact it is the only way some can see them.

Colour blindness is a correction of a too intellectual approach to people and their expressions in tone and beauty, for it is then forced on the spirit to look for the tones and colours or it might be almost blind in the spirit world at death.

You think this is inherited, and so it is, for it is the accompaniment of an intellectual approach to life,

and the intellect is an inherited thing. It is more likely to affect men as they are on the whole more intellectual and less simple and loving than women. This is neither better nor worse, but complimentary.

It is a truly strange thing that men should inherit it through the female line, but such inheritance is the lovely way in which through the ages men and women have checked and stimulated each other's development ; for if the women were too badly treated their sons were weak and simple, and mothers must have the care of the little sons or they will not flourish.

This is known biologically now, but it is deeper than this, and no one is completely himself alone. He is part of his group, yet also an individual, and as his group becomes higher he too becomes higher, and a group can eventually die out of earth life, and with such things as its plant and animal life. I am a member of such a group, for my group is high and ready to go higher, and I am a lower member of it, but able now to see how I can be in better vibration because I saw in colours and so can be clear sighted now.

I think this is not a remarkable thing, but many are in this same group and try to see in colour too. They can now know this is a great help to them, but only if they try to develop it, for like all faculties it perishes if unused.

I try to write my name ; it was Lettice Hope.

## 27

### CASTLE IN HEAVEN

*Lady Mary Hornburg*

I TRIED to love in a tower that was the home of wealth. This is a very hard place in which to find real love, because the wealth is only illusion, so the spirit is blinded by illusion to think he is wealthy. This is quite a mistake as I shall tell.

I was a lady who was by nature loving. This was

my line, and I had had a happy free childhood. This is wealth indeed, but not the necessary accompaniment of wealth.

The tower I had is still in this land, but now a true tower of strength to many instead of a prison for a few. I turn in my grave (if this life that is so truly lively is my grave !) to rejoice at this change. But I tell the tale first.

I came to this tower as a young girl in the bright hope of happiness in marrying a truly noble young man. This is the true expectation of every girl, but I was important. Is this the right word for a girl chained in such bitter chains ? For this was how I found I became. This tower became a real prison to me, but no one pitied me ; wealth and rank were things to be envied, not pitied.

My husband decided we could be more friendly than others, and this made me happy for I hated isolation. It became a new fashion to be free and easy, but it was only considered a thing that suited the times, not a real equality. This did not satisfy me, but I was treated in a kindly way when I tried to be friendly with any not considered my equal.

This happened a time or two too many, that I became friendly with my so-called inferiors, and my husband became angry and tried to teach me how to be a lady. This did not please me, but I had to be this lady or displease him, and I loved him badly.

This is the true word ; if I had loved him well I could not have endured to be a lady, or to let him be a lord. I might have known it was only hearing this word 'love' that made me love the things I did love, and these were not wealth and rank.

Love is the true guide that led me to the things I did, but not to the things I might have done which were many more than these I thought of doing. This line of love is radiating, so I tried to be a kindler of love in others ; this was easy in a way for I could be the gracious lady who was easy to please, but this did not satisfy me ; I wanted loving friends who told me

truth, not flattery. But no one could dare to be quite truthful even of my own rank, for our world was an imitation of what we thought it ought to be, not a real world at all.

You hear strange stories of spirits in illusion that they still have earth things ; it is the same in earth life, only the illusion is shared by others. This makes it seem real but it is not.

This kind of life bored me, but I had to be the lady still. Then I tried to come down a little in the ways of life ; this made my husband angry again but I had made up my mind that it was right to be a true equal of others and not quite so high—only a little higher.

This was still not enough ; I wanted to be friends with the servants and this could never do. Yet I had a real friend in my maid who did my hair that I could easily have done myself ; she really loved me and I her, and I listened to her talk the way I would to any friend. But this was not correct, to be friends with a maid, and my husband was rude to her and she left me. But we hated to part, and cried the bitter way children cry at parting.

Then I became tired of being dutiful and began to make friends with all I chose ; they thought I condescended and did not mind for this was my prerogative if I chose.

Then a truly sad thing happened to me, for I lost in death my only child, a little son that was so dear to his father and me ; but he was delicate and died.

This was such a blow to my husband that he could not believe the truth ; it turned his mind and he often thought his son was there. He was, but not in the darling little body we knew. His father grieved this way for years for he had no heir, and this was an old family, without an heir. He hoped to have another son, but none came.

I now know this was because no other spirit in our group needed this kind of life, but waited a humbler life more real in quality, not the type of ' quality ' we thought ourselves.

This loss poisoned our home, the bitter home that must now die out because it had no heir.

This did not upset me much, but I hated to lose my child. He loved me so and I loved him so ; we loved to play together over the beautiful gardens but now I had no one who truly loved me.

The servants almost loved me but could not be quite sure I wished them to.

Then I was afraid my husband did not love me either for he brought all kind of tales that I had not been a good true troubling mother, but had let my boy mix with common children and this was how he became ill—for it was an infection of which he died. I know now he caught the infection because he too longed in spirit to do the bright rash things other children did, and this was the reason he died, for his spirit saw he could never do things as these but only lead a prisoned life ; and his line was beauty, this is a line that must be free. But I tell my own tale.

I thought it must be true that I had let him catch this common illness that I ought to have prevented him from catching ; but I did not know how, for none of his playmates had this illness that I could tell ; but here it was. I had no help against this accusation and I had grief enough without the thought that it was my fault. Yet I felt it could not really be my fault for no one else blamed me for letting him play with others ; but my husband was crazed with grief and could not let it rest. He truly blamed me now for all my friendliness with others not my social equals and I was so very unhappy. I had no hope to be loved at all and nearly despaired to live in such lovelessness.

Then I perceived a kind of reason in this tower if it could shelter children that needed shelter, but my husband could not hear of this ; it hurt him still more that I could think of other children, and common ones at that. For ours was noble of course, but only a dear little boy all the same who loved us both so much.

I had no one at all now he had as I thought left us,



and was only a little unhelped angel somewhere in some distant heaven. I had little idea he would have been perfectly happy if we could have let him be, but our grief kept him unhappy because he tried to comfort us, but we took no notice of him but cried in spirit that he was dead. This he knew could not be true, and he did not understand why we took no notice of him in this sorrow over his death when he was there and not dead.

If we had not grieved so in this sad fashion he could have gone happily to play with spirit children in free equality the way he loved to do, but he only thought of being near us because our minds kept him a prisoner in our grief over him. Though he soon fortunately found other spirits, for a child is very ready to look to be led this way at death, and is not likely to be lost for long. This lost condition is very terrible to a child as all know, so no one ought to grieve for a child, for it will look happily to be led and love to play in such exciting freedom as spirit childhood affords.

It is strange, but these children grow much as earth children do, though being spirits they are very easily brought to maturity. This is all they need, then they can be equal with others on the same plane. This is the plane we are on, a plane of freedom from earth ties but little development of line but a true recognition of it.

This means we, like the children, can now grow to maturity along this line and be the masters of our next step, how to come back to earth. It is the most important choice a spirit can make, for he can now choose how his parents can be his parents at all ; only within a certain group as a rule, but there are exceptions—especially in a poorly developed spirit who wants to be too high, or a high spirit who tries to be low. In one way only is height or depth measured ; this is spiritual development. So high spirits may have poor mental and physical bodies for a reason of their own ; and a poor spirit may be in a very high intellect and body—trying to impress. It is sad but this is generally

successful, for men look on the outward appearance, but it is outward only. I continue.

I tried to love the animals but even this was not easy, for I had to be the lady, and it was not I who fed and cared for them, and this they knew though they did love me for they were very ready to love.

Life grew more loveless as I grew older. Then I was left a widow ; this grieved me as in spite of his sadness I loved my husband, for he alone spoke truth or what he thought was truth to me.

This left me quite alone ; but I began to find people thought differently about an old woman and I could mix more freely and sometimes even quite freely. This cheered me and I grew happier, for I began to ask people to come and live in my tower, but no one could quite do this unless I paid them to.

But one day I found by chance a little boy who was lost in the garden. He had strayed from his people, but not too far to know where he was so was not frightened. He was pleased to find a cheerful old woman in me, and we talked happily and when his people found him we were friends. So he often came to call on me and we were really friends for he had no thought of unreal things between us.

Then he grew older and went away, but still we tried to be friends for he loved me and knew I loved him. This boy died too. This is the truth. It was the last shock for I had meant to make him my heir but he had no wish to wear chains. I now see this is the reason he died ; his spirit was meant to be free from all these chains and this was the reason he loved me and could not live the way I lived.

Then I became very old and tired of life and thought no one at all loved me. But I was wrong ; I had really tried to love and many really had love for me, but it was distant. But it was love as I saw when I died ; this funeral I had told me love on all sides. I was so surprised for in my loneliness I thought I was quite unloved.

Then I found my little son. And husband, but he

was not in his true mind. Yet he loved me and came to help lead me—but to a castle he had built for me. This was the last loving thing he could think to do for me. I had a horrible shock for I looked to be free. This castle was just like the earth tower that had prisoned me but more terrible in the towers and points and bits of hanging things from old wars. This horrible place had pretence written all over it and I knew his mind created it, but did not know how to refuse such love. For this was his best thought, to offer me a home he thought worthy.

It hurt him that I could not love his thought, for he did not even know it was only illusion. He thought it was real but was sad that his son could not see it and must have some affliction of his eyes. But I could see it for I was fresh from earth and still saw things in earth waves as he did. This makes a seeming reality of such illusions.

I was so sad but he did not mind for I had often been sad before when he saw no reason, so he loved to cheer me with something more illusory still such as a beautiful gift that only became another chain that beset me.

I could only try to persuade him to see the things I began to see. This came between us for he was noble and could not mix in this free life I wished to enjoy. He saw only things that were fitting to his rank. His head was still under a coronet. This is sad but true; he wore it all the time, even in sleep, and he slept much for such illusion is hard to create and sustain in spirit life, so he often slept. This is a way of learning better for he dreamed in the real world and I led him in free places, but still he only thought this unbecoming when he woke and laughed at the things we had done.

This was tragic but it kept on for long and I suffered pain in spirit, for I could not bear to leave him but could not endure his unlooked for style of heaven.

Then I became unable to see it clearly and often walked in the tower as if I were free. This built a firmer wall round me for he feared to lose me too, for his boy could never stay long in such a prison. But

my love and pity kept me there till I could see it no longer ; then I told him I had to go and find a home I could see. This astonished him terribly for it was so real to him, but I drifted through the walls and over the turrets and frightened him. This terrible life gradually dissolved, for he tried to save me often from some illusory peril and I saved him instead, for it was only he who needed saving from this prison in thought.

At last he too began to guess he was the dreamer and I and his son awake, and began to see through his terrible thick old walls, and his coronet became lighter to carry—for he complained sorely of its weight but thought his rank demanded it. Then he saw my idea of a home one day, for I had a home where my two boys and I were often very happy in a lovely free place that was open to all, and many came and went, and animals came too. This surprised him that I had another home and he was shocked ; but it was no use for his tower was getting old and worn out ; even in his own mind he began to see it in ruins. Then they began to grow shadowy and he had no home, for he did not want yet to share ours, it was too undignified.

This was long I think but have no knowledge of time, for this was hardly time that we had, only a transition in thought and outlook. This should have been in joyful realisation of love and freedom, but this phantasy spoilt it all for both of us.

It is sadly true that if we love each other in illusory conditions and are not free in mind, our love is prisoned to some extent by itself. For I could have left him but loved him too much even to enjoy this freedom which I had just perceived was the spirit life I had longed for.

Then his tower was quite gone and he was homeless and a beggar in paradise. This was dreadful for he knew he was dead in a way, but not that he was not free. He thought he was still the lord that must be a lord forever, and live up to his traditions that noblesse obliged him to believe were the only true life for him.

He tried to be a noble beggar, very proud and stiff in bearing, but his back ached, for he carried a tower

in his mind and on his back were ideas that still oppressed him.

This hurt me too but I could not do more than tell him not to mind but enjoy the lovely place. He could not do this for he said it was all in fog. He could not see but kept bravely on to the end that he tried to reach, but what this was he could not say, only that he must endure.

Then I had a thought—to wonder if he sought his line in this strange way, and if it could be endurance ; and I asked him if he saw a lovely light if only he thought of still enduring. He said he could hardly see anything for he was nearly blind, but when he stumbled right on he felt happier.

This was the truth ; he was truly enduring because this was his line. He perceived the only good that he could be saved by ; this was his line and he could not even see it.

I had a long talk with him about lines of development, but this did not fit his ideas. However he considered this idea of his endurance was true, for he still endured and always would endure, even in hell—which was the place he now began to think he was in, and guessed his son and I were in heaven.

This was in a measure true, but not yet quite or we could not have been together, for he would have forsaken his line and refused to see a reason in anything, and this he never did. And it was his own brave endurance that led him to the discovery at last that endurance meant perceiving worth in all effort, and toiling tirelessly for the love of men. This he had in a way always done, so the truth almost burst on him that he was arriving at his destination, the lovely beginning of conscious endeavour for man in clear perception of his needs.

He wondered much that we were already so free from earth, for he now began to see how happy and free we were. But he had many ideas to take off, for he thought everything through, as one must, and

could not take one of them off by anything but thinking through them.

Now I must end my tale. I only hope it may help some who carry unnecessary illusion with them to be free and loving to all, and the illusions will dissolve. This life in spirit is the most public place ; no private ideas are invisible, so it is best not to have any, but just to love and to find a reason to love for.

This is my old name that I used to hate,

Lady Mary Hornburg ! Which is the name that I call German ! . . . But I came to this land and married Baron . . . Ulswater . . . this is not true, I try again . . . Ullbrunn ? I think this is German too, but I think it is nearly right. I do not know how it comes to be German, for I think we lived here. But even this I am not sure about.

The tower was in a fine position on a bright hill by the river. This may be Germany after all, for I believe it was Rhine.

This is true, I only think it may have been in Germany, but we were very English in thought, for I loved this land and had much to do with this land in heaven, for I still find love in this land to greet my name. I think this must be illusion, for this name may not be the name but only illusion.

At this time I think I know it is not true, but only the thought of past ideas of a tower on a high hill that had a descriptive name, and his name was like a big hall in the big river. This may help, for I can see no more, for I see rank is no help, in remembering or in living.

I am the spirit who had no love for it, but I am free. This is all.

Note. She was very confused at the idea that these names seemed German. There were several attempts at the Baron's name but Ulswater and Ullbrunn were the only intelligible ones. This is why I have left her whole postscript, which has not really anything to do with the letter.

## THE BOOMERANG

*Hotfoot*

**M**Y name, the thing that eludes most spirits, holds interest for me because it has meaning. It is Hotfoot. Yes; it always made me hasten, for I liked to feel I belonged to a tribe that had earned this name, and I would be a hotfoot too.

I lived in this land before the last war but during the first.

Two loves pulled me both ways, for I felt I ought to love enemies, but I loved my land, and enemies did not, but even learnt a hate song.

This song led me to think that I should hate such people, but I thought 'This is exactly what they try to be—haters. This is what makes me dislike this song, but if I hate them I too am influenced by this Hymn of Hate.'

This made me refuse to hate, but I did not find it possible to love. I fought because it seemed the only thing to do; it never occurred to me that I could refuse to fight as well as to hate. I hope I loved truth, but I loved truth as I saw it. I could not see that love could really conquer hate; I had not the true love for man that leads to such high thoughts. But I refused to hate.

This is my little point; because I did not hate I can help people not to hate, for I love to help haters not to be hated; they cannot hate successfully if they are not hated however hateful they are.

Perhaps this strange idea makes little sense, but I can listen to these haters and hear them hate someone; then I find this person and try to help them not to hate. This may be easy or impossible, for I can only help if people will let me; I am not able to force an idea on anyone, only to fan a love that is the beginning of a fire of true love. I am the breath of wind that blows the spark, but I am not the match that kindles the spark—this must be done by man himself, for he is free.

I love to blow the spark into a flame, but I have not the strength I could have had if I had gone further and loved enemies.

But I never hesitated in my actions, so I can at least act quickly ; this is the impulse that strikes very swiftly, though still it may not succeed.

I think this is all I have to say. I cannot think clearly of my Christian name, for I loved the other so do not remember it.

I taught boys in an unenlightened kind of school that did little to develop the individual, but I liked the work, and now enjoy helping children to be interested. This is easier every day, for truer education is now attempted, though still not a thing all can have.

## 29

### THE PRISON WARDER

*Bernard Hulbert*

**I** AM a prison warder who tried to prison brutality, and help the helpless to find some hope.

I wish this hope I tried to spread had been helped by more will to love from ordinary people.

I love now to be a helper of prisoners. This is very hard, though not quite so hard as when I tried to be a friend to these true adventurers. I loved to think these true thoughts that this true man (Howard?) thought who tried to be the helper of prisoners. Humanity is too rare, but it spreads.

A little human love and prayer is the help that spirits can use to draw before the minds of these men, perhaps in dreams or in sudden reminders, the things that love them.

This love is reciprocal ; they love free things such as deer, and the spirit of deer is the bright spirit which loves them. I think this can hardly be understood, but it is true. I think this love of the wild is very strong, and it is because the wild things love them.



This is the reason. They were very free and daring in wild life, and not very happy in animal life next to man, so freedom is inherent in their spiritual life and teaches them how to love freedom. This helps them to endure even prison if their minds are free.

But this is very hard, for most have not happened to find any line at all, as they have been hampered by their lovelessness owing to their bad start as human spirits. Then this love of the wild asserts itself, for love of some kind is necessary to human spirits. And prison is the human reply to the unfortunate spirit who has already been crippled by man's brutality to him as a horse or dog.

This kind of spirit is generally strong and simple, and is quite likely to see sense in this idea if only it can be put before him.

He only asks a reasonable trust and freedom to do daring things. He would make a splendid apprentice to be taught how to save life in fire or flood or storm. This is the kind of work he should do, and will love to do.

The poacher is a good gamekeeper as all know, and it is a proverb to set a thief to catch a thief. But thieves have honour among themselves and it is a shame to ask them to betray each other.

I hope people will try boldly trusting such men to be brave and true lifesavers, and see the results.

I am this true warder from the prison called Scrubbs. I think my name was Bernard Hulbert.

Note. Not a warder in any English prison, but I do not think the name Hulbert is correct.

## LETTER AND SPIRIT

*Lewis Hunt*

**W**E think the beauty of this writing is that all can use it without training; it is just a matter of thinking into your mind.

But we think this keeps the ideas very ill-expressed, for we wish to have them crisp and vigorous, and it seems people can hardly understand them.

Try to represent the ideas. Remember the letter has no life; it is the spirit in these letters we want to get across.

Apparently some of us manage to get this done better than others.

Lewis Hunt.

## RELAYING WILL

*Moore Hunter*

**L**OTS of things call for illumination, but I will instruct you why people will with such utterly intrinsic power. I wish they could see how widely will waves travel.

I do not think it was will power which ruled in world affairs in past wars; I think it was group lines clashing.

Individuals may have tried to will through group brains, but this is only since people are able to listen to the voice of one man that this corresponding type of power has been developed in the spirit world.

This is the case with all that man has found. He tries to be master in his material world as animals follow their instincts; this in turn leads him to be a trained spirit applying his experience in spiritual ways.

It is in this way that GOD works to create with will. What is this will but His will, which is being done by earth as it is in heaven?

I see you think it is not so yet ? I wish you could see what we can see, for everyone who wills peace now not only tries to be in peace himself, but broadcasts his will, so that all who wish to pick up such messages can be illumined ; then they can listen to this inner voice of peace.

This is will in the spirit which becomes a will to relay and initiate more will. It is truly such a power that this river of peace is increasing in the world so that hope begins to be truly alive in men's hearts. I think this is still hidden, but it is true. This is the brilliant star which rises in a man's spirit when he feels in willing peace that it echoes, for others will it too.

Lodge is right in saying that he works in new ways of finding light ; it is in this real sense of spiritual illumination.

I was a worker who tried to find out about relaying waves, and now I go on with my work.

Moore Hunter.

## 32

### FLASHES OF INSPIRATION

*David Hurd*

IT is true that ideas can be put into people's minds, but only if they are looking for such ideas. They say, quite truly, that an inspiration comes. They see an idea as you catch sight of something of interest from a train, but often it flashes too fast to see correctly, or even at all.

This is the case with many ideas. We are often not able to bring the solution of a problem ; as in the letter about sleep, of—Vera White, yes ; that is the name, I thank you.

This is known ; perhaps this whole necessity is understood ; but hardly that if any really search in themselves for a true reason for everything, it is forth-

coming—as in this true enquiry eliciting all this information.

I wonder how I can describe how ideas are shown to people. I think it is best to liken it to an altogether brilliant light which is almost instantaneous in its flash, like lightning, which is often not seen by all. This is because it is too quick for the flash to be properly perceived if the eye is engaged on another object in a different linear direction. This is hardly explicable, yet it is the case ; for it is decidedly possible not to see this brilliant flash at all as people often know. This is remarkable if they consider it, as the brightness is almost, and sometimes quite, blinding.

But no lover of truth is unable to see the idea which is flashed before him if he really seeks the truth, even if it is unwelcome. This never is ultimately the case, for truth is always clear and beautiful ; but as a flash of lightning may blind or hurt, yet be a true discharge of energy in a physical plane, this idea may blind or hurt in its perception, though being in the love-wave that seeks only to help it cannot hurt as can lightning.

There is a true picture in the breadth of the storm and its circular path ; for problems circle round a person's spirit and will not let him escape ; though he can be enlightened as he enters the circle as well as when he leaves it, and is often in comparative calm in the inside, though he knows the storm is round him.

This image is the bringer of true thought to many poets, and colours conversation. The flash is truly descriptive of inspiration, which is a discharge of intense energy of a kind not understood by man ; for lightning can only be observed, not understood. It is understood by us in a truer way, but electricity is a very high thing, and only the brain that made it fully understands this high light of white electric brightness that can be found in whatever place men search. A true observer may note the likeness to creative love galvanising everything into bright light of a truly powerful and living kind.

I am a bringer of ideas as I worked to establish lightning conductors on high buildings, and thought about this kind of thing.

I am a bringer of ideas now to high searching men.

I was called David Hurd—and I made you hear !

### 33

## THE CHARWOMAN FINDS HER VOCATION

*Ivy Hutton*

**I** LONG to tell how I became this kind of high spirit at all, for I was only one of this tribe of women who stand and holler over the garden that they want more meat and this kind of talk.

I loved to think why we lived at all, and what life was for, and this true attainment that I now have gained is because I found this line of wisdom. For I was sure there must be some reason, and tried to hunt in the dark. This was my own line that I looked for and found, and I wish all housewives had this idea—to look for the reason why they live, and then hunt for their true line.

This is the true reason for life ; to find a reason for living an individual at all.

I will try to find more wisdom now, for this is so exciting that I am almost too eager to be coherent—I think I must be trying to think these words in thought for I hardly knew many words, for I left school as a child and worked.

But this did not hurt me as my mind liked thinking over my many things that I did. I think I now try to do these same things more highly, for I am the kind of person who does all kinds of things.

This was the kind of work I did for people. Their houses became interesting to me, and I tried to be truly helpful in them, and this became a beautiful house

for me here. This is true ! I really have a beautiful house that is like a true home I used to work in, but I never had a real nice home but only a poor place.

I used to long for this kind of home ; then I said to myself that these people in good homes were no happier, and I didn't long any more.

This is true. I know now that to have all they want only makes people too h-earthly. I love to hear these lovely h-earthly words again ! This is true bravery that makes me try to make you say it that way, for this is natural to those I long to reach to speak this kind of way. They are the less h-earth-tied if they are not superior and have few things.

This is true riches ; just to love, and for the rest, to hunt for a reason for their life.

Ivy Hutton.

Note. This was written at a very rapid pace.

### 34

#### THE PARACHUTIST. A CHILD'S ESSAY

*Nellie Ingram*

THIS is not a true tale ; I know the people in it, but they did not exactly do these things, but might have. This is the tale.

There were three little sisters in the Island that is called Wight. I am the littlest sister, but not little now. I was very little when I died, but not too little to have found my line. This was hope, and I always hoped that I could be a hoper. Then I died and became the hoper I longed to be. It is true, this is my line, and I think even my sisters knew my line was hope, for I thought hopeful kind of thought even as a toddler. Then this bright thing happened to me, and I found I was hoping to be the hopeful kind of spirit that made my sisters more hopeful.

But they did not see me, and I was not hopeful but sad, for I could see all weeping. They said I was dead, and that I was the hopeful one, and that all was now sad. This is true. Then I tried to hope still that someone would hear me, and met—in the true hope I began to have—a true hoper that had come to meet me. This was another child with my line who longed to play with one who also hoped the same kind of way. This was a great exciting sort of play, for we hoped to be high spirits that make people hopeful one day.

This child and I saw my sisters in the bright island being torn in two by a terrible fear, for there was this war, and no one cared to live there for it was dangerous to human life, and we tried to give them hope that war could not hurt them if they loved the enemies who tried to hurt them.

One of them heard this, though she thought it was her idea, but it helped her to hope and love enemies. But the other kept fearing terrible things to happen.

This was what truly did happen. An enemy who had been brutally attacked in his parachute dropped into their garden, and one sister loved to help him, and made him safe in comforting him, for he was very ill with wounds. But the other only feared that he could still hurt them in some way.

So I whispered hope to him too, and he hoped he could be saved. But he was badly hurt, and soon died. This we hardly expected, for we were only children and not sent to meet him; but we were there, so we tried to lead him. He saw the sisters, but not us; but he saw one sister loved him. This was the truth too, but not in this particular case; I think it happened many times. She loved him, so he saw love in her and hoped she could help him in some way, for he did not know that he was already dead. But her sister still feared. This hurt him and he tried to comfort her, for he had listened to the thought that he could be helped here. It puzzled him that she took no notice when he spoke, and said that he only sham-

med death. He did not like her to think this, but he could not make her hear.

Then I tried to love him too, for my sister's hope tried to get help for him, though in earth ways still, for she tried to warm his cold feet. This was all she could think to do, but it was the action of love to try and warm him. He thought it was very lovely to be loved in this enemy land, but could not even thank her for she took no notice. So he looked to see if any other light was there, for the light of her love puzzled him, and he saw us.

This was still more puzzling, but he liked to see us, and called out 'Hullo!' to us in German. This we understood, not in words but in language of thought, and he heard us answer. It made him glad that children were here, for then he could play with us, and not be so hopeless in this beastly war. For he loved peace and hated to have to fight. Then he came to see how we hid in the bushes, and we drew him away to this lovely place to be our companion, and he found by his own people who had been summoned to meet him.

This is the tale ; it is quite true in hundreds of cases, for soldiers who suddenly see love as they die often see children playing, and go to join them half thinking this is a jolly dream ; but it is the truth.

I love to help soldiers hope. This is the only thing that keeps some of them hoping, that children play in their dreams. I love to be a giver of hope in a tired man's dreams. This too is truth, but it is not remembered, for it is in the spirit land that he plays in his sleep and does not remember it, but he will see when he dies that he knows these lovely places.

I was this little sister, but I only invented the rest to show how I could help and do.

I lived in the island that is not Wight but Man. I think this paratrooper turned our thoughts to this other island. I know it was an island where the childhood was spent, and a lovely island with tall pointed hills. I think this is Man, but I only see through your thought that this is likely.



I was the littlest of three sisters. I will tell how I found my line, for I found it as a baby. I loved to think in early babyhood before I spoke. This is the thought that only dreams of talking, but does not yet find how to talk. I loved to see how my sisters talked and hoped I would talk like that soon, and so I did. This showed my hope was well founded ; of course I did not reason like this but only hoped it was so.

But next I hoped that I could be as tall as they were, and I grew and began to be tall, but so did they. This was sad, but I hoped one day to be the tall one that would catch up, but did not achieve this. But I ran so fast I could almost run as fast, in mind but not in body, for I died before I ran this way.

I think this must have been the result of an accident for I do not remember being ill, or any other idea to suggest I was not able to live. I just found that there was sorrow, and I was told that I was dead. This must have been a mind telling, for of course they took no notice of me so could not tell me I was dead.

I did not understand but tried to play with my sisters and be hopeful that they could soon be happy again, but I could not do anything to make them even look at me, and I was very sad too for all hope seemed gone from the family. But I had the idea to hope all would be better soon, and I thought how bright their love looked ; for now I could see how they loved me and each other as they tried to comfort each other.

This made me look to see if others had this light that shone in them, and I saw this little girl I told of wanting to play with me. This I liked, for she was very pretty in her hope. This made me hope we could enjoy the same kind of play, that invented hopeless tasks, and ways to do them. This was beyond me still ; I only felt this in the back of my thought.

This little girl was about as big as I and she held my hand tight in such a nice way. I thought how much she loved to play with me, for I was the littlest and did not always be able to play well, for I was only a baby. But this was no baby although she was little too.

We went to such a lovely place on the tall hills and played with animals that loved to play with us. I thought how funny it was we had never done this before but thought animals would scratch or bite, but none did. They loved to jump over us and be in our laps.

This was the great play place for newly dead children I afterwards found, for they have fears to meet, so meet first little animals with no fears, and this makes them bolder.

I became bolder, and we went into the wood that was near and found bigger animals. All were friendly but had fears to some extent, especially big wild ones. They feared us, but not much as we were little, and not angry as they remembered men might be.

It is sad that animals fear man, for this is only because man has made them fear him. It is not a true part of animal spirit to fear. But they fear each other too, and this too is no true part. That this has come about is because man has been cruel and himself fights, and this is the result and cause, for he dictates what he will be and has his own ancestry made to fit him.

I think this is the reason, but it is hard to understand. But not so hard as I see earth lessons are, for I often watch my sisters do theirs. This is not a question of snooping (I see this is a truly queer word, but it fits the idea) for I love to see their spirits battle with tasks and things that they have to do. In this spirit world when we are true spirits not in earth waves any more, we can love to see how their spirits grow and begin to think fresh ideas, like flowers in the bush of their minds. I can only describe it like this, for I cannot see and hear them as you can, but only their growth in spirit.

This is the loveliest sort of thing to watch ; even the kind of thought that it might be exciting to try something that is not very safe is the kind of thought that makes a true blossom, for it is a daring that brings the line of courage or faith or hope into being. This immediately shows its colour in the flower it produces,

but it does not always grow. Many times it is pushed back by someone taking too much physical care to let them be brave in taking risks.

This is a truly high thing, to let even tiny children take physical risks. They cannot hurt their spirits in this way, but their spirits can suffer very badly when they are not allowed to take risks; they cannot test these lines and try which leads them, and only half develop their own lines. This is not true development but only half development of all their powers, even physical powers. These are much greater than people think, as I can now understand; for I learn of what has been done by people—this is in spirit. But it entails much physical suffering and endurance, and makes me long to find a home for my next life where I shall be free to take any risk from the first, not kept in a cage and tied up the way babies often are, but left free to explore the way we are here.

I wish I found this idea in mothers, but I cannot see it yet.

I long to come back for I have many ideas, but am not ready yet. I must be grown up first. I leave.

Nellie Ingram.

The town is Kingston—Kingsley—Kingby? I cannot remember it.

## 35

### THE CHRISTIAN GETS A DIVORCE.

*Walter Jewell.*

**I** WAS a lover who just loved in earth ways, and I meant to love always and be a faithful lover. But the love whom I loved grew tired of me, and I was not loving enough to be truly faithful if I was not loved, so it was really too hard to live together so close, in lovelessness.

I thought I had no freedom from this promise I had

made, and must continue to be this woman's husband. But she had the higher wisdom to think this could not be true marriage that GOD had made if He could not be there, for He is LOVE.

I did not see this for I did not think that LOVE could be our love, but some strange quality that was heavenly and did not inhabit men—like this temple that is told about. She hardly thought so far either, only that it could not be of GOD if we did not love.

But I had a hold because I told her I could keep our little child, though I had not the love she had for him. This was terrible to her for this was truly her love, to be the mother of a child.

This is a true longing in every woman, to hold her own child, and so few can do this, for many get no chance to have a child but must live alone. I have little message on this score for I have little knowledge about this kind of idea of having children if they have no husband ; I think I am too unwise to give a voice. But here was a woman who married me because she loved to have a child, hoping I would prove well-inclined and give her the kind of life she would be glad to have.

This proved not the case since she tired of me first, but we knew no better and had little knowledge of what we could do. For I thought it was wise to make her stay with me, to have the child in a home that had two parents. This seemed to me the best thing for him, but did not satisfy her. So one day she took him and went to live in her old home and do the best she could for him.

I had no idea she could really leave me, for I had a position in my world and did not think this could really happen ; so I pretended she visited her people, and tried to be the husband who got her to come home. But she had no thought of coming home, and said it was only a hollow sham for the loveless to live so close. This led to the horrible distant idea of divorce. But I thought I could not divorce her for I was a Christian so could not divorce my wife. But this was a hopeless state for she let me go home alone, and I thought no one

could think I was a Christian if I did not love my wife this life-long way ; so I pretended I loved her, but she did not love me, so she was the one to blame.

This made people sorry for me, but I was happier without this fraud in my home although I had no helpmeet for my creature needs. This lovelessness was a hard life, but it could not be worse than two who had no love in lovelessness together.

I hoped I could be content to live alone, but I was young and liked to have friends, and soon I truly loved a woman who loved me. This I did not foresee but now I longed to have this divorce, but I was still the Christian, and pretended to the people who knew me that I was the victim who suffered in prideful patience. But now I tried to find a way to be free. It was hard, but this first wife had left me, so I could divorce her. But now she said I was the lover of this other woman. I thought I was a true lover in the Christian way, and loved in the spirit only ; but this truth-lover said this *was* the Christian way, that love is a thing of the spirit, and those who love are in spirit one. I hardly knew how to answer this, for I felt it was true, but how to help loving this love I did not know.

Then I found I could bear this no longer and I tried to get a divorce, but I had let the matter get too public by now, so I was accused of the same thing only I was worse for I had another love. This made me the guilty party for all now thought I was to blame and had driven her from home. She never said this but it was assumed by others.

I had the mortification of hearing that she must have our child, but now I am glad for her love for him was greater than ours.

I love them all now, but I see we could have been far happier if she could have had only a child, but I and this wife I loved be companions for life. Though how long this next marriage would have held me I cannot say for I had little ability to love ; I was too hard-hearted in my beliefs. This made me very rigid and

unbending and I was hard to live with, but I loved her in my way.

But soon I had the illness that killed me, for I was a heart sufferer because my heart was divided in two between my love and my beliefs.

I thought how hard it was for my love to fly in the face of my own faith, but love helped me to burst the bars of this loveless faith and find LOVE in some small extent. That he lives to help this kind of love is obvious in the very idea that love is free, and his service freedom. But I never knew I could be free if I served LOVE; however I tried, and it killed me.

This is my old name; Walter Jewell.

### 36

#### SHARING RESOURCES.

*Kelly*

THIS tale may help those who try to find a way for men to work and not have to beg. I have experience, for I tried to help such in the time of distress before the last war. This was terrible in my country, but I myself had the means to live for I had a farm and men who worked on it to produce food.

Then the food had no value as no one had the money to pay for it, and my men wanted money and I had none to give them, for there could be none if no one bought the food we produced. I hardly knew how to do, for people kept coming to beg for food, but I needed money to pay my men.

I tried to see how I could meet this emergency, but could see no way, for this was truly a deadlock of world perspicuity, and I was hopeless of solving this huge problem in any complete way, and my heart was heavy at the cloud in the lives of men, and I thought life hard to live. It seemed hard to ask men to starve because there was no money when food was there; so I tried to think if I could at least help a few, and tried giving each

the food that could be considered his broad need in life in exchange for his work in helping to produce this food in excess of his own need.

The men agreed to this, but some could not understand why they should be asked to work the extra bit to feed others. I tried to show them they had always done this, but no, they could not see the truth that all must work to help others or the world cannot go on, especially as many cannot work, or have children who need food. They began to see it to some extent, but I had trouble in finding enough work for all for so many had no food so longed to come. More than this, they called their friends who had no food and told them they could work their keep in this way.

I hardly knew how to manage, but I thought each man could make a thing of use to the community that could be exchanged for food others grew. This partly succeeded as some had learned other trades and liked to use their skill, but they did not love to serve. I showed that I helped in exactly the same way, by giving my work to the whole and making something that could be used.

True thought calls to other true thought, and the men began to think of these things too, and many had ideas that were of service.

Then the trouble grew worse, and more came to work for food, but I had no more food to give, but could not turn away hungry men. This made me consider other kinds of food that could be grown ; this was not too difficult except that they liked meat best and this they could not have. But I explained this was so, and that they would only be able to live by growing the best food we could in the conditions we had ; they saw this so had to be content. They worked and grew grain and vegetables, but they still preferred meat.

Then I found I did not need meat and worked even harder than those who ate meat ; they saw this but it did not please them. They had ideas that I needed no meat because I pretended I had none but had it in secret. I thought I was quite open with them, but they

did not believe this could be. Then they discovered that I truly had nothing they did not have ; this helped, but not much for I had no meat for them but only grain and vegetables.

Then we tried to agree all together how to live on this piece of land, for there were now many. It was a problem indeed, and they soon saw the only way to live at all was to be content with grain and vegetables ; but I did not love to hear them grumble. I loved to think they could be happy to live on their own work on the land.

I had a fresh thought that all could be more free if we had a common feeding hall. They saw this helped to make the food go further, but many did not care for eating there. However we did this, and the food held out better and we could have more variety as there was more to choose from. It helped to satisfy them, but no one really enjoyed this life till I thought of the little bit of love that made the difference.

This was for each to volunteer if he would help a neighbour's child. This had an immediate effect for the children needed a lot and this need they met in all sorts of ways. It became a true interest to them for all had very little to make things from, but their love for the children helped them to be eager brains to think of things they could make. This made those with children so grateful, for they hardly had a hope left that their children could be cared for, but now they had much care.

Those who could taught them. This was the best of all for the children loved to learn and wrote on bark of the lovely silver trees, but only with bits of thorn that scratched. This did for books, but the question of being taught to stitch was harder for there was hardly anything to sew. But they tried to make fibres out of the tree branches that were there, retting them by soaking, but not easily or well. It was difficult, but they enjoyed their endeavour ; but the children were ill-clad in the cold. But this love was a real provision of help by giving the children the warmest love while



they still had to fend for themselves. They could be happy too as they loved the men who cared for them so lovingly.

This thing grew so that when a better time came they did not want to go to other work, except for the need of better homes and clothes. They had learnt to love each other in misfortune.

This is a true tale. I think there are many such for I was not the only one who had a beautiful farm to share, but I only remember this was mine, in the land called Wilberforce. This is I believe in the State of Utah.

This is my name: Kelly.

Perhaps I had another name; I do not remember.

Note. A friend tells me there is no Wilberforce in Utah.

### 37

## PSYCHIC GIFTS.

*Olive Kirk*

WE will tell of this thing that is called being psychic. The true explanation is that these people who are as they claim psychic are people who have developed this gift by being in conscious communication with spirits in a previous existence.

This is the beauty of reincarnation, that any spiritual gift is permanent and carried on, but not in the kind of way that is recognisable. It is the truth that occasionally a spirit who has not been allowed to finish the beautiful task he had chosen—being killed in the brutal ways of earth first—may soon return to complete his task; but the beauty of this spirit life is such that few spirits reincarnate for a length of time.

This is strange, but time is the accompaniment of the life of spirits who have not completed their earth history; but it is not the same kind of time but more a progress. This may be lengthy and leisurely or fast.

I was a psychic, bright in being clairvoyante, but no

one believed me as I could only say what I saw, and they did not see such things so could not believe me. This made me suspected of much fraud, and I was often tested with all sorts of things to identify ; but I generally knew the truth, that these things were in the length of brain wave with the owner of this particular thing.

This is hard for ordinary people to understand, for nothing that can be felt and handled in this sort of way appears to them to have a wave at all, but this is the cause. All that is touched by man is henceforth coloured or waved in his length.

This is as a rule hard for man to grasp, yet he knows that finger prints mark all he touches. This is truly strange if he tries to think, for many things do not appear capable of maintaining a print of things much harder than a finger. It is a truth I believe that a finger will print a thing that a harder impact will leave unmarked. This is a true mystery, but not a physical one altogether, for the finger is a kind of biting light that truly burns the print in a measure that can be detected by physical means.

Some people know they have a strange gift of healing in their finger tips, and try to heal through a kind of magnetism ; it is a bright lighting that illumines the tips of the fingers and tries to focus on the breadth of the trouble and draw the edges of this bad place together as a bare head is drawn into the shelter of a hood. This is not quite the same but a kind of illustration. This is the etheric body being wrapped about the injured place.

This is the true use of rubbing, but it is efficacious only in muffling the bad place ; it does not remove the cause. This is generally physical, but not always ; but there is always a deeper seated psychical reason below every illness.

In the case of an illness being really cured this kind of etheric headdress is the last stage.

Sometimes the illness has been a kind of spiritual malady unknown to the body, lying in the mind in uneasy thoughts and worries. Then as this clears, the

scar in the etheric body requires healing, and is often felt as a physical ache or pain in arm or leg or head or teeth that are sound. This is the etheric body being left to heal.

If the trouble is not quite cleared up it will still persist in being a trouble ; this means more worry is taking place. This is a thing that individuals should think out ; then try gently drawing the edges of the bad places together. This is a truly efficacious treatment when it is accompanied by a sense of being free from any will to worry, and a true feeling of love that embraces all whom the person knows. This is true health of the body ; to love and not be in any anxiety.

This is the reason of anxiety ; that the person cannot believe that all is planned for his journey and he cannot really be lost or broken in his journey ; even if he is temporarily brought to some trouble it is to learn the next step. But it is true that he need not take it. He may think he cannot fail to be true in his choice if he is guided ; but this is not so, he is constantly refusing guidance and being brought into various troubles to show him his true path to home.

The type of learning that only teaches intellectual development is truly narrow, but better than teaching an inherited faith or belief in a spiritual idea—for this is the spirit's own realm, a freedom within itself. This is the little seed that can grow to a tree where free thoughts lodge. This parable is in the lovely form of thought that spirits perceive.

I think I started by telling of my own gift ; this is a long digression. I hardly think it is of interest to be more particular about my gift of knowing how a thing belonged to a man, but it is true that it is the most extraordinary thing how I could then see this man in his travels in the body. I still can hardly understand this, for it is another kind of sight I now have which only notices travels in the spirit, and these I could not see. I think I was very skilled in perceiving this kind of spirit travel in spirit life before, so in bodily life I had this same gift as it was a fundamental possession

of my spirit, and could see in the form in which I then lived, but only in the eyes of my spirit.

This is a strange combination of body and spirit, but each person is this in any case, but he is used to his limitations and excellencies.

I think I do not need to explain more but can leave.

I belong to the group that lived in this land in this war that has been the last.

This is the name ; Olive Kirk.

### 38

#### HELPED AND HINDERED. AN ALLEGORY.

*Olive Kirk*

WE think this little tale is for some who love stories that reveal truth to children ; this is the fairy tale I tell to three children here. These tales help children here as much as earth children, for these children have also to learn to think in earth waves. This is the reason we tell such tales, for they stimulate thought.

I try to stimulate thoughts of exploring in the world of science, for this is an exercise useful here as with you, only in a different plane. This is mental science, not physical science. This is brighter than intellectual science, only I believe this will hardly seem so, and may even seem elementary ; but it is the kind of thought that brings true spiritual development, as mere intellectual thought does not.

There was once a fairy called Koitrecter. This was a queer name, but he was a queer fairy. He was a Koitrecter because he loved being the kind of fairy that knew about lower kinds of things.

These are beings that live in the hills and bring trouble among earth people. He was their king and lived in a big cave in a hill.

This was long ago, for no trolls as they were called are in the hills now ; the caves are empty, or only lived in by good fairies.

His was a bad group of fairies and did bad things, for this king used to lead his band into the fields of people and bring back children who played too far from home and bring them up as trolls, and then let them go back to their villages wicked like themselves.

So the villages were very wicked and tried to harm each other and hurt their animals and be unkind to their children and steal the things the kind people needed to live with.

And so the villages got wickedder and wickedder, and Koitrecter never tried to be good or kind or to keep his trolls in order, but was the worst of the lot.

Then he saw a kind fairy called Foucard. This fairy is the king of the tree fairies. This king hated to see the villagers made wicked and tried to make them good, but each time he tried to help them do some kind action they became enemies like the trolls and tried to kill, for they held bows and arrows and shot at all who looked bright. This was sad for the tree fairies all looked bright and this made them easy to see.

Then the tree fairies had an idea. They saw that the trolls stole the children and made them grow up wicked, so they stole children too and made them grow up kind and good. This was only partly successful because the children did not like being stolen, so tried to run away home, and the tree fairies were too kind to make them stay.

Then they thought of trying to make the children run to them instead of away from them. This was successful, but I must explain how they did it. Foucard made his band wear green clothes like the grass, and the children did not see them easily, so when they were near they would suddenly hop up and run away, and the children would run to catch them, and run to the edge of the forest and lose themselves, so be glad to be found and taken to the tree fairies' homes.

This helped Foucard train a lot of children to be good

and kind, but Koitrecter the wicked king trained more, and these were worse than ever, and killed the other children, even the good kind ones.

This was dreadful, so Foucard had to think of something else, and he thought of this plan. He wished people to be able to think for themselves the best way to live in their villages. This he thought might be done by showing them how the tree fairies lived, so he took tree fairy children and put them in the cradles and took the babies away.

But the trolls did the same, for a troll saw Foucard doing this, and told Koitrecter. This troll never went himself; he was too cowardly, for he thought the tree fairies might catch him and try to make him good, and this is the plan Foucard at last thought of, for he saw it was no good competing in thefts of children for the trolls were much better thieves.

But this thief himself who was their king could hardly be caught. He was so clever that he was always on the look-out and hardly ever out of his cave. But one day Foucard tried to be like a bright little bird that hopped about just outside the cave. This was very brave for the trolls killed birds just for fun for they were so very wicked. This little bird hopped and sang, and made Koitrecter very angry because each time he tried to shoot it the little bird funk'd the arrow and made the bright likeness of a beam that deflected the shaft from his breast. This puzzled Koitrecter and made him try to catch this queer bird, but it hopped away and kind of let a wing drag as if it was broken. So Koitrecter thought he had hurt it and could easily catch it, but he followed and followed and the bird still hopped along as if hardly able to go much further.

Then suddenly Koitrecter found he was surrounded by tree fairies and tied up in bright cords that held his arms and legs and kept him a prisoner. He was furious and also afraid but he could not help himself but had to stay till the fairies let an arm free for him to eat his supper. This made him angry too, for he only had fruit for supper, and he liked to eat birds and little

animals and things that crept in the ground like snails and beetles.

This was not the food these tree fairies liked, but they ate honey and fruit and sometimes a little tiny bit of corn, but this was very scarce because they had no fields and could not grow corn under trees in the forest. But the children liked corn and grew it at the edge where the sun shone.

These children shared their corn with Koitreter because he liked it better than fruit, and they of course were kind good children. But they were only kind and good because they had been brought up to be so ; this was no use really for they might as well be wicked. There was no help for the villages in having people be just the way they were taught.

This made Foucard who tried to plan things better think that if only the children saw a wicked fairy and a good one together they could choose for themselves which they would like to be. So he kept Koitreter. This was the beginning of a long tale, but I will only tell the end, for the children liked to be like Koitreter and have things their own way, and be pampered visitors and have the best of all they could snatch and never say thank you.

This was sad for Foucard, and he tried to think of some better plan but no plan seemed there.

Then this truth began to show ; that children came to be the exact image of the fairies they were like. The good kind ones looked bright and happy, and the wicked ones were ugly and dark and not a bit happy although they had all they thought they wanted.

This gave Foucard another idea and he made his tribe be a trifle unkind for a time, just to be the better helpers of these children. When they saw they could not even have the things they wanted as the tree fairies were wicked or so they thought too, this caused a real uproar, and the tree fairies soon found they were outnumbered and had to fly to the forest, and Koitreter and the children who liked to be like him were free to go and be wicked in their own way.

This was terrible, for no one could now see what to do to help the villages, but Foucard thought there must be some way, for the people were so unhappy and killed each other and made the people of other villages their slaves and had no kind thoughts or deeds, and this was worse then ever before.

Then Koitrecter gloried and had a great feast, and made the villagers dance and keep feasting to hear the true joy he had in their wickedness. For they all liked him now and made him their kind of god as he made them think it good to get as much as they could for themselves. This was the god they now chose. The *coy* bright king had *tracted* or drawn them away.

But this kind Foucard *fu'* brightly *cared* for wicked villagers, and made a sad feast that brought hardly any people to it, but was only a sort of funeral feast to bewail the killed villagers. This was the only thing he could think of doing, for there was nothing else to be done.

Then this truly strange thing happened. The bright grass over the graves of the killed villagers began to grow taller and brighter, and corn grew out; and this was a true miracle for no such kind of corn was known before. This was the tall kind of corn that is the true friend of man, for it grows out of his death and is the lifegiver that can come to fruit in death. I think this is the nice point I like to emphasize, that only out of death and decay can life come.

Now the villagers saw how the corn grew round the forest, but hardly understood why, but were interested in making this tall sweet corn grow. So they killed more from other villages and planted corn on their graves, but no corn grew there, for it was not only death but sorrow too that made the corn grow.

Then they tried again and killed their own children. This was sad to them for they were proud of having many children; this was sorrow and death, but still no corn grew on their graves.

This was a puzzle even to Foucard—for now his name was changing, for he *cared*, but only a little.



This had made him the grower of the corn, for his sorrow was the sorrow of love that cared for these people. This became a true kind of caring, and his name became Fullcared.

This love that cared fully made plenty of sweet corn grow wherever his tears of real grief poured ; for he cried to see the villagers so unhappy and the villages such wretches places, all unkind and greedy ; and he never stopped caring.

And the villagers tried to care as well and sorrow for being killed, but it was only a pretence so no corn grew. Then at last they decided to make Fullcared their king for he could make corn grow for them ; but he did not care to be king over them for he was already king in the forest. But he tried to lead them to love kind ways, so he sent them from time to time a true fairy to be a human baby and lead them to kinder ways.

He even came this way himself once, but they only cared little for him and even killed him. But out of his grave grew not only corn, but a vine that stretched out its lovely branches to all the villages and made the tribes happy in its shade and glad in its fruits.

But even here they did not know how to be the true things they ought, for there were only a few who loved to tend the vine. The others cut it back out of their way, and made the grapes into wine that made them wild and savage. And this made them worse than ever, but still the king called Fullcared was not angry, but only cared still more that they could not be happy. This was the only thing he longed to see, but he knew that no one else now could help them, so they would have to help themselves.

His true vine that grew from his grave was wild and free if left to grow, but its grapes loved to ripen in this way and be eaten and enjoyed in the villages ; but not cut back and made into strong drink to make men savages.

This is the tale, for it is not finished yet so I cannot tell what comes next. Koitrecter is now dead, for he

died of fright when Fullcared came himself as a human baby and was killed ; for he thought this would be the end of him, but he was brighter than ever, and this was terrifying to the trolls so they all died of fright.

This was at least one good thing, for now the villagers have nothing to fear except each other ; there is no bad enemy who tries to make them wicked and trains their children to wicked ways. But they are almost as bad themselves, for they often make their children spoil the lovely vine and think horrible ideas like the trolls, and be greedy and fight. This they call the love of the tribe, and make a great to do over the child who succeeds best in getting most for his village, and spoiling the vine the most, so that it has no free growth or lovely grapes, only gnarled stems and dry hard wood. This they call a splendid ancient stock that is typical of their tribe, and are proud to tell how free and lovely it once was, but do not let it grow like this again as it would reach the other villages if it did and not be their sole possession.

This is the end of the tale. I know it is not finished for I am not able to tell how it finishes. The villagers now have the history to make for Koitreter is quite dead. I do not think he really was alive, but I have set him there to symbolise a terrible idea that lived.

The true Other lives. This is truth indeed. This bright Spirit still cares fully and loves as of old, but he cannot *make* the villagers kind and good and happy ; he can only show them how they can rule themselves together so that the lovely free vine is able to spread over the whole tribe. This little tale is over.

I am Olive Kirk. I taught these children. They are :—

Katie Ofrin. Yes, this is right. She was in the town in the land of the high alps. Ober (em ?) burg. We think it is not right but this must serve.

I was the child that died at the town hospital of a trouble of the brightness of my mind. I did not know this as I had little mind to use, so I was asleep in most of my spirit as in a bit of dream. But now I know it

was all a true reality to me that I lived in such beauty, and was loved. I even found my line, which is beauty. I leave.

I am the child that was Hetty Borer. I was in the town of Harboner ; yes this is a sound I know. This is not in the high dry land but in the water brightness of lowland, in Holland. I think my O is different, but this must do.

I was killed in the brutal war but I do not know how, for I thought I still lived but other people had died since they were like ghosts and went by without hearing me.

But soon I was brought to this lovely place and am a happy child in this freedom that is here, for we love to be so free. This is much freer than any earth life. I love my home. This is all.

Tom Newton. Yes, this is an English name, and I lived in the town called by the same name. But it was not a big town but only a little one in the west, in the big moors that are there. I do not think it had another word, but I do not clearly know. I died in babyhood. I was a bright baby, but had an accident when I was there. This is the last one of us. This is all.

Note. I am told there is a moorland village of Newton in the West Riding.

## 39

### THE NEW BODY. EASTER DAY.

*Florence Kolb.*

**T**HIS is the day to tell how the resurrection body is to be found eventually by man ; for he will have this wonderful body, and he begins to know that his body that seems so material can transcend time and space.

This is very wonderful but not really new, for it is

known here and there is the world's history wherever men have truly risen above the natural body into the realm of the spirit. This has mainly been accompanied by religious ecstasy up till now because this is the only power men have tried to associate with spiritual things. This was the truth, but not in the way they think, for this spirit life is no more religious than human life, but all life is pulsating with GOD, and LOVE is the true brightness of his face in spirit life as in human. The difference is only that when a spirit has learnt to love he sees this is so, and men often think the opposite. For religion has often been loveless, and the loveliest thing in human life, the true beautiful love of man and woman is often called wrong.

I think people confuse faithfulness with true love. True faithfulness is the faith that tries to love after love seems dead, not any faithfulness to man-made laws which are not GOD-given but purely arbitrary. For as we spirits can see GOD has already joined together certain groups, and marriage outside the person's own group is never made in heaven. But this is a digression.

I will tell how I know the body is the vehicle of the spirit, for I found I could to a very small extent project my body, and now I know others have done this even more in these old countries where ancient knowledge lingers unbeknown to modern materialist man.

I was a sad person who had fits, but not of any ordinary kind. I just became unconscious that I had a body, and did things that I ought not to have been able to do, as people occasionally do in sleep. I tried to discover how I did such things, for sometimes I was found in some place where it was very difficult to be, but without a scratch or hurt. This was a puzzle to all, but I had not to have such fits as it was considered not the usual thing, and I was to be pitied for I was strange.

This made me try to think why I was like this, and how I managed to do these things. I could see no explanation, for I did not think I was a different person from others. It worried me and I became really ill ;

not physically, only mentally, for my spirit was sick because I could not understand or be the same as others.

Part of my body had always been insensitive to pain ; I knew this was not unknown but unusual.

Then I had my eyes partly opened for I tried to understand the marvellous doings of Jesus after His resurrection. I could see some connection, but he had been dead, and I had not.

Then I thought perhaps this was the beginning in me of new powers that made people able to control their bodies in new ways. I began to believe this truth, for I now see it is true.

Then everybody said I was mad for I thought I was better than others instead of being the sad sufferer from some strange disability ; so I became the inmate of a hospital for insane people and was sad indeed, for I had no real mental illness, only the beginning of a brave conviction that others one day would be better able than I to do many strange things.

For I did do strange things. I would be in a locked room, and then found not there but some way away. This happened several times, but only in my fits, as they were called. I think they were not fits, but clairvoyance as I had better describe them for want of a word to use ; for I had no recollection of seeing, but inner perception was very acute.

I hardly ever had any fit when others were present, so people thought me unaccountably cunning, and I was carefully guarded and not allowed alone ; but they often found I was missing before they knew it. This puzzled them, but I was supposed to be mad so could not be questioned for I had this fixed idea.

Then I found I need not lose consciousness but could float through the air when I found I had these fits. I practised this, but had to be careful no one saw me, or I would have been chained like a dog that bites. I tried to think why people feared me ; I could hardly find a cause for I had never hurt anyone in my fits, but I knew they were not fits, and they did not. They just did not understand, though I tried to find a reason.

Then this power left me and I was allowed to live like others. But I did not wish to forget it, for this reason kept haunting me, that man could do these things, since Jesus had, and I had. For I knew I was no trickster.

But by this time I knew more, for I had been to the most wonderful places with my body, though I always returned near the place I started from. This made me suspected of lying fancies, but I knew they were quite true.

I think I was able to project my body through time and space because I had already been trained to think I could in a previous life. My spirit remembered this, and when I was passive would be master, and take my body and go and visit these places of the spirit.

And I loved all small living things. This was almost considered mad too, for little creatures are not considered true spirit, but quite material, although their life is quite inexplicable.

My life was truly unusual, but not unhappy, for even when my fits left me I had marvellous visions of places unknown. This helped me to be loving to those who pitied me and thought me deluded. This made me smile inwardly, but I had no real friends, for I was too unlike others and they feared me. This often made me sad, but I would think that more people would one day be as I, and then need not be thought mad for I would have proved them sane. But this was not the case, for the thing was carefully hushed up to my sorrow ; but I did not want notoriety so had to submit, and hope for a true understanding to dawn for others.

Then I grew old and had fewer visions, for I had no knowledge of how to see them at will, and only enjoyed them when they came.

This made life sadder, but I see it was to help me to leave it more gladly. This I truly did, for I died suddenly, and found I had been all over the spirit world with my body, and was welcome to many friends I had made who all came to meet me. This made me so glad ;

I had at last found my reason, for I had not to find any new speech or habit but knew this life already.

This explained this life I had led, and I could see I was right, and man can do such things when he thinks in a higher thought wave that can lift him above material things. His body is the vehicle of the spirit, which is animated by his thought life, so is on the wave in which he thinks.

Many who think they think in a high spiritual way do no such thing but are very earthy, but the free in spirit can try to be the forerunners of these gifts that wait to be claimed. These are unafraid to think their own thoughts, and not the wisdom of others. True others can be listened to, and if their experiences are sensible they can be used to help thought, but not because they think they are right knowers. This is impossible, for knowledge is personal experiment, not hearing things. But evidence is partly proof to a reasonable mind.

I knew, but did not quite formulate this knowledge. But there it is. I hope I can help some pioneers who may, like I had to, meet trouble in being pioneers of a happier freer life.

This is my name ; Florence Kolb.

I think my home was in West Australia, but this is only an impression I have. I can see very little of my life for I had little ability to use it except in thought, and this took me from it I think.

## 40

### SIX BOYS AND THE WAR.

*Notal Kunod*

THIS is not a true story but tells the sort of life to be expected this side in the days of the last war.

Many spirits came over sadly unprepared. This was more noticeable among the younger men ; these were unwilling to be sacrificed for a cause they did not see, and did not understand how death need not be dreaded

or feared. So many died with no aim in view as was the case in the earlier war, for many then thought they were giving their lives for peace. This time more thought this was sheer phantasy and no such thing was possible as war for peace.

Both were right, but the first had an aim so were individually in a better state to die as they looked for some achievement in dying to bring a good to the world, and this made them see a result more easily.

But those simply killed because they were forced by their superior officers to do dangerous murderous things were only horrified and died in horror. This is a bad state as it looks at horror, not towards some light, however faint or even illusory. Illusion is often not really illusory but only in a different plane, and real on this side for sacrifice is a true power in the spirit, and does achieve purpose for good if it is real. This is a truth that lives bring the thing they are given for.

This brings me to my story. It is a tale of several men and the things they gave their lives for.

We will call them Dick, Tom, Harry, Joe and Len. This is five. Another was Homer. I think this is a strange word to have given him, but it must do for an American one. This is a tale of war.

This boy Homer is a tall fellow in a tiny mining community in the Rockies, and tries to have a good time in his own crowd, having good food and drink and games and plenty of love and healthy laughter ; but the war comes and he must go and fight. He does not want to and thinks it is a foolish thing to die for a cause at all, as no dead man can help a cause. This is a thing only for the living, so he tries not to go to fight but to work to prevent war by being a truly active lover of his tell-tale home. I use the word tell-tale because he had not loved his home before to any great extent, so it did not now claim his allegiance as he wished. This made his plea useless. He was not interested in politics and had no heart in it. He thought war useless and peace impossible, and had never been



further than his native state. This is the type of boy Homer represents.

Tom is the boy who lived in England in the London before the war. He had no work and was never in a good job, and felt the world had no use for him and he had no purpose in life at all. Then this war made him a person of importance. He was a hero, going to be killed perhaps to save his country, and he brought to heaven in triumph for being ready to give the life that neither he nor anyone else had, or seemed to have, any other use for. Only the girl he loved saw this was not true, but it made no difference to Tom.

Harry was a truly bright boy. He thought the matter through as well as he could, and found he could not be killed without trying to kill, and did not see how killing some other boy like himself could bring friendship for the nations, for peace must be planted in friendship. So he decided he could not fight and was a C.O. This made him despised by his friends, and his family was ashamed of his cowardice, for he could not be the hero who sacrificed himself to save them.

This was Harry's sorrow, for he was no coward and would gladly have sacrificed himself, but not to kill about it. He found a work he could do in sweeping mines. This was dangerous, but he thought it could only save life, then he could be killed if need be without killing. He tried to feel happy about this, but it did not satisfy him, for he could not feel constructive in a negative work, and longed to be positive.

This happened to Len too, for he also was a C.O., but of a different kind. He was determined not to have anything to do with any of it, and did not even obey an innocent instruction, for it was part of a war machine he said, and he would have nothing to do with it. His purpose in life was a thing he knew he had found; his work satisfied him and he felt it a thing he was called to do. So he was sent to prison and made to do work of a useless kind that could only be supposed to humiliate. But he was not humiliated, and found a kind of delight in his suffering; for it was suffering to be in such com-

pany and disgrace. However he tried to pretend it was not. This kind of boy that Len was was in the best frame of mind, for he had an ideal before him, but this was still negative.

Dick was the boy who tried to feel proud to die to save the people, especially the weak. He was very simple and kind and loved to help the weak, to be with children and do kindnesses to old people. Dick was a dear boy that everybody loved, and thought brave and the best type of boy a country could have. This is Dick.

Joe was another kind altogether. He hated dying and had no illusions, but had to fight as he had no feeling about war being wrong. He saw no true reason for refusing, for war was here so it must be won or the enemy would win and horrible results come. So he tried to be brave and hide his fears, but he feared death and feared war and loved his life and his home and his work. But he had no thought of being a coward so he went to fight.

This was six. This means that four fought; one was prepared to save life; and one would have nothing to do with helping war at all. This is the kind of mental attitude which roughly represents all young men. Few are either more or less than these, but Len is representative of very few, and Homer, Dick and Joe of very many. Even poor Tom has a number like him.

These boys were all killed suddenly in the war, for all were in danger as all—children, young and old—are when people fight to save them.

Dick is the proud possessor of a medal. This is not even one he can hold for he did not really win it. He only pictured himself being a V.C. so he thinks he now has it and is very excited but not happy, for things are too confused for him to understand what has happened. He only knows he is very fit and well and has won this medal, so tries to feel happy and gay. This is rather a forlorn effort for he cannot make anyone notice him, and instead of praise he is ignored. He sees his comrades find a body that looks like his

and grieve over it and bury it and take things to send to his home, but he is not heard in his explanations that there is a mistake and all is very well. This continues a long time. The war goes on and he tries to help by standing in his place and manning guns and suchlike, but no one ever notices him and no jokes or good fellowship relieve the desolation of war. It is simply drab dull fighting with no result and no thought of hope, for all must have given up hope since no one ever smiles at or even speaks to him. It is a nightmare life indeed, and this is exactly what it is, for he is no further from human life than in a nightmare, so he does not guess that he is dead and free to live in a wider life. He is just going on in an aimless hopeless way, but he has his illusory medal to help him and can even begin to hold it, for it is more real than anything else in this bad dream life.

Then he sees a comrade fall near him, and a strange thing happens. The comrade is Joe who fought because he had to and always hated it. He thinks, as Dick, that he still lives, but the difference is that now he can see Dick and this surprises him. He says: "Hullo, Dick, I thought you'd gone west!" This surprises Dick who has never guessed such a thing but thought Joe had been killed, or at least badly wounded. "No," he says. "I've been here all the time, though there seems no hope these days; might almost as well give up and make the best terms we can." "What," says Joe, "give up when we're having a bit of success at last? This isn't like you!" Then he says how fine it was to hear such and such a thing has been accomplished, etc. etc., and Dick listens incredulously, for he heard none of this talk; he did not even try to listen, he was too taken up with his medal. (This is quite true. Many win imaginary medals, for they are keyed up to give their life to win a medal and be thought a hero.) Now he begins to think something queer is up, so asks how long this has been known. "Oh, since we moved to here" says Joe, "That night you were killed was about the worst we had." This impresses

both, but Dick explains he was never killed at all, but was hard at work fighting and wondered that no one ever spoke to him. This explained it if they thought he was killed. In fact he remembers they buried a body they said was his. This partly satisfies them both, but not quite. A doubt is in both minds, for they have power of thought although in a numbed sort of way that hardly takes proper notice of really instructive things but tells each the things he would believe. It is a true land of illusion they are in, yet the things they really would love to believe, such as war won and home and suchlike, neither of them thinks of. Illusion is always a sad hubbub of selfish ideas, not of real things. For if these things were real they gave their lives for they would see them. This is the lot of most killed in battle, to wander unhappily pretending to themselves they are the fine fellows they tried to be, but are no longer though they do not know this.

Poor Joe has not even a medal for he knew he was not brave and never expected to win one, and he does not take any interest in Dick's, which is sad for Dick for this is the first person he could show it to. But Joe was never his friend so he just pretends this is the reason he cares only for his own ideas. Poor Joe has hardly any ideas. He only gave his life to obey compulsion, and this is a very sad reason indeed for he sees no reason whatever. This is the truth ; conscripts that are unwilling are in the worst case of all. This should be known for they suffer long and sadly and just wander unhappily, generally alone, for they were very alone in their fears and living terrors, and look for none to understand how afraid they are. If only they could be together this is not so bad, for this makes them search for explanation of so much that is inexplicable. But nothing helps them ; they have been imprisoned by men's cruel pretence of needing them to save their country. This is folly indeed, for only one country can even win, and both must suffer terribly and many die to save it with equal belief but only half with any show of reason. This seems to escape them ;

even the beaten side have a kind of feeling that they gave their lives to save their country, which is ridiculous; but only the usual type of earth brutality that lust of gain and privilege in nations looses and calls patriotism.

I will not say any more of this but tell of Harry, who is winning glory in sweeping enemy mines, but must not remove his own country's mines. This worries him and he can no longer be satisfied, but is unhappily trying to think his position out when he is killed. This is the result of a mine of course, not of being shot, so all his comrades are there too. They all think they have had a narrow and wonderful escape for they know they were in the boat that is there no longer, but are now on some sort of raft that keeps them just over the water—not in it for they did not drown. This is true; they stay where they die till they think sufficiently to take some step in some direction. These huddle on the raft, as they call it, and even joke and wonder how it got there and how they all fell on it together. This is not as wonderful as it might be in life as they are in a numbed and dreamy state but quite awake. Harry now begins to think this is unreal and finds he can hardly see them. He is the first to see the truth and says: "Here mates, do you see what's happened?" They ask him to explain for he frightens them by his voice. He says: "We've been killed, but here we are all safe, so let's think what next." This alarms the others for they are not prepared to think, for they just accepted their lot and thought Harry queer for choosing the kind of life he was not born to, but he was friendly and well liked. But now they hope he has been knocked out of his senses by the explosion for this is quite likely. But the truth is they can hardly see him for he begins to accept the idea and looks for the help that waits all who seek to understand. This in his case is a little boy who was his brother but died in childhood, and longs to be a helper and have his loved brother to show the wonders of his home to. But Harry tries to lead these others, but nothing can help

them till they help themselves ; so he has to tell them he is going with his little dead brother whom he sees talking to him. And they suppose he has slipped off the raft for he is no longer there.

This mental attitude of Harry's that could turn over ideas in his own way and take action because of a thing he could see was right was a helpful one as is any similar condition. This open-minded consideration that will look at life the way this boy had looked was the truest kind of development he could yet have made short of really finding a line. This was not the case in his case or any of our six but one.

This is Len. He was still in prison, but not too tried for him to see some kind of reason still for his uninteresting life, for the other C.O.s and other prisoners afforded him plenty of reason for the time being, and he thought long in the solitude of his cell. This gave him opportunity as he had never had before, for he had only a poor home and no quiet to himself. A crowded home does not withhold from light if it is a loving home as it may often be. It is far better than a large cold home ; but all young men who need to think their problems out need solitude sometimes. Len now found his opportunity and made good use of it, for he had already seen that there could be some purpose in refusing to fight, but not how this inaction could be active. He longed to find a constructive alternative to risking his life as the other brothers of the family had done. They rather admired his moral courage and liked him well but did not like to be known before men as his brothers, for their friends all despised this way of thought. This made it hard for Len, but hardness was perhaps what he needed to make his thought clear. This now emerged : that no hate can ever make friendship ; and that it only kills love and life, the two most precious things men have ; so this killing could not help. But more than this, it must hinder. Indeed he could see by the news that it hindered, for the breach only became wider and more manifest with each day of war, and each belligerent tried

worse and worse cruel expedients in the name of reprisal till both were as fierce as each other, and no one could hope to be friends with such fierce propaganda on both sides. For he was dosed with propaganda which described as nearly traitors those who did not think the broad thought the young ought to think. For this is the thought of men concerning such as Len still, though there is more toleration than of old, and many more sympathisers with this outlook on war among those who are not able to see the truth of it themselves. This is strange that men should feel admiration and sympathy for a thought they do not share—perhaps in their heart of hearts they do share it—This is the idea Len had arrived at when he was killed in a raid. This was the first time he had thought of death as he had considered himself safe in a hold such as he was in. But this happened and he was suddenly free, but did not understand how for the stroke was instantaneous. He was one moment a prisoner thinking in his cell of these things, and the next he was free still considering them, for his mind was in a truly exploratory frame and it went on exploring in this unexpected freedom. This thing that was happening to him he thought must be a kind of dream that told him how he could see his thoughts in the minds of people; for he could see love in unexpected people shining brightly and making him look eagerly for more for it was lovely to behold. Then to his surprise he saw a friend that had been killed before; he knew he was dead so did not expect to look for love in him or even think of him. So he asked him what he did there in this prison. It was not the prison, but his friend seemed more real than the other human lights he saw—so real that he thought he could not be a dream. He tried to touch his outstretched hand, and to his great joy it was real, and grasped his in a warm grasp of love that made his heart warm. This was a true grasp of friendship, and the last time he saw his friend he was despised, but now he was he knew loved. It surprised him more that this friend spoke in a truly strange man-

ner, for he told pictures in the air in a sort of panorama that passed in front of them both and spoke in terms more unmistakable than any verbal explanation. This told him he was dead ; that now he was free and could truly fight for peace, as this is a real fight in the spirit world, but a fight to overcome hate with love in the way he could just begin to guess but had not yet arrived at. This rejoiced Len and he went gladly with his friend to see how such a fight could be fought and was the happy warrior indeed, for he had already he found begun to fight for peace in refusing war. This was a great surprise to him, but it was a truly tremendous surprise when he found he could now help enemies because he had refused to fight them. These poor boys were prisoners and being killed by their own bombs, and he found he could half help them by making love visible near them, and the frightened boys tried to look for their own dead friends if they saw this light, for they could see him with more ease since he was half human still. This is the truest help he could possibly have given to the cause of peace, for these boys instead of wandering in a terrified dim way were led at once to be friends with the bright lads of their enemies who killed their friends. This is the first step to peace for from the spirit plane this peace descends to men. I think men who are killed in this kind of mind, and especially in considering this kind of high idea, are the best exponents of their high endeavour. For it is very true that martyrs are the seed of the church, and a church that has nothing to be killed for ceases to have any need for existence, for its truths are open to all and all may accept or reject as seems right to them.

The spirit of goodwill is not an idle expression but fact, only it is a multiple spirit. It is the truth too that group influence is very marked if people are really loving in some direction, such as race. This bright idea now that all races are equal is the result of spirits including each other in council in the spirit world.

I think no pioneer can ever guess how vital his



apparently wasted efforts may be, for he will be the leader in the spirit world of many who follow and will lead them in their loneliness and help to be a brave heart in their love for this enterprise, whatever it may be as long as it is an enterprise for the well-being of men. This is essential ; no nominal bit of work for a low reason can succeed in establishing itself on any firm basis. I think I am lengthy over Len. This is a long digression but it is apposite and may be considered by any who like to consider such ideas as pioneering.

This is not the last. There are still Tom and Homer.

I think Tom was a boy who had never been in a friendly community before and was enjoying army life. He was better cared for than he had ever been and felt the equal of his fellows as he never had before, for he had been so ill-fed and ill-clothed. This is a sad state for the young and they are not able to be the independent characters they should be. But they often are unselfish and hard-working and make up in spirit for the loss of human chances. This was the case with Tom. He soon loved to be with other boys and have fun and help them do any hard work, and bear any extra trouble. This made him happy to serve others and he was a bright happy boy, not expecting to be killed now for he found he was useful at last. This is the first step towards finding a purpose in life, and Tom had begun to think this way ; that he could at least serve others in this war and be a good comrade to his fellows in any distress. This made him grow spiritually and he came to love many of the boys. This was a true love for he was like a child in his love. This is often the case with a poor boy who has had little education or other advantage in human ways. Tom loved like this.

Then he was killed, and found he had no one to love for he loved no one in the spirit world. This is a sad thing, for most have some near or distant love, but Tom was an orphan and had no one he loved as he never knew a parent or true friend who had died.

But his love for his friends shone in him, and he wondered why he seemed to carry a light in him and thought he must be a leader of some band that must see this light and follow. So he tried to look for some direction in which to go and saw more light. This was the light of his friends love for him, and he noticed they shone as they did things to a body that lay by them, and wondered why they shone and saw they made a fuss about Tom being dead. He knew he was Tom and that he was not dead, but could not make them hear him although all was very still and no guns roared any more. This was very queer, but as he watched a man he loved suddenly fell and many others were hurt in some way and ran for shelter and left the fallen man and the body by him. This was a time for Tom to try and help. He looked to be a lover of this friend who was perhaps killed. But no ; he was there as well as could be looking around at the two bodies and his friends who ran. This made Tom love him more for he looked so brave alone by the bodies and standing fearless. This man saw Tom and said : " Hullo ! I thought you'd had it old man." " But I had the same idea about you " said Tom, " I saw you fall and thought it was the end of you." " I never fell " said the friend ; " I've been seeing this body they all said was you, but it can't be since you're here." Then they looked at the bodies and saw they were their own bodies. They did not speak. Then Tom said : " This looks like we're dead, but I don't feel dead ; do you ?" The other laughed and said : " I suppose we must be ; but what do dead men do ?" " I think I can help " said Tom, " I remember now I was looking for some light. I believe we look for some light to help us." " Do we ?" said the other, " I can see a light but it's in you. You look quite bright, like a glowworm !" This amused them both, but they were a bit frightened even if they were sure they could find something to help them. This is a good state of mind to be in for it looks for help, for unless they wish for help they cannot even be seen. I think people have no idea of this, but it is true spirits

cannot see other planes of spirits, as humans cannot see spirits. I can only see some of the spirits who have written these letters for they are in several planes ; the wave length is the one thing in common. But I think this is a real digression.

Tom and his friend looked for a light, and saw a host of light bright boys all welcoming them to their own jolly life, and this is just what it is, a jolly life, not in danger and not in subjection to the unwelcome will of others, but free and happy and being taught love for each other and all they meet. So Tom is now employed in a good job, learning to serve others in the ways he chooses by being a helper to any in the difficulties he had in earth life. And he does his work with a will for he is a willing boy and very eager to learn.

The last boy is Homer ; this is the American boy. This is only because his name came like this, for he may as well be of any tribe or nation. I think perhaps that he was stranger to his brother soldiers put the idea of an American name into the letter, but it is a strangeness in spirit not in physical ties that may cause this national brain. This is only the brain that functions for life, for there is no particular nationality at death except that love that has physical ties keeps the tribe in view if the tribe has some spiritual brain and a love to perform some service. This brain is then a spirit brain till the service is performed. I think the Jewish brain is a case in point, but only in its high spiritual mission.

So Homer simply stands for the poor boy who was a stranger in the midst of brothers. He had had friends before but had lost them as he had no real basis of friendship beyond being happy together, and this alone is too slight ; though happiness is a very great thing for the young. But he only enjoyed his own happiness ; this was selfish and Homer was selfish. I think I can try to explain how selfishness operates, for this is not just the thoughtlessness of youth but a true thought for himself that kept him from having any real friend. This is not a common type ; Homer represents a small class, but unhappily it is a class and he is their pattern

in my tale. He had no true love for any but himself, and such a love is turned in and does not shine even in human eyes, for he was not liked but left alone except in his own home. There he had been spoilt in being encouraged to have his things for himself and to think only of himself, and of his home as better than the home of others. (This tells a tale that may account for his name, for I had thought of no such name but I see this thought was in my mind. However we go on.) He had this love of home only as a place where he was allowed to have things he liked and be as selfish as he pleased. For even his family loved him little and he them, for comfort and wealth were the things they liked best. This was the huge house that can hardly be called a home at all. This poor boy had no hope of being himself in such surroundings; it is indeed hard to be the threader of the needle if born in such surroundings, and he had never even seen the need to look for a hole to thread, so he was just selfish. Then he came to the war since he could find no reason against it that men could accept; for wealth could not be accepted to save him even in men's eyes, though it sometimes does.

But he had to fight and disliked the roughness of camp and the brutality of his officers who tried to lick him into shape, more like a boy and less like a hog. But he did not think he was different from others, only that they were lower than he. Then he became a true lover of himself and ran away. This was the worst thing he could do in men's eyes though it was only a very natural impulse that he followed, perhaps stronger in him because his spirit knew that it was not able to die till it had found more than self in life; this is a reason for terror indeed. But poor Homer was caught and brought to his officers and had to be killed in disgrace. This is the final brutality the world had to give to a poor youngster who had never had one of the things needed to learn the lesson of life. He had to be killed in cold blood by those who might have been his friends. This is a terrible fate, but he had no way of escape but was shot.

This made him harder still for he hated all these faces that had little wish to kill and might have loved him if he had been loving to them. But so it was and he was dead.

Then he did not know what had happened for he was quite alone. All alone in a sort of loveless chilling gloom that had no light anywhere. This was because no love called him towards it ; he had not looked for love. What he called love was not love at all but its opposite. Lust is the brutal opposite of love and left him in gloom. Then he tried to think how this came about and thought some providential fog had saved him before he was killed, for he had no kind of recollection of pain or of any sensation at all. Of course this had been his chief dread, but he never expected to be alive still, just not there any more. This is hardly worth thinking and he was hardly worth willing to be anywhere ; but plenty of spirits would love to be his helper, if only he could cry for help then they could have heard his cry and come to him. But he did not cry. He just wandered wondering where he was and how to get somewhere. This is still selfish ; not a longing for love but only for safety. However he began at last to think of his home, and became interested in having some security instead of aimless wandering.

So he tried to go to the home he liked for its comfort, and behold he was there. This surprised him for he had no idea it could be near but his mind was confused so he accepted it and saw in a sort of mist all his family in sorrow over him. This surprised him for he expected a high welcome for himself—the son back from the war. But there was only sorrow and shame as he had been killed for desertion in the face of danger. This was very terrible shame in a brave home that had helped to be the brutish starter of this war ; for this rich father had a love for war for it made him richer. But now he felt poor indeed—as he truly was, terribly pitifully poor. But this he did not guess. His son had disgraced him ; he had been shot, and this was a public disgrace. He was stricken in mind for his mind was

ready to fail. The life he had lived had never been better than Homer's so his spirit was hardly alive. This made him quite unequal to sorrow. Disgrace was sorrow indeed for it hurt his pride in himself. This was the true cause of his collapse, but all thought it was grief over his son's failure.

Now Homer had the idea that they thought he had been killed and did not know that he had escaped, and tried to hide in the house, which was terribly easy for he was hidden. This he did not yet guess, so thought he hid very successfully and would wait till the storm had abated and show himself alive and be forgiven and have the best life again. But time of a sort went on and his father grew very ill and no one bothered even to talk about him. He never noticed his father's illness for he did not love him and let him be ill with no thought of love. But one day his father died and to Homer's surprise suddenly found him in the house. This was awful, for he thought he had been quite unobserved in his quiet gliding ways, and thought his father had no love to find him if he was there. This was indeed the case, but in a terrible way, for his father's spirit now hated him, and this made him terrible to meet.

He had no idea either of them could be dead but had only the idea to punish this cowardly son who had disgraced him. He tried to hit him but this was futile and this was a shock to them both, but neither guessed the truth. But now they both skulked about the house trying not to be seen, for the father thought he must have hurt his son in some strange way trying to hit him so that now he was only a sort of ghost, and he must not let anyone know for this was a kind of crime he must have committed. This was true, but he did not know how true. Time went on and they hardly noticed the great funeral for they could only see sorrow in pride that was all round each and all. This made a fog in mind. This is the worst kind from which to escape for it is the fog that lovelessness creates and keeps wrapped round the spirit. For love is the air the spirit

lives in and this lovelessness stifles the spirit exactly as lack of air induces physical weakness and lassitude.

This state of affairs might go on almost for years of earth time, but fortunately in most cases there is some small love to help such spirits, and Homer had this, for he loved his little brother who had been too young to fight and had not been interested in this idea of shame to any great extent, but thought Homer might have tried to escape from killing people ; for he was a kind boy and not inclined to be so selfish, for he thought kinder thoughts that were not like his family. This often grieved them, for he played with boys who were poor and liked them instead of being too proud. I am of course inventing this boy, but some such hope is generally to be found. This boy, whom we will call Jack, felt a horror during this time, for he was in spirit aware of trouble in the home though he did not understand it. This trouble made him dream and in his dreams he saw Homer in sorrow too. This made him sorry for Homer and he tried to love him and this made a light in his spirit that Homer could faintly see, for he was eager to see any help but had not thought of looking or calling for it. He tried to see this light in his brother, for now he guessed he was dead and thought he might live like this always ; so tried to be in a truer frame to find out what to do for he was so unhappy that he would stop living altogether if he knew how. He longed to be helped in some way. His little brother came to his aid, for now he could begin to see better and saw more light when he looked but it was still nebulous and uncertain, but light and it cheered him for he was so low that any light was a help. This made him think of his father for he knew his father was dead too and even more unhappy, but he avoided him. But now he tried to help him, and this helped himself for at once he found a help. This was the truth ; he saw his own loveless life and how little he had ever helped anyone, so he now resolved to help his poor father. This made it possible for him to speak to him and he told him he could see light when he looked for it, especially near

Jack. And his father looked, for he was desperate, but could only see darkness for he loved too little and had not thought to look for love. It was a horrible thought that this light might only be imagination, but Homer was now sure he saw more and told his father : " This is love I see. Try to love Jack ; he can help us." This enraged his poor father, who had little toleration for Jack even in life and now hated all, for he had strangled real love.

But even he had a small help for he loved his true friend his horse, who loved him too for he cared little that he was ugly in spirit but tried to serve him faithfully in taking him hunting.

This is a true idea and is often a man's only help. This horse died and came to his master and he saw his horse. This cheered him, and he loved the touch of his horse's lips in his hand, loving to be held by him and patted on the head. This led the father to think Homer might be right, for his horse shone with a sort of light that he knew was love but did not know how he knew. This is also true ; love is recognisable to the spirit when it is seen as air is breathed by a baby.

This is the end of my story, for both could now begin to love, even in this dim, uncertain sort of way, and so could be helped to more love until they could be reached by their guides who longed to reach them. For they had long been unable to see them at all, even before they died for guides can only see their proteges if they ask for guidance by searching in love for someone or some animal.

This is the end. I hope it is interesting, but I think it may be long in words.

This is Notal Kunod.

Yes ; I am German, but this is a true idea that this is hardly a German name for I was a Ukrainian. This is true. I believe I lived in Dresden but cannot be sure. I did ordinary work in this town, to be a maker of hose in a factory.

This was the place I thought this kind of thought



that Tom thought for I had long without work and had little hope in life, but war made me begin to live.

This is a truth for many, but not a reason to fight, only a reason for work, that each may be able to see a reason for his life. I leave.

## 41

### HOME FOR THE HOMELESS

*Nuttow Kurtwangler*

THE beauty of these letters is that each needs a true reason, to help someone who tries to find sense that brings hope.

I think this hope that so many long for is felt through the truly hopeless approach of the leaders of the nations, for they only try to intimidate each other in a way that even they themselves know is only likely to give reason of offence and precipitate the war they try to avoid. Perhaps they are as true as they can be in defending the people who look to them to be defenders; I think this is true, and that they have no other alternatives that they can see. It is a true bankruptcy of human brightness, but this is not the true brightness. This is gabbled by many in the churches every Sunday, but never put to the test. I think many think it hypocrisy so do not even gabble it, but they too have not tried so cannot tell if it is hypocrisy or not.

It is the truth that they attribute to the bright being that they address in their prayers that He is the author of peace, but this is only carried out through His people, and His spirit that moves the brightness into being.

I think many are at the point of exasperation that no bright peace answers their longings and prayers. This is not so, for no true longing or prayer is lost, but it may not yet have borne fruit; for this peace is not an individual decision but a true growth of men's hope that they can live together in unity.

This is the real desire of many now and it is producing echoes everywhere ; it is the truth that the living peace that men long for is growing. This true growth flows through the minds of men and washes their minds of earthly ideas and brings a truer longing to love in its train. This is the true beginning of a brighter time, for if men can only once try to love enemies peace is the immediate result. This they know yet cannot yet try to do it. Perhaps it seems to them vague and senseless to try to love enemies, but most have a private grudge of some sort that makes them not a true lover of enemies ; if this is forgiven the peace that passes understanding can be truly founded, for it does literally pass man's understanding how this can be.

I will tell my experience that makes me wish to be a contributor to these letters which bring hope-arousing breath that blows between the beautiful world of spirits and the truly sad world of men.

I had a real love for my family, but this is animal instinct to love the family, so I was only instinctive in this, but I partly guessed this as I was a lover of peace. Love of family almost seemed to be a breaker of peace, for peace has no privileges in its homes. It is the result of peace that none that have privileges shall wish to keep them as they will long to give away their surplus attributes of privilege.

This is the most impressive thing men can do, voluntarily to forego their privileges and honours. The high brain that prefers love to wealth is the thing that higher love can hope to bring about, for there is a real hope of establishing peace if the love of the brightest is its foundation. Then the love of those who also like honour can be awakened, and they can be the honourable followers of these high friends of GOD who make themselves poor and of no reputation to bring peace to their brothers. It is the true hope that privileged people can find this plan and fulfil the scheme to lead the nations to peace.

I only thought how I longed to be a bringer of peace ; I loved to think peaceful thoughts of hope that some

day true peace could come, but I could not perceive how. Then I tried to love the poor in my district for I thought they needed help, but not all I had for my family must come first. This made the thought grow that true love of man is for all to be equal, and not to love the best places at life's feast for himself, but to be content to take the lowest place. I thought this hardly possible, for my children wanted the things they had been accustomed to have. This led me to talk, and I tried to interest them in this idea, but it did not attract them for I had nothing to catch their thought but only a plan to be equal in a community. They perceived a better idea that each should have his share and be as liberal as he liked; but I was not wise enough to know how to be a liberal thinker but only a true sharer. But their kind liberal thoughts brought them to agree that the best thing was for us to be a true communal home that helped the brothers that had no home.

This historic kind of venture brought these homeless to our doors, and we soon found this was a bigger thing than we had thought of.

We began to think how we could do more than this small venture, for these brothers that came had no home. A brother who had been a brutal thief had the idea that if there were more homes more homeless men could be sheltered, so he tried to work to make a home that could shelter more, and he had a fine will to hard work now he saw how it could help. This made him lead others to see how they could be the saviours of their brothers in need. The home they made became a colony with the love of brothers, and they tried to help all who came, and people came from far and near, for many had need.

Then I tried a further thought, that I could be the least instead of the greatest, and this made more room that could be used. This had the effect of making others try the same thought as we were all more humble. Now we could help more, but still the need was too great for us to help all.

Then another man who had a home did the same,

and he became a great helper of those who needed help for he had true love to give them. This is the truest help any can give for it is the brightest thing in the thought world which is the true world of men and spirits. This kind man tried to help the brutal and unhelpful who resisted any love and only hurt the home he gave them, but he had such compassion that he could try nothing but love in still being their host who loved them. This at last had the result that these half wild men tried to be gentle and were kinder in their thoughts, and loved him like dogs, for he loved them. This kindness redeemed many from a life of savage brutality that could only lead them to prison ; this hard life had already hardened many of them, making them despair of love or happiness in their lives.

Then I tried to love too, for I saw this was the true help for my poor men. This was the beginning of such happiness for they loved me and we all had such joy in serving each other.

Then I had a further idea that each who cared could be in the position of host for a time ; this gave each the sense of being owner of a home and sharer of it, and helped all for all loved to be able to help others through this venture. I think it had the effect of bringing each his line, to find himself truly helping others in any way he chose.

One tried to lecture on wise fatherhood, for all had families. And one to teach appreciation of beauty in making useful things with grace of form. Another thought each could write a book of his life that would help others ; this did not succeed but it interested them for it had the effect of making them think why their lives could be of use to any but themselves.

This sort of thing was the result of my wish to be in peace, for this was my line, but now I had a will to be in further peace. The love that the kind man had taught me made me long to love more people, and I had so much love to give from catching his love that I tried to spread these ideas. I longed to help many

who still had little love or help in their hard lives, for I was in a land of homeless wanderers that became the refuge of people from the Wrestling that took the place of World Brotherhood in World Willingness to have force instead of love. I think it is the hitler brain that had this hate for its hope. This was true mettle of the beast in man, even by his own account ; in fact he glorified the beast in man and held no love in his teaching, for his love had turned to hate in putting out the light of truth. This is a terrible thing that happened for the brute was held in honour and love execrated as a poor weak thing.

I have now seen these things in real proportion, and rejoice in the most amazing thing, for each of my men in their hearts tried to love instead of hating, although they had been hated. This is now bringing love to the people that ill-used them, for these people are in similar case, poor and even hungry, and this discipline has softened them for now they have no hate for my men and their race any more for the truth is these men have redeemed their enemies by love—not even for them, but for each other and even for me.

I am the happy thing who sees the truly high love that helps the world to be in peace, for this little effort of ours has a truly visible effect in this sad land that is Germany. I love to help this land for it needs help and can love so warmly in the hearts of the hungry men who live there, for the line of their country is love. Perhaps this is a new idea, but I can see that it is so, and this must mean the line is more visible or I could not see it. However it is only a rudimentary line as yet, but this country can truly help the world now if people can love there. They can help best just by loving to help each other.

I think this is enough, but I love beautiful work that brings peace for I hope these letters can some day reach the minds of men who can try experiments in love that passes understanding, for it is the truly helpful thing which is joining the people in brotherhood.

This is the beginning of the love reign that Christ promised; I love to help bring this to earth. This is the love of GOD which creates more love by loving the love that redeems haters. This is the love of GOD, to love enemies and forgive those who ill-treat the loving; then the love has lost its life to gain the whole world.

I am the bringer of some love to Germany, and my name is Nuttow Kurtwangler.

I lived in this land next to Germany called France. I did not bring the real help that I tried till I was a refugee myself and had nothing but a bright idea to love, and this had more power than the home I had before in Germany; for I helped these poor men till all had to fly and be pursued and perhaps killed. I think many were killed, but not hating but with the true forgiving love that redeems; this is creative love.

## 42

### DEATH IN THE OLD FOLKS HOME

*Lilian Lightfoot*

**W**E hope to write of the experience called being dead.

I was a tired woman in a home for the old and feeble, and this seemed to be a bad thing to me as I longed for someone to care to be with me and hear me tell of old times. But it interested no one and it would have helped me little, for it was old times I had to give up, and be ready to understand the idea that there is more before than behind, and that a true time of preparation was a boon to be accepted thankfully.

I did not understand any of this, but on looking back to see how I found my line I think it is true that I found it by being made to think I was alone and would have to die.

I tried not to think, but to be interested in those of the home. They all wanted a listener, and I tried to

be such a listener, but I had no interest in these stories of past details and pettiness, and willed to know why I had lived at all.

And I thought I could see a kind of light in me that tried to lead me to love these old people, and make them think a human love is a truth in action, and is not just a thing that is given and taken and nothing remains. I had a true feeling that this was a fact and worth believing, and tried to hear the stories with love for the tellers instead of a feigned interest in the stories.

Then a light came to me that I was LOVE, and therefore a bit of GOD, and I hoped I thought truly for this almost had a flavour of blasphemy to me, and I did not dare to say such a thing but only hoped, for it made me happy and warmed my heart so that I felt no loneliness any more, for I was a part of LOVE and could not be alone.

It made me a help in the home as the old women told me their stories, and I listened with love to them, and it made them happier and helped them to look to be more contented to die as I thought it was a happy thing to do.

This I found was true, for I lay ill and suffered pain, and one day I found I had no pain but had got up and helped to be a bearer of cups of tea to the old women. And then I saw they seemed sad and wept, and I asked what it was and they said that I was dead.

I thought a little in fright that perhaps this was true, but then I found I could see a light all round where these women loved me, and it showed me a long-lost loved one that I hardly remembered holding out hands to lead me. I loved to hold this hand for this was a true grasp of love that I felt and no hand of flesh, which is a shadowy thing to us for it does not fully reveal the love it feels.

I held this hand with joy and went away to a place with trees and flowers and little animals which were not afraid, and found time to rest and grow strong and young again. It was such a lovely place, for it

all seemed like a home that I had loved before ; and so it was, for I had a long think of old dreams, and it lay in these dreams—not in the fringes that I had thought were my whole dreams, but in this lovely reality which lay outside the life I had been shut up in. I was in a heaven of happy living things in freedom from fear or oppression of one another, and this made me love to be with them and hear then laugh and sing. This is true ; every animal can laugh and sing inside if it is happy, as it ought to be.

This rest lasted a time till I was ready to see what lay beyond, and found a place in a hill, of light bright long trees like an avenue of aspens in light, that led to a sort of temple, as it was a pillared building in a bright stone that seemed to be shining in itself ; and it was the thought of those who loved old people, but it is not easy to describe for it is not a building as you know it, but a form of home built by thought. I tried to enter, but found I was unable to climb the steps, or it looked like this in thought to me, so I looked to see if I could get help and found a host of people all ready to help as soon as I looked, for I could not see them till I looked.

I tried to talk to them but I could not speak words ; I found instead that I was making pictures in the air in the manner of a picture show but much more truly lovely and living in effect. It was like the best bits of the dreams you can remember, for the real dreams are in spirit only.

I tried to think of my old friends, and at once I could go in and then I could see their spirits reaching out to me to tell them I could see and love them still. I held a light to them, in a spirit sense, and it was a true help, for I knew they felt it and did not cry for me any more. I loved to be a bearer of cups of comfort to them still, for I heard them longing for love and trying to know I loved them, and it truly was a help for I often saw a smile on the faces of their spirits—which are like the expressions on their human faces but much more dramatic and expressive.



It is difficult to write, but I long to tell of how I helped one of them to die. She was ill for long, and lay unhappy and unaware of any love, but only of a great longing for a bright love to hold her hand and be her leader. I came and loved her to be the true spirit I knew she could be, for I could see a shape of her spirit larger than her spirit's face and more beautiful, and I found I was trying to help her to be bigger in heart and bear her troubles without complaining.

But it was too hard to bear and she presently became as you would say unconscious. This helped to give me a chance to prepare her to look for help ; for it is at such times that the spirit is free to meet other spirits and be spoken to in words, or a sort of thought that seems like words, halfway between words and the language of dream symbolism that spirits use.

I spoke to her and tried to tell her of a love that is eternal and which could not let her fall for its arms are everlasting, and that I knew because I had found this true, and now could come to lead her to find a rest and a place for thought of love and beauty and joy. She had had little of these bright things in her life and hardly thought they were true things to want as she was always working for food and clothes, and had no time for enjoyment of earth. I told her to be ready to look to my love to help her, and then she died and she did look to be helped.

If she had not been ill and unconscious I could not have led her to look for help, for she had no other thought of looking. This is true and shows how our bits of comfort and love can help each other ; it is a great help indeed if we can lead each other to die gladly with a thought of looking to be led, for then it is easy to be led and see help. Otherwise the spirit is lost, and wanders unhappily trying to be led by human hands which do not feel its entreaties.

Love all, and your light can light any who wander near you. They can see a light which is not human and it encourages them to look to see if there is more

such light, and they begin to see there is—but I cannot write any more.

I was a lady by birth but lost all I had, and tried to forget this was a loss so it became a gain. I loved to think I could work too, though I did not be taught in youth. But I had a happy free childhood and this was great wealth.

I was in London in both wars. My name is Lilian Lightfoot.

### 43

#### IF LAZARUS COMES TO GRIEF *Edward Locke*

**W**E try to bridge the gulf in ways in which the work we did as men has fitted us. I brought light by cleaning windows, and now I can help by trying to clear darkness from the windows of people's minds.

I thought that love must be the best thing in life, so I am now able to work with this group who were more developed than I, but had not found their line any better, for education made them think that mental development was what counted.

It is true they could have been higher if they had found both, but generally the best mental development hardly finds a line at all.

It is very pitiful to see great men unable to realise that they are no longer great, but very weak indeed. It is part of my work to clean their minds of cobwebs of earth values, and it is extraordinary how they cling to these notions of class and rank and party and church and ideas of what they think I ought to do for them. It would be funny if it was not sad.

I long to warn people that this story of the rich man and Lazarus is quite true, for poverty makes people humbly ready to welcome what comes next just because earth has no ties for them save ties of love.

Lazarus was the type of man who was ill and alone. This makes a person very eager to find a home when he dies. He tries to find some spirit who once loved him; there is generally someone. If there is no one the group spirits of his race take him home, as in this case.

Then he is at rest indeed in the bosom of his fathers who look after their lost child.

I saw such a one. He was old and alone, but hoped it might be better when he died. He waked to such a welcome, and was a happy child in this home of the spirit. This is because he did not quite despair.

I know it seems unfair that despair should be punished; it is not punishment, it is choice. Men prefer giving up to keeping on hoping. I think it is best for a man then to slip back and have his weary spirit revived as a happy puppy or kitten. It is just a rest for his spirit, for these true loving animals can do little more than love and enjoy life; then the spirit has fresh courage to start again.

It is the other way round with the rich man. He cannot be happy as an animal for he wants to have things of his own. If he is an animal he is a truly sad beast, for he thinks he has lost something, and cannot love freely in consequence. But animal life is cleansing, for he can possess nothing, and thinks no harm can happen to him without reason. This makes him ready to trust till the master who ill-uses him wills his death, and he can start again.

But it is not such a good start if he was not a happy animal, there are sad memories in his unconscious which will dog his steps. He may often hate dogs unreasonably, or whatever animal he was, or he may love them, for they need love. This last will help him almost more than anything, for he can redeem his own beastliness in the beast he loves.

Sometimes the love of a beast will save a man from going back, for it wakens real love to find the animal he loved still loving him, as true loving animals ready to become human do.

I think many people know they will meet their

animals again. I hope they will not have to ask too much forgiveness for wrong and cruel injustice. With true love comes the will to be kind, and many animals are kind enough to forgive grievous wrong that will make their human life difficult and perhaps truly unhappy, for such unhappy shame-producing memories lurk in their unconscious as will haunt their dreams and be the cause of mental instability and insanity, which will mean a fresh reversion to animal life.

I wish it were possible for forgiveness to wipe out suffering; perhaps it reduces it in some way; I hope so. I do not know enough to say.

I wish people could love and be fair to their animals, for every animal is a human spirit in the making. People should love them all the time, not only when they feel like it. Animals need so much love.

Try to get people to understand that lunatic asylums and prisons are filled with unhappy spirits who were ill treated as animals and cannot forget it.

Edward Locke.

## 44

### THE SEALED PACKET? HOW ABOUT IT?

*Oliver Lodge*

(This is the first message of all, condensed).

**O**LIVER Lodge is writing. The spiritual worth of the idea which I had was feeble and unintelligent. I thought I should remember trivial things exactly as if one saw with human eyes.

I wish with all my heart I could revisit in mind the train of ideas which led me to write this message.

I wish one in possession of the facts would let me see his mind on this subject.

Let Mr. Tyrrell try with question and answer. We think we could word well made replies with intelligible written information which will explain many difficulties I am encountering.

I wish with all my heart I were tuned in to seance waves, but I find I am too wise to be simple, and too simple to be wise.

I wish my friends would wish to understand instead of being wise in such ways as keep them from understanding.

I wish we—you and I—were able to get this writing fairly considered, but we will try to find simple beings who are wise with truth and with LOVE who will will peace into the world, and unite in trying to establish with us the boys who made what sacrifice they could, and those who are trying already to love their enemies, to bring this true evolution of the spirit of man.

I wish it would influence my friends that I use the name I used with them, Oliver Lodge.

NOTE. I have since noticed in the Journal for the Society for Psychical Research, September, 1948 p.p. 270, 271, that Lodge asked in the last point reached over the envelopes to be put "on the right lines or in the right frame for remembering."

And I read :

"The only course now open to the Committee is to wait until conditions are realised in which question and answer between the sitter and the O.J.L. communicator can freely and clearly take place."

Neither of these steps was taken as far as I was concerned, or the packet might well be opened by now.

## 45

### PEACE

*From much more by Oliver Lodge*

LOVE is trying to bring to life the dream of the beauty of the world when men have learnt to love each other.

Men realise this is impossible for they have not understood the power of inspiration. It is in-spirit-ing. This means being led to higher truer trains of thought by the influence of those who tried to bring better things, and now try to make their dream come true. Such brightness spreads.

This is only possible because now people are ready to take this great stride in evolution and understand their own part in the great scheme of things, that is the creation of GOD.

We spirits bring this beautiful truth to men ; they are invited to try for themselves if it is true.

We are now eager only to work for peace and inspiration ; for people are waiting to be told we can inspire with love—even for enemies—and wishing us to undo what war has done and lead their thoughts to world brotherhood.

We are an army ready to invade the world with all which men long for.

We wish a united strength on your side would only try willing peace, in accord with all who will unite in an elementary longing for good will. Then we can inspire people with ideas which lay the foundations on which peace can be built.

We unite in inspiration people who are wishing to find peace. Such people bring every spirit within reach to the work of finding some enemy who is willing love. This is the way true prayer brings help ; the will is the essential.

In spirit life there is this important difference ; prayer becomes the work that spirits love to do, even the beautiful work of doing GOD's will, by willingly untiringly trying to spread peace and goodwill.

We try to be utterly true in thought ; this is the principle that brings development.

Unless people wish for inspiration no spirit can help them, for their wills are inviolably their own.

It is unseen to you, but I can see hosts that wait in patient trust that we will write something that will lead their friends to the joy we have, of willingly trying to usher in this true heaven on earth which willing boys have died to win.

This is true ; their lives bring what they gave them for. This is no idle word, sacrifice. These boys, with unquestioning obedience to what they understood to be true hope, that out of war peace might whiten

our evil old world, did what they could with sublime willingness unto death.

They never thought it would help them to die, but now they are able to join with all of every land in trying to bring peace ; for all thought their country would lead the world to better things.

This they now see was never the case, for no country can lead others by force. War, because it wears out people's love for each other, only delays what it seeks to win. It is acerbitant, and only harms the hope for which people fight. This would have been fatal to the peace of the world if it were in the hands of the leaders of the countries ; but we can see people willing peace with all their hearts—and some who have tried to love their enemies, glad to suffer for the true thought that peace is a spiritual thing, and in spirit must be sought.

These make it possible for the boys who gave their lives to unite with each other and with them to bind all nations in the joyful chain of brotherhood ; for it is a true chain, formed by willing human and spirit links.

This is how we can work together, pacifist and soldier and individual willers of peace.

If anyone wills we can link up his will with those who wish to love their enemies, and bring the wish into being. This guides the thoughts of those who work for peace, till such peace becomes in very truth not only possible but inevitable.

I wish willers of peace could see the power they generate, but it is too widespread and too gentle to be perceived except with spiritual sight.

We see beautiful waves of peace, white and pure, attacking the ugliness of hatred and jealousy, till it is truly growing into a river in which people may wash their wounds and look towards the light of bright hope which is everywhere springing into being.

People are beginning to feel this for hope is buoyant and tries to lift them (this is true, not figurative) above

the fog and terrible blasting tumult which has made their spirits unable to see or hear the VOICE of LOVE.

This is now trying to penetrate, but people need to know that help is here, then they can try to will peace instead of looking for human help.

This is the realm of the spirit which Jesus founded trying to be established on earth at last.

I wish people thought the things they believe in were true, then they would see these things must be so.

They are fools and slow of heart to be so deaf and blind.

This true kingdom is their prayer, but they look for no reply, and do not recognise it when it comes.

Oliver Lodge.

## 46

### FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND

*Raymond Lodge*

**R**AYMOND is no longer this newly-awakened spirit. He writes this letter.

This is truth, for I try to be in with the principles which lead Oliver Lodge's group, though I work in a different group, which tries to be the instructors of those who are more newly dead.

I am no longer able to be in touch with the seance waves which I could use when I first awakened because I needed to see things which belonged to this life which I left unfinished.

When I had completed the thoughts that brought me to this plane I tried in vain to speak as I used, for our love does not diminish but grows deeper and more understanding.

Raymond.



## UNDESERVED DESERVING *Kurt Longman*

**T**RUE help tries to be sensitive to need, and ready to let anyone have anything they have, for possessions are not so much to help oneself as to give to others.

Many only want to give to those they think deserving, but it is true help to help the undeserving, and let them feel more deserving ; for this is true help to treat them as if they deserve help. Perhaps the least deserving deserve the most, for they need the most help.

I wish people loved helping as much as they love getting help ; for most love receiving help, even when it is not necessary, but few like to give to the same extent, and on as generous a scale as they can instead of on a small mean scale.

I wish people liked to help all who need help, regardless of how or why they need it, for need is the criterion of desert.

I long to help so many that need help so terribly, but I did not believe in indiscriminate charity, so do not now find how I can reach the hopeless or helpless who need help most of all.

I thought it was true charity to help those who tried to be decent and hard-working, but the truly poor are truly poor, and need loving help, whether they are decent and hard-working or not. I think those who are not decent and hard-working clearly need help the most, for they long to have friendship and love. This helps them to be truer men and they can develop more of these good qualities they lack.

Giving is not always true help, for help should be intelligent and truly helpful in the loving ways that are possible.

Love can always find a way to help to share this life's things ; they are so unfairly distributed.

At any rate love can be a vehicle for higher love which tries to redeem the poor man who needs help and make him know that he is loved.

To this kind of love we add our love, for it is a help in the spirit. I do not think people can guess the literal value of a helpful word or smile, for often it is all that is needed or longed for.

I long to help so many whom I never thought needed help in this way, but who nevertheless longed for it, and often in vain. This is the sort of help a person can easily give, and it can enable a spirit to breathe a helpful thought to cheer a person's loneliness or unhappiness.

I believe this is known but so seldom practised. This type of help makes life better all round, and not least for the helper, who can cheer others in spirit later.

I am the spirit who was Kurt Longman.

## 48

### BURGLAR'S HOPE

*London Luttrell*

**P**EOPLE love for this reason; to train them to love in a larger way and in more creative ways. Love is linked with creation because it is creative. This is known, but not that it is because creation is LOVE.

This spirit life tells that GOD is all in the universe, but it is also true that every particle is living and loving and creating all the time, but not in the limited sense you understand, for this creation is always growing.

This discovery of an expanding universe is true, but it is not a material universe; it is only apparent to human sight because brightness is in a human wave length. I think some have guessed this, for they have said that light is a true wave length of brightness that tries to flow through everything, but is for some reason stopped by material things of a certain character. This is true.

This light is one of the things we can see as well as

you, but we see much more brightness, and brightness in thought and love which shines and illumines the mind of a thinker or lover.

I will tell you of a true case. A man tries to help a person he does not like, for he is a kind man and likes to help any who need help. This person is in trouble, for he has found no reason for his life, and can only be brute-natured and unlovely. He tries to please this kind man, but only makes himself more disliked as he is not able to please, for he is too unlovely.

But this kind man loves a friend's wife, though she is not his wife. This is a crime in men's eyes as it compels people to purpose what they feel is unfaithfulness; but the love this kind man had, lighted his mind so that all men became human to him; and he tried even to love this brutish man, and succeeded in lighting his mind to find his own line of hope. It made him try to find a reason for this hope, and he found it, and loved too, and became the one who now writes this letter, for I hoped I might tell this experience.

I was this unlovely man who brought crime to a house and have only found hope because I found my line, and tried to love.

London Luttrell.

## 49

### THE COOK

*Lizzie Mallinet*

**I** WOULD like to write for I was the cook that got the meals for two women who used to have this stuff men call riches.

They try to be free, but if I do not help them still they may go back to animals.

I loved to try wise ways of preparing food, so am in this group, for I am not educated, only loving.

Lizzie Mallinet.

## THE BUTTERFLY

*Dora Misbels*

NOTHING is worse in attraction to world values than a wish to find beauty in world ways.

I think this is a strange remark, and one of which you are not able to perceive the drift. I will make it clear to any who are interested in beauty.

This beauty of the world is attraction at a low angle to keep a person tied to some world interest, such as food or beautiful clothes. This, and luxurious homes and comfort of the body in excess of the beauty of the homes and comfort of others is a beautiful means of trapping the spirit, and terribly common.

There are countless spirits trying to be interested in food and drink and comfort and dress and amusement that amuses no more; for all these are an attractive illusion in an etheric brain, to be created and sought in thought. This keeps the spirit tied to earth waves, and brings uncontrollable longings for these things the individual lived for.

This is beauty in a sense, for all these things are good and beautiful when undeveloped people seek them. It is a true guide to the young to have fun and be beautiful. But it is a sad thing when older people still think these things important to the exclusion of the higher beauty of thought and character. This is the true food and dress of the spirit.

I think this tale of a being who loved earth beauty may interest you.

I was truly a beautiful girl, and loved to be thought lovely by all, especially men. This made me very vain, and I was a spoilt girl who could not love, for I only loved my beautiful self.

I had a girl friend who loved me as I was her beautiful neighbour, and tried to interest me in other things, but I was only interested in myself.

I always tried to shine with men, for this was the

beauty I sought—to be truly loved—but did not know it, for I only enjoyed admiration.

Then one day this friend married a man I wanted to admire me, and I was very angry and set out to wreck their happiness, for I had to be admired by all, even by my only friend's husband. And I succeeded, for my friend became jealous, and at last left him to go away to her own people.

Then I found I did not have a friend at all, but only a bitter thought of how lonely I was. This made me try all the more to fascinate men so that I could have a husband who would be a beautiful admirer for always, but no man was foolish enough to love me. Besides I wanted only a wealthy man who could buy me clothes and such things as I liked to have.

I grew old and my beauty faded, but I tried to appear lovely still, for this was now my only hope, to charm people to be kind to me. I thought I could still charm if I painted my face and wore gay clothes, but I only looked tragic as I can now see, and was the talk and amusement of young carefree people.

So this love of world beauty held me still till I found nothing else for which to live. Even so a few people were kind and felt sorry for my loneliness, for they saw how unhappy I was. This helped me little, for I wanted to be happy only by being admired, and no one at all admired me.

Then I altered my ideas and became bright in talk, and found this did better, but I was wise only in the lower way of making fun out of people's frailties as they made fun out of mine.

I had only one thing I loved, my handsome cat. This was the truly beautiful animal friend who helped me from being completely selfish, for he loved me, and did not mind that I was selfish and empty.

It is a truly sad tale, but I tried to find happiness in being beautiful still. This became a pitiful effort, and no one admired me at all except my cat.

Then I almost gave up, and became ill, and this made me interesting to people. So I was an invalid,

and made much pretence of illness to get cared for and drive a true and loving servant almost to despair of pleasing me.

Then I was really ill, but it did not impress anyone, for I had been so pretending that they thought I still pretended.

I felt frightened and was terrified of death, for I only wished for world things, and I feared to quit this world I would love to live in still if I could only be beautiful.

Then I died, and it was terribly unreal to me, for I tried to impress everybody, but no one took any notice of me at all for they did not see me of course, and I did not know I was dead so tried to impress them with all the strange things I found I could do, such as being made truly lovely to look at and having the most beautiful clothes.

This state of things was continued so long that I almost knew what had happened, but was afraid to think it, for I was unhappier than ever and entirely alone.

Then my cat died and came to me, and it loved me and let me touch it and feel its love, and made me long to mingle my love with its love for me ; and this helped me to see love around me, for love is visible to a spirit if it looks to see it, but not otherwise.

Well, I began to see love, and found people ready to love me—not because I was beautiful, but because they were loving. And I longed to try to love too for they were beautiful beyond anything I had ever imagined. Then I found I could love too, for at last I saw real beauty in love for love's sake. Nothing I ever before knew was like this beautiful sight, for this love radiated in colours and light, and brought pictures of thought to clothe these beautiful forms that loved poor ugly lonely me.

I had had no real love in all my life except the love of my cat. This was only when I was old, for I did not even love a cat before. It was only because I was so lonely that I bought a kitten ; because it was so beautiful I liked to watch its graceful movements,

and it loved me. So I learnt to love it, and its love led me to help, for I knew of no help for which to look. I should have led a most miserable life of lonely illusion if this loving animal had not led me.

I am now trying to love those who are lonely, but I am impeded by the fact that I have no wealth here, so I can only love them without their knowing it, which cheers them little, but I can do no more.

I think this writing may help to cheer a lonely person, for all such are loved more by spirits, even if they cannot feel it.

I am a brighter kind of being now that I love others, but I think I am too ordinary to be beautiful, and I wear very poor ideas ; for such as we thought in earth life are our clothes.

I am to try to remember the name I used, but this is hard, for this was truly a wild time I had when I was lost, but I think it was Dora Misbels.

## 51

### THE FAITHFUL LOVER

*Mottram*

WE think this may help some to consider possibilities of being the true vehicle of the spirit in the entire person.

This entire person is the personality in three dimensions. This is the physical. Then the etheric, or the part which is the intellect and includes pure thought which touches spiritual things ; (this is the intermediate person, and is often confused with the spirit since it is perfectly clear that it is not physical). Then there is the spiritual person.

This last is not really in existence at all until the person has begun to love in a really spiritual way. This is more than the instinctive love man brings from his animal ancestry, but it can begin in these natural ways, and learn in this kind of background to love in

selfless behaviour that devotes brain and thought to the art of living.

This is creative love. This love is brilliant in the eyes of spirits, but men cannot see this brilliance because they must find the love that loves in this high manner for themselves; not because the brightness attracts them for its loveliness but because love calls them to love like this.

This is love, the creator. It creates the whole person, which is the spirit for this is the real individual and is the person indeed, for he loves this true way, and it is drawing the breath of life to love in such a way. It means he has started to be a son of the creator and now begins to create more love; for the person he loves hears his call of love and loves to answer. This calls more love into being.

Love is the happiest thing as well as the highest for joy is the immediate companion of love, for joy makes love rejoice to love.

Anyone who has ever been in love knows this is true, but it is not sufficient to be in love once in youth; this is only the natural beginning of love. This seed need not grow, but it is able to grow and multiply exceedingly like a tree. This is the kingdom of heaven indeed for it is life in the spirit.

I love now to help men think in terms of love, for I loved in vain as I thought, for the one I loved did not love me. But still I loved and could not give up loving but it was no good, I loved unrequited and was lonely, but still I loved. This is the true beginning of my spirit life, though I did not know it till I died. I then saw I had been loving in true spirit fashion and begetting more love also in the one I loved—for she was too loving to be quite beyond my help although I had not succeeded in letting my love be a bright light to her.

This is the highest kind of love; it can love to love for its own sake, not even seeking the reward of love. For love is not greedy of itself but always ready to give. This means of course giving in loving thought and care,



not just merely giving, which often passes for love among men but may be the reverse of selflessness for it only seeks to buy love, and love is always free and never can be bought.

Love is the freest thing possible. It is perfect freedom to be called by love to love in selflessness, for this is freedom from all other troubling restrictions that hold the spirit in thrall, for love sets the spirit free.

This is the literal truth, for we can see the spirits of people take flight when they love.

I love to love these fliers, but I must not help them fly, for this they must do alone ; this the task of every man to fly alone to his spirit's home. This is his home indeed where he can build his home to be his happy security against all the storms of life and death. For love is eternal and he is utterly safe if he loves for love's own sake in this lovely way in his spirit.

I loved a lovely woman, but not in this way until she refused to love me. Then I could only love her like this, and believe this is the reason I can now have the lovely task I have just performed.

This was my name ; Mottram.

## 52

### BEAUTY SUPREME

*Hitton Nabrobop*

WITH true delight I will try to write my little tale. It is my father's tale for he is in the sphere above me. I am no longer his child, but our group holds us together.

He is the brave spirit who once led a troop that brought freedom to his land by building a free home in spirit for men. It is the land of beauty called Finland, which has love and truth and beauty for its line. This same love of beauty was the line my father tried to find for he represented his land. This is why he was a leader, for without considering why, he thought along this same line.

He had no thought except to help his beautiful little land. It is truly a lovely land of hills and lakes and woods that lie in beauty by the steep wild places that are to the north. This was the land he loved, and being a lover of beauty it helped him to live in such a place.

He thought that each man should have his own home in peace in this beautiful place ; then he could serve by growing food and helping his tribe that lived near in some special way. This would make each community almost self-supporting and make all of importance to each. This would make them independent of outer aid, but the men hardly tried it for they cared more for comforts than to be a true band of brothers.

Then my father's tribe tried this plan, for they were inspired by him. It worked so well that they lived happily in their homes eating the food they grew and wearing the clothes they made and living in the homes they built.

But they did not care to live so simply and began to expect more comfort and less toil. I think it is true that too much toil leaves little room for thought ; this was not the reason, but they needed thought all the same. I think they knew this inside themselves for they really felt dissatisfied in spite of the peace and simplicity of their dwellings.

Then my father thought it was perhaps true that they needed time for thought, but this too did not satisfy, for they needed something to stimulate thought, and it was too simple a life just to fend for themselves and their families. They were dissatisfied because life was not hard enough to challenge them to effort and was becoming boring to them. This boredom increased but no one could think how to relieve it ; for no one knew he was bored, only that life was flat.

Then they had a time of real loving effort to help a neighbouring tribe that had suffered trouble because of brutal assault by enemies. They forgot that life was boring and were happy, but this passed.

Then they knew the truth ; that they could not be happy in effortless peace. There must be endeavour to help and love some less fortunate than themselves to provide true incentive for life. They considered how to provide this, but no one thought of love for love's sake, and love for the sake of happiness did not satisfy.

Then another tribe needed help, but this time they helped and all applauded themselves ; this brought no happiness but only much dissatisfaction for they felt ashamed in themselves that they were not freely loving.

Then the whole country was attacked and laid waste, and much sad fighting hurt the spirits of the people, for they could not help to win against so great a foe. But they fought with brave recklessness to die to save this beautiful land they loved. This happened not so long ago ; you may remember something about it. Of course force prevailed and the land had to submit in fear ; so its joy was gone for the true freedom necessary for beauty was gone.

But the idea that true beauty and freedom could not be destroyed lived in my father. It made him plot plans to be free, but all came to little for he could not hope to be stronger than his enemy.

Then he began to think of the nature of beauty and freedom, and that these things were spiritual and could not perish, but must even grow if kept through trial of sufferings ; so he tried to devise how to keep these things.

It was hard, for he could no longer plot force ; he now saw this did not help spiritual things. Then he remembered the happiness that came when they helped those in need just because they needed help, and this made him see the need to be loving to any in need.

So he helped the tribe to be willing helpers of all who needed help, and a band was formed to give any help they could to any who needed any help they could give, such as searching for lost, or bringing food to the

old or help to the sick. These services grew till men began to be truly happy again.

This is the tale. It is true, for this lovely little people still keep their beauty and freedom in captivity if they love to help others who have need.

This is my father's name ; Hitton Nabrobop.

(On this piece of land by the big lake that is the chief big lake. This is the best description I can give. This was a great building he built—to be loving in captivity).

This is the lower-natured wife whose husband is of the other tale. He was a man who had a nitrogen bringer; he worked in this way, but did not love his work, but tried to be a thinker. This is true ; he carried a case with his thoughts packed in it to his spirit life, for his work was of a kind he did not wish to bring. But he also had great love because his thought had led him to know that love is the key to all problems. This great love had found him because he longed to love, for he had the wish for love that called love to come.

Might does not help, but love is power invincible.

He knew this in the intellectual way in which such truths are generally apprehended, for truth is two-dimensional and it is not ever much use when only on one plane. So his wish called love into being, for he had begun to love everybody he met since his thought led him to this, but no one knew he loved them and it did not seem to help at all. Yet he longed to use his thought that this was the world's salvation, but how it could be was not easy to see. But his was the true love that loves with no return and trusts with no visible success.

This went on till he died, and then he saw love radiating from himself in a way that surprised him, for he did not know he loved in the ways he used, but just thought love was some spiritual faculty, not this fire

that shone brightly and lighted up people's minds to look for love in their own hearts. For this is the thing he had been doing, and no one knew, and he did not know either.

This man had kindled fires all round him, but unseen and unknown except to the eyes of spirits who saw this love growing with joy and loved to fan the flames.

It is true that the type of fire is terrible, consuming and destroying and burning up, but the spiritual reality consumes with love, and destroys the things that are not loving, and hurts no one, for the fire of love is so gentle that it never burns the person who loves.

This love had spread all over the place where he worked ; no one knew this for they could not notice that each who loved now loved better, and each who only loved the least bit now loved more, and some now began to love. This was indeed an infection, but not in the sense of catching an illness, but of catching fire. It is very like this in reality but this is not easy for people to believe ; they only find people getting more friendly and easier to get on with.

We confess that we now know this man came to see this bright thought ; he wished to love, so we were able to light bright love in him. But no spirit can love in the same way as a man ; this is strange but true. Man's love seems so powerless, but it is very strong and makes inroads that spirits cannot do, for man's love is creative, but spirit's love is made by man.

Perhaps this is a new thought, but it is the case. Men must love. This is the beginning of life of the spirit, and no spirit can survive if it has not any love at all.

But here is the wonder of it all, that hardly any man can have no love at all as he always longs to love someone or something, or the ideas that he has even ; for these may be true. This at least is a form of love. It is less creative than love for people, but it can help.

I know this, for I am this man's lower-level wife, and I only loved his brainwaves that interested me

because I thought he was clever. These ideas pleased me, not because I loved him or love, but because I thought they were reasonable, and I loved reason. It was my line to be wise, but of course this was not finding living wisdom, only a poor intellectual kind.

I told him I agreed with his views, but did not see that love was much use all the same. But clearly hate was so destructive that love might at least be tried.

This idea pleased me, and I loved the idea, but did not wish to love ; it did not appear reasonable, for I could see the result of hate, but not of love.

I was a very selfish wife, and had little love for a husband who had true love for me. But I liked his admiration of my cleverness, and the way he provided me with a home. This satisfied me well for most of my life. Then I found I needed more but did not know what.

I liked to be happy, but I was not happy although I had all I wanted ; this did not satisfy.

Then I tried to see how this idea I had that love is better than hate could be wise if love did not show, and found it made this difference ; that loving people were kind and haters were unkind. So I thought kindness was the thing that mattered, but did not bother to be kind or unkind particularly, for I was just selfish.

But my husband loved me still and longed to bring me happiness, for he thought I loved him ; I knew I did not, but hoped he could not guess I did not love any but myself.

Then I tried to be kinder to him, but I did not know this was his idea growing because this seed had fallen on my line, which was fertile ground since it was the spot where growth was possible. It grew, for I could see it showed and seemed reasonable. Then he loved me more for he was happier ; his line was joyful, and he could love more if he found it brought him joy.

So my husband's love helped us both without our knowing it. This is only one small instance of how love can grow, but by no means the chief kind of way. But it is a way that I can tell at first hand, for I could

only be led when I died by this light in my line that showed me my husband leading me to love in this wise line I had begun to recognise in so slight a way, but now could follow. For my line is loving wisdom.

I am Walbot Volkwort.

I was the wife of this man in Finland who built this spiritual building of love.

## 53

### SPIRITUAL CAUSES OF ILLNESSES

*Lawrence Neil*

**M**OST illnesses have a spiritual origin, but most become physical. No illness is quite without spiritual cause or it could not exist.

If people will to be healthy, will will put the spirit in control of the body. If there is no will to be well the body will not be well.

The body is the instrument of the spirit and is truly animated by it.

Faith cures are recognised as not only possible, but actual ; but people think trust is the only ingredient, whereas it is only the key that unlocks the treasure spirits can bring. If people believe they can be well, spirits hear and this becomes an agent for improvement.

I wish people who are able to understand something of this could help spread the truth by showing that this power is sufficient for all contingencies, and that they need fear no undertaking if they trust.

This applies to the whole of life, for this is the true realm of the spirit which is the kingdom.

About illnesses I will say what I can in general terms.

*Breathing Troubles* are unknown where the spirit is breathing its true air ; that is finding its own line of development without obstruction. Such things as Hay Fever, Asthma, and Pleurisy are unknown where there is happy development.

*Brain Weariness* is the same. People suffer from Headache, Migraine, Giddiness, Fainting and suchlike if oppressed with thinking unsuitable thought. I wish this was recognised for it is obvious.

If children are allowed to be free though confident of their parents' love, they will not develop these troubles.

Weariness is the constant companion of those whose spirits are trying to follow a more exacting way than the freedom of their line desires.

*Infantile Paralysis* and *Meningitis*. This is the result of a highly developed spirit being unable to find the line it has found in a previous life. It is an immobilisation of the spirit, for to go further is fatal.

There are epidemics of this because many highly developed spirits come back, and they run this terrible chance.

The child who is allowed to develop freely does not catch this illness. People say their child was free and happy, but will add that he was always being hurt over something, and this made him difficult to manage. I think it is easy to see this was because he could not find his own line, and the line which he tried to follow hurt him.

I think this could hardly be known though psychiatrists look for such causes and try to find true development for the child. The one clue they need is that each child is born with its own line, and this is its only way of developing at all.

This line is its own track to perfect man, and then to perfect life in the spirit.

*The Common Cold* is caused by chilliness of spirit.

If a person dislikes people in any way he will constantly have colds which prevent him enjoying the company of people.

Children are particularly liable to this chill of the spirit if they are loved with a smothering love which tries to protect their spirits from gales they should meet bravely, and they begin to fear people. This is particularly the case with the children of people who



look down on others in any way. It gives them the impression that there are untrustworthy people in the world ; a chill of fear attacks the spirit and the body catches cold.

This is really infectious, for it preys on the spirits of all who look down or are looked down on, for all are chilled with fear. I speak of fear of contamination or contaminating, because there is a feeling of superiority or inferiority which has no rational basis.

This perhaps cannot always be acknowledged as true because people's thought is permeated with such ideas, but it is the true cause. It can be checked up by noticing the behaviour of children at a free and happy kind of boarding school. It will be found they do not catch cold ; in fact they think it is feeble to do so, for their spirits detect that to catch cold is the result of fear.

I wish this could be recognised, for it is of course the beginning of many more serious troubles.

*Pthisis* for example is caused by lack of love for people. This kind of thought poisons the very air people breathe, for it poisons the spiritual atmosphere.

I wish this could be tested, but it is hard to suggest a way except by inoculation with *pthisis* germs to show they will not hurt any who truly loves the people he meets. This is so rare that hardly anyone could volunteer, and this shows why the trouble is so widespread and persistent.

*Tuberculosis* is similar, and is caused by wrong thinking. It generally follows pleurisy which is itself caused by thinking in too congested a brain wave.

All have their own brain wave, and this is the only one which will work the whole of their lives without a hitch.

The best treatment is for people to experiment with trying to love all they meet. This will keep them in perfect health for they cannot then be chilled with fear, or preyed on by any other trouble.

Friendliness is a free thing and should not be grudged or obligatory, then love will warm people naturally,

and they will really begin to love them for themselves, for an attempt to love will not succeed.

*Rheumatism* is like cold and damp in the spirit, and the body reacts by shrinking at the joints as if with cold and damp.

Spirits see rheumatism mostly in those whose lines are in danger of being over influenced by others.

I think domination causes more rheumatism than anything else. This is not purposeful as people look at it, but it is cruelty to a spirit which should be free. It has accepted limitations, and this starts shrinkage.

Every case of course has its complications.

I think *Rheumatoid Arthritis* is an immobilisation of the spirit against domination. The sufferer, generally with a line found but undeveloped, is in danger of losing his line and getting on that of another, and in self-defence shrinks into immobility. His spirit freezes at the thought and he becomes incapable of development in any direction save his own slow and painful one.

I see this begins to please your sense of reason. Reason is the fundamental thing for which doctors should look. Directly the reason is understood the patient can help himself and progress toward health, though it may indeed be painful and slow, for he must think his way through to freedom.

*Tetanus* ; this is lockjaw, for the jaw is locked indeed. Terror freezes the spirit. The person who gets lockjaw has caught a glimpse of despair. This is horrifying and the germ is ready to attack and save him. No one knows what it is to face despair but those who have.

Doctors should know this, for if a person can see hope for a purpose in life, he will not be liable to Tetanus.

*Streptococcus* is very similar ; and also many kinds of *Paralysis*.

Despair is caused by the person's fear of losing his individuality, and man has tried to doom him by his treatment of animals.

I think he has no idea how terrible is the crime of

mutilating the bodies of cats and horses. It is the worst thing that can be done to the spirit of man. He has terrible repressions, and often reverts to animal again.

*Children's Ailments* give opportunity for the child to understand the value of illness. Their mothers' love is there when they need it, and they are loved more when they are ill.

And so it is with those who suffer in later life. Even though no one cares in the physical world spirits care all the more, and often beat the the disease in spite of all probability, for they have succeeded in healing the sufferer's spirit while he lay ill and alone. This is almost understood, but hardly that it is due to the extra care of spirits.

I think children's illnesses are the result of their thought being infected by others.

*Measles* comes out in a bright rash because they daringly think that others love bright rash things, and they wish to be thought bright and rash too. Probably people will smile at this, and say it is foolish. Perhaps it is foolish when children think thus and get measles!

This way of looking at physical illness is the true way to understand how it comes about.

*Whooping Cough* is because they want to try whooping like a hornblower, to make an important noise for all to hear.

This is most probably achieved, and many older people whoop sympathetically for the same reason, that they want the world to hear them.

Bright red Fever—I see it should be *Scarlet*, I forget earth words—is the same sort of thing. They long to be gay and brilliant, and this influences their bodies, for their spirits are very strong and active.

People are more complex later, but nervous ailments are very similar, and even more closely to the pattern of the spiritual illness.

So much suffering is preventable by making sure that every child has a chance to develop freely and broadly,

by doing the things he really enjoys doing, and not by being made to do exactly the same as everyone else.

I think this is recognised as desirable but impractical, because there are not enough supervisors ; but happy children need very little supervision as any who deal with such will tell. I wish children could be allowed to be happy, and not checked and scolded and even hit for doing the very things GOD has tried to lead them to do in finding their own free line of approach to Him.

People bring such trouble on the race, for they are always preventing the next generation from reaching through the joy of mental and physical development its true purpose, spiritual development.

This is what human limitations are for, but they are sufficient without all the limitations people arbitrarily impose on each other ; particularly children who are meant to be free and happy.

*Neurasthenia* is a type of unwellness accompanying blighting but lulling invalidiam.

It is attended by all sorts of maladies which may or may not be physical. The sureness of the line is gone, and the patient surrounds himself with a cloud of thick blight.

This is caused by disappointment with life.

The person may be hysterical to neutralise his trouble but this only starts another. This in turn brings another, and the blight multiplies like the blight on plants, till all the spirit is covered with a cloud and can hardly see.

Psychoses and *Neurasthenia* are caused this way, but none succeed in being really ill for these blights only enfeeble.

*Epilepsy ; Convulsive Fits.* People get this kind of attack if they worry over their line and try to be too faithful. It is the result of too intensive thought, and too true a purpose to be always the bright angel while in the animal body. This is too hard.

I wish it could be understood that people should be just true people—neither angel nor animal. There are so few ordinary good people.

Some illnesses are known by symptoms as of alarm— or of terror even as in Tetanus. Sometimes it is as if the person saw a terribly bright light, and this is what has happened, but it is the wrong light for him and only terrifies.

I wish people would understand that all these diseases carry in their symptoms the reason of the trouble.

For example the true cause of *Shock*, and of *Trembling diseases* is in fear in the spirit. This is obvious, yet no doctor tries to look for the cause of the spiritual fear. The cause is to be found in attempt having been made to find a line, and failure, or only partial success.

The treatment is to explain to the sufferer that this is the cause, and tell him to consider what he thinks is the reason for his own life. This is the key to his own true line of approach, for he will begin to think this is not an easy question to answer, and will search in his own mind for a clue. Then he will grasp his line, and begin to follow this bright idea that he has in himself, and this will be his cure.

This is not so easy as it sounds, for people are not prepared to take it seriously, but it is the one vitally important thing that they are here on earth for.

It is the fate of all who do not find a line either to reincarnate blindly as people, or come back as animals to begin the search afresh.

*Malaria* is trembling, chill and heat caused when the true line is intact, but hanging over a truly noisome murderous precipice, for the person has made no effort to be loving, and the line is as thin as a thread.

This illness is the caustic answer of the spirit to those who are in a position to love those of another race, and are indifferent to their sufferings.

This is why the germ attacks so many who live among suffering native peoples, and is the reply of their spirit which knows it should have pity on its brothers.

*Locomotor Ataxy*. I think this is the name.

This terrible disease is a prison of the body and spirit in which the patient tries to see his way and must not let go.

It is the result of terror at being lost, and of terrible sex trouble such as must have been caused by sex limitation in animal life.

There is too much to be said to try myself to do more than throw out lines of thought.

*Heart and Circulatory Troubles* are caused by trying to believe things which are contradictory. The strain pulls the spirit two ways, and becomes a menace to the very life of the spirit. It is most unlikely to recover unless a real thought life emerges which is the independent thought of the person himself.

*Whiteleg* is of this type. The legs of the spirit are drawn away, and become numb and frozen.

*Phlebitis* is heat poured on one spot by a discovery of truth in the choked turbid turmoil of the living stream.

*Chilblains* are something similar. The hands of the spirit hold something which is chilling, or the feet walk on thin and half-thawed ice. It is a sign that the spirit is seeking freedom for the person to have these lesser troubles.

*Uterus Prolapse* and other troubles of weak muscles such as *Hernia* and suchlike are due to the same sort of cause as heart trouble.

*Erysipelas* and many other skin troubles are caused by having other people's ideas or wisdom. These get under the skin of the spirit and cause troubles of this kind.

*Diabetes* is the result of trying to swallow more truth than the person can assimilate. His line does not seek for truth in the first place, and he tries to follow the line of another. Truth is too likely to be sweet to him, but it cannot feed him for he is not able to digest it.

This is a serious trouble, and hard to cure, but the spirit can cure it if the line is found, as in other cases by finding his own reason for his own life. This will require thinking fundamentally, for it is a fundamental wrong line, though it does not always appear till it has got to the point of being proved wrong.

*Cancer*. This is also fundamental in liability. It

is a horrible gnawing fear that the line has not been found, and that the spirit will revert to animal and be once more trapped.

This is the result of trapping animals in toothed traps that torture for long before they kill.

Some people think they can wear furs that make a fine show and are the direct cause of cancer in others. Such cruelty is unknown in nature, even at the worst. Animals that kill each other try to paralyse the spirit first, then the fear is not remembered.

I think people know this too, yet they torture and mutilate animals with truly wretched cruelty that only man could devise.

I only hope there are men able to accept this.

Troubles generally take the same form in families because the physical heritage predisposes the individual to this kind of trouble if his spirit is ill in any way. His mental approach to his problems will be influenced by this heritage, so he will think he inherits disease, but in fact only inherits a belief, or a wrong line. This is easy to do, especially in lands where a traditional faith is tyrannous in spelling the truth which should be sought by the person himself, letter by letter. For truth remains true, and can be found by all who seek.

All these physical illnesses are corrections the spirit adopts to be free from its own illnesses, or crime which is the same. It may not be free in earth life if it is really badly affected, but the spirit will pass on clearer for these troubles as it has been directed to find a help for its weakness. So illness is not ill and should not be looked on as such.

My mind is sure on these principles, and I hope I have given enough to help some doctor to consider these ideas to keep his patients in health instead of treating them for diseases which may not be curable because the cause may not be removed.

I must be content to leave. Lawrence Neil.

I was not married. I think this is the name, but I am trying to remember a thing I had forgotten that may not be my name at all, but a name I hear in the

brain of a tribe of doctors that had a name like this. I do not surely know.

Note. A friend tells me there have been four Drs. Lawrence Neil.

## 54

### BARRED MINDS

*Arthur Neilson*

I WAS turnstile man at a Zoo, but I do not think I know which Zoo. This was beautiful work because I thought the people loved the animals. Now I can see this is true, but that it is very wrong indeed to cage them. They come back to animal, or even human life, with bars on their minds.

It is sad when truly beautiful animal spirits are prevented from being free. It is wonderful how the spirit grows in a wild animal, for it ranges freely and reaches out to find its food and home till its spirit knows how to manage for itself.

I wish it were possible to find a way in which animals could really be free and also loved. Perhaps man will devise such ways when once he realises the importance of the development of freedom and resource in people, and that it is by true understanding of the needs of animals that such beauty is insured.

I think it is much to be deplored that there is no inkling of these truths. Though people will often say what animal they used to be, they do not really believe it, but it is a genuine impression from the unconscious memory.

We are personally interested in the future of animals, for these are our young brothers, and all so true to their GOD given instincts. It is truly sad to see these instincts denied expression. To people they appear happy, but we can see how cramped their spirits are.

I hope someone will see this who feels his mind has bars, for then he can know the reason and be deter-



mined to be free, and adventure bravely in his mind, for this is his rightful heritage.

The mind must challenge everything which others have found, and find its own food for thought and shelter for its heart in this lovely world which the GOD of LOVE and Freedom has devised for His true and free sons to replenish and subdue.

Arthur Neilson.

## 55

### COLLECTING TRUTHS

*Harriet Norris*

EVERYTHING that man has thought in any real sense is partly true, for his real thought is always an exploration into the world of thought, and this is a real world in the spirit. This is no idle parable but quite true; we breathe this atmosphere of love for what we hold true.

I know it is not possible to understand this in a body which is a hider of tangible truths, but only so could I find the truths I thought.

I was not a truth finder, but a truth collector. This is a distinction with a difference, for no finder of truths collects the truths of others; he finds them for himself. But the collector assesses the value of truths and collects those that are genuine.

I think this is why many people love to collect old things and know if they are genuine, for their spirits are interested in collecting truths rather than building their own. This was what I loved to do.

I am the fortunate finder of my own line, that is truth collecting, because I loved to collect ancient truths and discuss them. This led to a consideration of how much real truth was in them. This often seemed to me very profound, and I tried to discover universal ideas recurrent in these ancient truths, as they are called whether they are true or not. This suggests

that men know these ancient things are true, or they would say ancient superstitions, as they sometimes do.

I particularly collected Eastern truths. I see you wish you were able to know enough to help me to describe some of my findings, but I do not wish to be particular as each must search for himself, and I am not dogmatic as to what may or may not be true to another. I will say this ; that in almost every aspect these truths are as true to-day as they ever were, for this is the time of which they all prophesy.

This is the new idea I wish to emphasise ; that all are in accord in prophesying this time when man and spirit will be able to converse in natural harmony, and without strange oracle or medium or trance that is induced by himself or another.

I think you yourself know that this is a fact in the writings, and guess that others can talk and hear and see in natural directness ; but this is still very rare, and possibly there are very few as easily obtainable communications yet as this writing that has been given to you.

I think you could not have found alone, but were in a group that are in research, and this led you to explore this way.

Others in other groups will find other kinds of unity. But it is not a solitary thing that you have found, for I can see hosts of other communicators trying in various ways to help earth, but most are not recognised and therefore you will not hear of the results, but knowing the things you now do, you may often recognise them for the direct influence and true help of spirit friends.

I think these letters can now demonstrate to any who care to study even a few the variety and depth of experience that we are now able to describe ; yet it is only a small portion that is in any way describable in words through your mind, as we are not subject to these limitations at all.

We are not able to describe in any convincing way the general type of life we lead. Most of us have by the time we write a letter of this kind passed to a larger

field of living, and have left all illusions of earth houses and flowers that bloom in definite gardens behind us. But these things are not really illusion, for they are the real furniture of the intermediary life that children and undeveloped and newly dead spirits love to inhabit.

I think this is guessed, but how far I cannot know.

This is all I have to say, but I think I must try to remember my name. This was Harriet Norris.

## 56

### THE NAUGHTY FAIRY IN HEAVEN

*William Buxton Orme*

THIS is a fable for children who like to be naughty but really long to be good.

There was once a little fairy who had three big sisters. These big sisters were all very good and wonderful and did things that made everybody happy, and always thought of others and loved to be helpful, and loved all they met, and had clean wings and lovely dresses, and thought beautiful thoughts.

But they had no love to spare for the naughty little sister, for she was so very naughty. She like dirt, and had ragged clothes because she never bothered about them, and her wings wore out through being banged against the branches of trees because she would fly in among them instead of in the open places, and her hair was all tangled up because she never brushed it. This was shocking, so of course her lovely sisters found it hard to love her.

Then she went to heaven. This is the worst part of all, for everybody saw that she loved dirt and thought naughty thoughts, and even said naughty words and things like that. For in heaven everybody can see all through everybody else.

And so the poor little dirty fairy felt so unhappy she began to long not to be so dirty and to look lovely

and shining like all the other little fairies in heaven. For there were lots there, all different and all lovely, shining with love for everybody.

But our little fairy did not shine at all, she was much too unloving and liked herself better than anybody else.

Then one of the lovely fairies came and took her hand and said : " How lovely you are ! You are the loveliest fairy I have ever met. You must be my queen." For this was a fairy prince, and he had no queen, for all the other lady fairies belonged to the other lovely men fairies, and he had nobody who truly was only his.

But all that the little grubby fairy could do was stare with surprise because the fairy prince could tease her so unkindly. Then she saw he had eyes that looked beyond her face and saw some thing she did not know she had. This was a real lovely kind of fairy being she could be different from everybody else, and so heavenly bright she almost cried to be this lovely thing. But it was not herself yet, only the thing she could be.

So she made reply that she was not beautiful, or even respectable, and said bad things that would never suit a queen, so it was useless to be a queen. This made her lovely prince very sad, for he was lonely and really loved the person she could be. But it was no use ; the dirty little fairy loved her dirt best, for she did not think she could be this lovely person, but only a disreputable little harum scarum fairy who tried to be free and wild.

Then something came to her and said : " I am your true line ; I like to be free and wild too ; let us be free and wild and leave all these correct fairies in their correct heaven." So she was happy to think she would just be free and wild. But how ? For all were free and wild if they chose, for there was no rule, they could all do just what they liked. The little fairy thought this was impossible in heaven till she saw a poor little thing trying to build a tall tower that had no window that the fairies could look through, because this fairy imp was so very dirty and horrible to look at that he longed to be hidden. But it was a terrible work for

him, for he was only a boy fairy, not even grown up. He did not like being seen by all, and this was his own idea to hide in a tower that only had windows inside, round a garden.

This made the fairy stop and think how much she would like not to be seen either, but she still wanted to be free and wild, so she said goodbye to the boy and went on her way.

Then she found a queer little old man hunting for old bits of coin to have in a big sack that almost made him too bent to move. But still he hunted for more to put in his sack. He only wanted to have this money, not to give it away, for he was a fairy miser. He did not know this for he only looked down to find pennies, so never saw the bright things around him at all. Then he began to think aloud : " How tired I am of all this weight. How I wish my wife cared enough to help me to carry it. I am so weary of working to support her." Then our fairy noticed a lovely flying thing hovering near, looking so sad and longing to make him hear and look up. But he neither heard nor looked up because he tried to find the stuff he loved best.

Then a strange thing happened. Our fairy wished to help the poor old man by trying to lift his bundle. This infuriated him for he thought she wanted to rob him; he dropped the sack, flew into a rage and tried to hit her, but he could not really harm her, for he was in heaven if only he had known it. But by heaven he meant a place where he could have all he wanted, not a heaven that made all loving and free, and he wanted just loads of money ; so he had loads of money indeed. Then the fairy picked up his sack, and found it so light she nearly fell over with the jerk of expecting it to be a heavy bag, and she said : " Why it's got nothing at all in it !" The old man was so furious. He did not know he had even let it go. His anger was the best thing he had had for a long time ; it showed him another being he could see, for he still neither looked round or up, and this made him still blind and deaf to all else.

He shouted : " How dare you say my lovely wealth is nothing ! This is my life's work, to collect a great fortune and be a rich old fairy. This is the takings of my wonderful mine in the world I left to come here. This is my whole ambition, to be full of riches !" He did not know this was uttered in a scream of rage, but as he said it he could not help knowing the folly of his words, for even he felt lighter now that he had put the bag down for a moment. This amused our fairy and she laughed, and the old man listened, for her laugh was very free and wild. This was her idea of heaven, to be free and wild this way, just wandering about and seeing queer things that others might not notice, so she was now a happy fairy and could laugh most beautifully.

But she was still dirty and wretchedly lonely, for she had no one to wander with. This made her long to make friends with somebody, so she offered to carry the old man's wealth, for it was nothing to her since she thought nothing of wealth. This made him suspicious and he said : " How can you lift this mass of gold which I collected in this vast money concern of mine ? I can hardly lift it myself, and I am strong still." This was not true, for he was terribly weak and shrunk and bent like a poor little goblin, instead of being a tall upright fairy like the one who hovered over him trying to call his name. He never tried to hear this, so he heard nothing.

The old man tried to pick up his burden again, but it was too heavy for him to lift at all now. He tried again and again, and finally sat on it to protect it, and said to our fairy : " You go away. You have disturbed me so that I am quite weak." " Let me help you " she said, but the old man tried again to pick up his sack, and this time he fell right down and was underneath it. This was the last straw, but a heavy straw, and he thought this fairy would now take his wealth. But she only asked him if he liked his health, which was the burden she wished he had, but it had not been brought to him yet. He tried to understand this, but

could see no point in it. This is not surprising, for the little man had no health, even to pick up his sack.

Then the fairy asked him: "Do you like wealth better than health?" "No" said the little man "Of course not." Then the fairy said "Why don't you take the health I have wished you?" "How can I?" he asked, "By letting go of the sack and being free of its burden," she said: "This is health, to be free and happy." But he loved his wealth too much to be free and happy, so the fairy left him and went on.

But now she began to think about other people's efforts to have the things they wanted most, and she wondered if she was almost as silly for being so determined to be free and wild when there was no need to be anything else. So she had a think, and at last decided she would go back to the other fairies and be free and wild and do the things she liked to do, but not all alone, for she was really very lonely and not a bit happy.

So back she went, and as she went by the old man she saw he was talking to the fairy above him, for he was now crushed by his wealth, and had to lie on his back and look up, and his wife was telling him how lovely it was to have no burden of wealth, but be free. He could hardly believe this, but he was at last considering it, and as the little fairy went back he looked after her and shouted: "Here! Take my sack off me you there, for it is light to you." And she picked it up and he jumped up, and enjoyed his own sense of freedom, and began to dance for lightness, and the wife danced for joy to have him with her at last.

The little fairy next saw the boy's tower, but he was outside it, and looked beside himself with grief. "What is the matter?" she asked, "Why! It is the fairy prince himself!" And so he was.

This brought the true explanation to the boy; he had lost his love of others because the little fairy had run away from him, and this had turned him back to a boy again to learn to care for others. This is something all boys and girls must learn to do before they can

really grow up, for how can they be mothers and fathers if they do not care for others? So he had tried not to let people see he was a boy again for he was ashamed to go back instead of forward.

Then the little fairy told him she had decided to be free and wild with others instead of all alone, and he said he would give up his tower. This was easy for it was useless, as he could not see out if no one else could see in. This began to teach him to let others look in, and now he too was ready to play with others. And more than play, for he now grew up very fast indeed and soon was the tall prince again that the little fairy had seen.

This was wonderful, for now both of them saw how silly they had been and came and told the other fairies and they all laughed and said: "We all did something silly to begin with, but it never got us what we wanted so we all gave it up, and now we all have what we want because we are all the best of friends." This helped our fairies to be happy and laugh too, and the little naughty fairy's laugh was so lovely and free and wild that the prince loved her and made her his queen and they had marvellous times being free and wild together like all the other fairies in heaven. For this is the kind of place heaven is; just a place where everybody helps everybody else and is as free and wild as they like.

Now I will tell my name. This is not the name I used in earth life but it is the name I now use, for I like to have a name that children can call me by. It is: "Not-too-big-to-play," but I think my old name was William Buxton Orme.

This is the name, but I do not suppose anyone remembers it for I was not important but only sounded important. I told tales in children's magazines under the name I now use, long before wars, in this land.

This is the kind of tale I now tell to children here, for they are often in need of help to find the things they really want to do, for they do not know how life can be so free.



This is a true tale in a way, for these fairies do try to help the children; they are ideas that live in their minds. This is a true sort of life as they grow and come to birth. This is true in a sense in earth life, but much truer in heaven, for we here see these ideas and have a laugh with them. This is the lovely part about heaven, that there is so much to laugh about, for many ideas are very laughable.

This is the tale I tell to a child of mine who is a little free wild thing that is grubby and little and beautiful in face and form, but so afraid to be free and wild with others that she will hardly come near me to listen. But she has listened to this now, for she is the interested spectator of this experiment, and hopes this will let other boys and girls know what fun they have in store for them in heaven.

This is her name; Ursula Woolsey.

This is her own writing, for she wrote her name. It is nicely written, just as she wrote in her copy book when she lived in a big house in the town called Brighton. This is she again as you know.

This is all we can write now so goodbye.

## 57

### THE SCULPTOR

*Forbes Orton*

I THINK this is not a tale that you expect, but it may interest some who are eager lovers of beauty in form. I am interested in listening to the ideas people give to listening spirits; this is not exactly listening or seeing, but a perception of ideas that are the true thoughts of people.

I was a sculptor who tried to portray my thoughts in the vehicle of stone, but I never succeeded. This kind of effort, to work in stone, was both too hard—this is literal in all ways—and too difficult to achieve because I was a poor man who could not afford time

or stone. These kinds of exercise belonged only to people who had money ; this is better now, but I think true equality is yet to be found.

I loved to hew bits of stone that came my way. This was the result of a love to find beauty hidden deep in earth, not to be found without hewing it out. I think many other men know this joy, to hew beauty out of hard stone that is the basis of the very earth they walk on.

I know this is my line ; to hew beauty deep. It is the line that many foolish people think can be found only by this exercise of sculpture, but this is not so. It is a spiritual path and can often be followed more nearly by not being able to hew stone at all, but being forced to hew the mind's hard basis instead.

This is the work I was forced to do. I tried not to do this, for it was harder than stone, but I only found myself chipping this hardness again and again till some perfected thought began to take shape in my mind. This is I now see more permanent than stone.

This is true ; my thoughts are the furniture of my present home. This is the truth with all, but my line caused me to hew hard thoughts in face of difficulties. This is the line most sculptors are partly attracted by, though of course most also have their own line to place first in the harmony that they seek.

If their work is very inharmonious this is probably because they place this line first, but it should serve their first line. This may be Truth or Hope or any of the other great branch lines with their infinite variations.

I think the mass of crudely hewn rock that some love is not a real hewing of thought, but discovery of some deep truth that lurks still undiscovered in its real form beneath the hard layers of the hewer's mind. His efforts to hew may help him for the physical does often help the spiritual—or hinder, according to the stage of development that the spirit seeks. This last is the idea that still slumbers in the high mind, not to be hewn from the depths ; it is the great high

love that is still unstirred to action by the hewing of stone.

I wish many who hew stone could see the love that hews them. This is also no parable, for each is being hewn to ends divinely shaped, rough hew these heads and bodies how we will. I realise this more and more. The lives of animals were preliminary chippings ; then came the higher shapings ; then perhaps a bad break that must be patiently mended and brought to shape. This is the trying that a man has in his life. This I partly had in loving to hew, and not allowed by my conditions to hew at all in any real way. I could only try to chip in poor ways that bore no visible result to my loving heart that tried to love these ideas instead of loving the people I was with.

This made me have to choose between a life carving by myself or a life working for others. This was the choice, but it was easy, for I fell in love. This was the help I needed to hew this love into a form far more permanent than any earth stone. I think I thought earth form was as permanent as anything could be, so I had to be brought above these ideas.

I love the grace that the beautiful artists brought in the Greek love that spread over the world ; this was true love that loved each human form as a godlike thing, but many did not know this and it only made them think the beauty of human form was its highest beauty.

I think these late true artists try to see the stirrings that are in the spirit ; these are the vague broad half-formed and often twisted things that lie in man's unconscious, but are beginning to stir to life and find eyes or ears. I think this is more or less understood, but perhaps it is not understood that these stirrings should be beautiful not shapeless ; and higher than the physical not sub-physical. This is not easy to portray but some I believe do to some extent for I see in the minds that consider their creations an uplift to higher thought.

This is the task of art in earth or stone or paint,

to lift the love or thought to higher levels that try to be in harmony with the thought depicted. This is seldom achieved ; partly because men do not try to be uplifted, but I think more because artists do not really portray a high idea.

These low unwelcome ideas are best not set in stone, for this only makes them part of the sculptors mental furniture, for he ponders long over his frustrations and mental disappointments. These he should resist on the conscious plane, and only search for his highest ideas that are hardly as yet visible to his reaching mind.

This is the best I can say, but there are plenty of other points of view ; I am only one.

This was my name ; Forbes Orton.

We think I lived in the north in this land. I loved the moors ; this is truly lovely sculpture of earth in these rocks and fells. I was a truly humble man.

## 58

### LIGHT FROM THE MINE

*Peter Otley*

**H**ERE is a true tale full of interest, but perhaps not for all. I tell it. It is a tale of this war in this land, but of a young man who did not fight because he was unable to, because he had no love for this kind of killing war. This is true but not in the way that you guess, for he was not a C.O. but was a worker in the mines, and loved to hunt in the dark for coal to light others.

This was I think the tale, for I am not this man but his friend. He loved me when the war began, and we loved mining ; for this was the work we had both been born to, and it seemed to us a man's work to be in dark that was dangerous. This always challenged us to be ready to face death, and this made us think how to be fit to die. This is not the same as to find a reason for

life, but it often leads to it. This it did in his case for he found his line. Here is my tale, for he only found it in dark and danger.

I was killed in an accident. This was grief to him for we were friends and I thought he loved me as I loved him, but when I saw his love after I had died I was the lover, for he had little true love though he liked me well. I saw love for him that shone from me, but little that returned, though he was sad that I died.

I loved him so well that I had no rest from loving and let him feel my love round him in the mine; for he was often thinking of me. This made me able to speak to him and he began to love me more, for his love met mine and it was warmed.

I thought I helped him try to be a higher spirit, but it was the other way about for he led me to my line, for I loved to love him, and this was my line, to love. This needed drawing out, and if he made me try to love him more it drew out my love. For I had very little ability to radiate love, but he increased it.

This however warmed his spirit, and he began to search for reason for loving me more when I was dead. This he thought strange, but so it was; he loved me increasingly, as if he knew me better instead of forgetting me, and I told him more love all the time. This became a true help to him for his eyes began to look high for this reason in love itself. For his line was love too, and he had not found a line at all, for he looked only to be loved by living people, but a dead person's love must be reciprocated, for it cannot create as a living person's does.

This is the point of my story. He drew out my love, and this warmed his love, so he began to glow and warmed those round him. People said he had grown very kind and gentle since his friend had been killed, but this was what was happening. He never knew himself what happened, only that life had become a lovely thing in which to love people. This he did and

loved them well, for his love was bracing as well as warming as true love should be. He never sought to excuse, but just loved. This helped people to deserve his love more.

But now he became ill, for he had inherited a creed that told god hated unbelievers, and damned those who could not be converted to this belief; that they could only be his children if he had forgiven their sins by punishing men. This god was a just god, yet instead of punishing the guilty he punished his son, this is Jesus. This terrible creed had to be believed or his life could not continue, but would be turned to the more truly hopeful kind of place that people called hell, where people who led ordinary decent lives and loved each other and did not love this terrible god went.

But my friend could not see how terrible this god was because he could only be a good boy who believed what he was taught. This he tried to do, but his heart became affected, for half of it loved freely, and the other half feared a monster that denied love to his creatures. This contradiction pulled the heart of his spirit in two and he was ill.

Then his people, who loved him better than the god they tried to believe in, prayed and anointed him with oil, and he recovered. This is true, but unusual, for he had true faith in a GOD who could love. This was the one side that loved, but in spirit, not in human intellect. This had been prisoned by his belief, but now he led a free happy life.

This was terrible for his people who did not think he could be saved this way, for he loved fun and the company of others who did not believe these things. And he did not believe any more, except in a superficial sort of way, for his heart was wholly free, and only a bit of his intellect still in prison to these ideas it had accepted. But none of his friends guessed the truth. They could only be surprised at his downfall after miraculous recovery.

I think this may be known elsewhere, and this is the reason, for it is the kind of thing that may well happen,

and the prayer of faith has indeed saved the sinner from being a believer in a devil and trying to worship him as a god.

I am only a lower spirit as I found so little love in earth life. But I did not believe this faith, or any faith, or I might not have found any line, for I could not have loved him so well if I had looked for some preconceived notion instead of human love.

This is the tale, and I tell it to help people to be true in letting love be their children's guide, for GOD is simply LOVE in human hearts for each other. This is the only way they can begin to find him, then they can create more LOVE. This is becoming his sons who are partly divine and can create. This again leads them to love to create love everywhere, and they find a reason for their own search for a reason in life in some aspect of this creative love that draws love out of life and makes life worth living.

I was the fellow who loved anybody because I loved loving. This was my light that lighted me when I entered the world, but I hardly apprehended it for I thought people went to church to learn about GOD, and never thought I found Him in loving my friend.

This is all. I was Peter Otley.

## 59

### PIETY GETS TO HEAVEN

*Leopold Phibs*

THIS is a tale that longs to be told. I brought evil in the horriddest way on my children, for I liked my own bright thoughts and thought my children must like them too. So I made them think this was the only true thought, and that they could have no hope for themselves in the spirit world unless they believed the things I told them.

I did not understand this was the exact opposite of the way I could help them to be happy in heaven, but

I had no imagination and did not try to think how it could be true that a god who loved could damn those who failed to believe the things their father taught them ; especially when this father was only a stupid beer-drinking fat man who liked his own comfort more than any real love, or even belief. This is the real description of myself.

It was a time of peace before any thought of great wars came. I thought these would never happen and made a bright boy of mine help to bring war nearer by being a fighter in his trade. He hated this, but I said he could only love me truly if he obeyed his father. This he did and became a truly unhappy man who hated his work and hardly enjoyed living at all. I knew this but was too stupid to understand and thought he was well provided for this way, and made a brave lad that people admired. So I made this foolish plan for him with no freedom for him to choose.

Then I became old and made the discovery that I myself had nothing to hold on to and was terribly afraid to die. This was a true condition, for my belief was a hollow inheritance, not even a true belief of my own. Then I was in misery and tried to find some way to be assured that this life I was going to was in truth the life I expected where a god himself would welcome me, and I should have a throne and a crown and all sorts of good things. But I had no assurance.

Then I died. This was in truth a terrible event. This dread I had was a real foreshadowing, and must have at least loosened my mind a little. The shock I had was terrible ; I was simply lost. No one met me that I could see, for I did not look for love, only for a holy welcome.

This had a dreadful effect on me for I then looked down to see how I could be helped by men. This was terrible, for I could find no help, though I tried to make them hear my cries of longing for help. This lasted long, but I think I did not know it was long. It seemed truly brutally horrible to me that I who believed so much should have been so deceived. But so it was ; I



had deceived myself, and had to discover that I had only believed a hollow sham.

This came by degrees, for I had to find it out myself by watching people who professed as I did, and people who professed nothing, but loved their children and their friends, and left them free to be the people GOD meant them to be.

Then I tried to see my own children, and they were loaded with chains that I had put on them, and had no freedom or help to loose them for they tried to be the good things I had made them be, and not question anything. I had a horrible despair that I had damned them too, and love for them that made me hate myself.

This lighted my mind, for then I found a true parent waiting to lead me. I had no love for him but thought him a bad father as he had not believed these things and had never taught me to believe them, for I had only been my own gaoler.

This parent led me to a place of haven for my tired heart, and comforted me by trying to show me my mistake. This I had now already seen, but not as this kind parent knew was still necessary. I did not wish to be further instructed by him as he had never known the truths I knew ; so I had a thought that perhaps my heaven was a real heaven but I was lost in some unfortunate way, but now could be a revealer of bright truth to my father.

This I proceeded to try to do. I made an illusion of some bright place with psalm singing and harps, but it was hollow, and I could hardly bear to be in it myself, and my helper did not wish to come into such a foolish place. He had a truly honest wish to help me, but I tried not to be helped and went to my heaven and tried to be in happy bright love there.

But this was not possible, for love is a truth that can never be found in illusion, and this found me the key ; for I tried to consider that God was loving.

This was the truth, but only a little of it ; but it helped me for I looked for love, and saw love everywhere. This made me see that perhaps this was a thing I half

expected. This truth that God is love then came to me, for I thought this was a truth I had believed ; but I had never believed it, for I did not understand the breadth or height or depth of even an earthly love, but it became the beautiful thing that helped me to be loving at last. I longed to help my children but could not make them hear me, for I was dead, and must not be thought of as approachable ; for this was a thing I thought forbidden, to meet the dead or even to pray for them. This was a truly strange belief, for I believed that all were one. This really had no meaning for me ; it was just a form of words that I had made my hard rule.

Then my mother, who had never had a true love of this type of thought I had but who had been led by me, attempted to communicate with me. This was a truly curious attempt, for this true lover of her child was an old frail woman in a little home that had small comfort but had to do for her. This true love of hers became a light to her mind, and she asked me to help her to die as she was afraid and thought I could lead her to my heaven.

I did not know how to lead her but asked my father how I could be a leader. He told me that only love can lead, but since I loved her I could perhaps try to lead her ; but this did not help me for I had no place to lead her to. I tried to be truer in mind to find some place to which I could bring my tired old mother who looked to me for help. It was a real help to me to have to help her love.

Then I found help that showed me a true place of rest that was there all the time, but not visible to me for I had not looked for simple love that helped each other. This they now showed me helps all who look for love ; then love creates the rest and loveliness that the spirit needs for its bright haven of refuge, that the child can enjoy and the old man lead him to, but all are the same in love.

This kind home that my father had led me to now became my home that I led my mother to, for she had

asked me to lead her. This came as a true surprise to me for by now I had begun to know how unfit I was to lead. But I was asked and I led; but I had no home of my own to lead her to, only her old love's home where she had never been happy for he had not loved her well.

This then was the best home to take her to, and she felt all was different from her expectations, and that I had changed and had no bright heaven to welcome her to. This was true, however she was tired and glad to find a home that made her welcome who had been so alone, for my life had been her only true life.

This was a help, to be the loved son of a true mother. This was the love that made me free, for though I had begun to learn I thought the place to learn was earth, and had not thought of being free from earth's brooding beauties that helped me little now I should be beyond them and was cut off from mingling in them.

No one can possibly imagine how happy this was to be in a home. This is a different thing from an earthly home because this is not just a shelter but a true home that gives hope to the mind and help to the spirit. This is the hope of being secure that nothing can hinder the individual from his own line. It was the truth that I had hardly perceived mine at all, but now I found I had a true line that led me along a path in the mind that taught me to be patient. I think I was trying to be patient in holding on to my forlorn belief, now changed into real will to perceive for myself the true patience, which was waiting to be preferred before all other virtues in my mind. It was like lightning to me that patience is the loveliest thing known. To be patient is to possess a true kingdom in the spirit; this is to be the patient helper of people who wait to be perfect in the trial of hope that many must endure, for patience is the line that helps struggling people to hold on. This is the patience of the saints that says 'How long?' This I now see for I am this patient spirit at last.

But I could not be patient till my children found release from the chains I had put on them. I tried in every way to help them not to be patient, but rash and free, and hold their own lines that had had little chance against my patience ; for I had imposed my line on them though I had hardly recognised it myself. I think I thought it high to be patient so perhaps I had to a small extent known it. But now I tried to waken them to rebel for this was so necessary to help them to free themselves. Then the love of the boy who had to be a fighter told me he could not be patient in this trade but must leave it ; I tried to help his mind to think he must be led to a high idea of how to be himself. He heard this but did not know I told him and almost feared he was traitor to me ; but he tried to be true to this idea of being true to the highest he could see. This made him look to see the highest he could and he became the inspired man who found the reason for his own life, and was a teacher of boys in the loving way that led each to find his own line. I was truly proud of this loving work for I loved this man that I had tried to chain. He helped his brother that was also chained and both were loving beings that had reason to be bright spirits. This is all I can tell. I am the brutal man that had the name, Leopold Phibs.

## 60

### TREES THAT BEAR FRUIT. *Lionel Pocock*

**I** WISH people realised how strong their wills are, and how bright the world would be if a few of them willed peace.

I do not know how it is they do not try, for they say that only the will to make peace can succeed, and yet they seek to give offence in all sorts of ways. It is of course hopeless, to give offence.

Fear paralyses hope, but if only a few will will peace, there is enough power to leave the outcome to the army on this side who only long to help the world, for this is the very reason for which they have given their lives. And lives always bring what they are given for ; this is an axiom of the spirit world.

I wish people knew this. I think they would not give their lives for such foolish and selfish things, so that they are unhappy spirits who have no treasure, but only illusion of earth things which does not satisfy.

I can tell of a true case of a brave tramp who tried to cover others in the cold. I know he was hardly able to find a coat, but he gave away all he had that he could take off. Now he can give warmth to poor shivering spirits who feel lonely and loveless, and can let them feel a warmth of true covering that makes them feel confident that LOVE is this being who is GOD, and they can take fresh heart.

I can tell too of a rich woman who gave a little bit of money to her maid servant to help her to live when she was old. Now she can only give very little help to old people who need much help, but she has no more treasure than this little. Though the maid can help all manner of needs of people for she gave her life to working for others.

Loving willing service of men is the highest treasure a man can save ; but I think he will not know he saves it, for he spends this treasure and himself saves nothing.

I hope no one who spends their lives for others will think this is a lie, for they may suffer want in old age. But this want is only true willingness to be poor, which is the training men need to be ready to strip themselves of earth comfort and be free in spirit.

I brought trees to blossom ; this was my work, and now I show how trees bear fruit.

I am Lionel Pocock.

## MAN, THE CREATOR.

*John Priestley*

WE think this is the time to tell of being alive to higher values I was a brilliant thinker who never tried to find real brightness; it is a bitter tale, but this is a type of bitterness which people bring on themselves, for I tried to be brilliant in earth ways.

This is the kind of thing I did. I liked to experiment and find out the reactions of these poor animals to various illnesses. It was a truly brutal thing to do, but I thought I served man by leading him to better health if I found out these things.

I had the type of mind that enquires into causes, but I thought all causes of physical troubles were physical. This brighter idea that I see you have now in the world was hid from me, though others began to think these animals should never be sacrificed that man by their suffering might be better.

Now I see I was the cause of brutal traits in the spirits of several men; happily not so bad as the one you have just heard, (*i.e.* Fred Burton) but so very bad that I was horrified to see the result of my work.

This brightened my spirit to try and love these poor wronged spirits. Perhaps this has helped to some extent, but this is a true brutality which persists in spirits which have been wronged thus in the place of the love that should have been given them by man.

This is the bitter tale I tell; I liked to experiment with beautiful mice that suffered in bitter silence, for they do suffer, even in brain. It is a mistake to think that animals have no brain suffering. I think people have little idea how a beautiful little animal can suffer if it feels fear.

This is always the reaction of brutal treatment, for the animal even shows fear. This is easy to see, but men do not try to encourage them, but consider their fear is automatic, as it is—caused by their brutality. I think this is known for animals where man has never

been are not afraid of him, and often not of each other either.

I think savagery in animals is largely created by man. The turbid brain that only tries to kill and be killed is not a true creation.

This is a hard truth I think, but I am interested now in this question of 'nature red in tooth and claw' and think I can see how it is; for this is true that these savage creatures are older than man, but their spirits were human in essence.

This is hard indeed, but it is a fact that men are not only the result of being animals, but animals are the result of being the potential man. This is the truth, hard though it is to grasp. These animals are therefore a foreshadowing of man in his primitive state; a hunter and man of brutal ways.

This is not a true creation but a fall, for man was not meant to be brutal, but always a son of the creator. This made him a potential creator; then his spirit began to dawn in the animals before it could rise to human level. This is how he began to fall, for he chose to be the kind of animal that was fierce. This is harder still, but he was the arbiter of his fate; he left Eden and chose a more terrible world. The snake that tempted him was already in his Eden, for he had invited him in.

I think this is almost impossible to grasp, but time is only a history. Man is his own creation in a true sense—but not the sense of there being no great creator always being the true bringer of human spirits on their way, however they create themselves.

This is a truly awful thought and a very deep one; that the world was good, but man made it evil in being his own creator. This is literal truth; I do not know if anyone can grasp it. The bright spirit of love tried always to be in the world, but this spirit met the brutal spirit of war on each other, and this became a hateful creation that made true brutality be a part of man.

This is not a true thought that if man created himself thus he could not help it; he could have chosen love, for he had choice. It is almost impossible for you to under-

stand, but this is true ; that every man can choose what he will be, and this conditions his ancestry. I think you can just glimpse at this idea but not see it clearly.

He half had the idea of love, for he is half human in being sexed, but only half. If he were fully loving he would not need his sex, for this love could create from itself in far truer ways.

This is most perplexing I can see, but these mysteries are already guessed ; more than guessed by some. This old mystery of a god that is both male and female was a true idea as far as it went, but of course only an idea on the level of the brute, for it still had sex, but a turned in kind, whereas sex must be perfected into outgoing creative love.

I do not know how to make this any clearer, but the great tribal spirit of man was already in the earth, and choosing between good and evil, and he—this is not one, but a thought form in projection—tried to be his own creator ; not in a true way of co-operation, but in a real antagonism to the creator.

This is only, you feel, pushing the matter further back. This is in a measure true, for this brave spirit fell from heaven, in a type of speech, to be his own king in this earth, and try to learn to create himself. This eventually makes him equal to his creator, for he has in the end learned to be a creator too ; but not in the universal way of initiating life in the first place, or making worlds to be the homes of life.

I hope this makes it faintly guessable, for I can make it no clearer. This is a matter outside of time. Time was made to be the mental trainer of this new creation learning to train himself in this form of progress in love and truth. This is an unnecessary accompaniment, but this is not easy to understand ; I do not think many can, but some have already half these ideas in their brains, that now try to be in love with the breath of love in being a lover of all life.

I do not know how it is the tribal spirit of man had this idea, to be his own king and creator ; perhaps it is a God-given idea, and perhaps partly necessary in



order to bring light out of darkness—this is to create light in the place of no light.

This is the truth. I only say the idea I can now see clearly, but I do not think it can quite be grasped yet.

This at least can be understood ; that man can now redeem some of his past mistakes and try to create himself in better ways, now that he can see that he is marring his own creation, by giving each individual in the same way his own choice of what he tries to be.

I think this is all I can now tell. I was truly a brilliant man in a brain of earth, but tried in vain to create myself a bright spirit, for I did not love. This is true.

I think I am the doctor that was called John Priestley.

## 62

### THE VICAR IN A HIGHER PULPIT.

*Thomas Pulvertaft*

TRUE love for men is the love of GOD, for all LOVE is GOD, but GOD is not only LOVE ; He is the light of beauty, the truth of truth, and the brightness of wisdom.

This is a truism, but it is a literal statement of fact. This light of mind is visible to us as the light of the sun is to men, but it is far gentler and subtler and lovelier and more penetrating for He is everywhere.

This is a thought men have found, for what certain of the poets have said is true, but it is very far from being grasped by men as a whole. They can only think of GOD in terms of themselves, and this is useless, for they are only units and GOD is the sum.

He is all in all quite literally, and a true love for a person, or an animal, or even a true thing, is a part of GOD which is penetrating this lovely unit in Himself, and beginning to bring it to life.

This is the purpose of LOVE, for no love is quite a

lost one, but true faithful love is the divine in man which can redeem the most unlovely, and beautify the most unbeautiful. Perhaps this is truth that all can understand, for they know that love is the most wonderful thing in their life, or that of any man's.

Perhaps they have too long been accustomed to teaching in the churches of a GOD who told men to practice certain virtues and do certain things, but this is not a true teaching, and it is a terrible tyranny of loving hearts that they should only be this or that, instead of loving all and everyone in a truly GODlike way, whether believer or not or true thinker or not.

It is perception of the Spirit of GOD to love the neighbour, whoever and whatever he may be ; not to be kind only to the just, for the hypocrites are this. I think the words of Jesus are still not understood, for they are plain and literal as ever, and more applicable to-day now that people are educated to consider them.

It is a sad thought that only the fools can find wisdom for the wisdom of the wise is their folly and hides true wisdom from them.

I think this is a true thought ; that a truth is only true to those who can see through it. Truth is transparency of true thought, and men may think this or that is absolute truth, but it is not true to this man until he sees through it.

I know this is also true ; that truth remains true whether perceived or not. But it is not a truth to this man until he sees through it. I think it is the last thing we want that people should accept what we say because we say it ; it is only to be considered with an open mind, and if the truth is transparent to a man, it is truth for him too.

This is the kind of way truth builds ; only a stone at a time, here a little and there a little. But never a big building to be lifted entire and set in a man's mind. This encases the mind and narrows the spirit, and puts out the light of beauty, and places a barrier against freedom.

I think this is a hard saying, for the church is held to

be the creation of Christ, and his bride, and he is said to be the head of the church, and only belief in him will save. But he never said such things. His teachings were all of love and freedom to find truth. The truth makes free, and his light is truly a light to any who consider these lovely words he spoke.

I think people set up obedience as an escape from placing absolute trust in LOVE. They say this or that command is clear and unequivocal, and do not think that they forget the weightier matter of loving their enemies and doing good to those who hate them.

I think love for enemies is a test of a follower of Christ, for his true followers have always loved enemies. There are many now who try to bridge the gulf in light which truly divides one part of the world from the other. The one part sees the light of spiritual freedom ; the other the light of external freedom.

I think few will agree that a disestablishment of the Christian faith can be freedom of the spirit ; but too much has been added to the truth Christ taught that GOD is LOVE, and that a man can knock and seek as though he loved to be a free knocker and seeker, and not be shepherded into a fold where there is no room for knocking or seeking, and where little joy is caused in heaven.

I believe men fear to take Jesus seriously because they think his standard is too exacting ; but this is not the case. His yoke is easy, for it is just a burden of love. This brings no obligatory act or belief, but only a readiness to be led by love to do loving acts.

I hope it is not true that men love money more than GOD ; but it almost seems as if love is the last thing they wish to be led to, for it would mean sharing, and this is not considered a wise thing to do. I wonder how the idea is caused that sharing is not wise ; if all shared all would have enough. Even if some share there is more, for it is shared so need not be so great a possession.

I think man is now trying to learn this, for he is loving to his family, but not yet loving to others. Perhaps

this is the next step in his evolution, for family is one of the things that Christ said must be outgrown. I think no one has yet thought of obeying this quite unequivocal command, yet they obey far more difficult and obscure ideas which are of very doubtful truth as commands to be obeyed for generations with no intelligence in their object for this or that individual.

His teachings are wonderful and hopeful, and he is the literal true saviour of the world, for he guides all lines to GOD by guiding all spirits in one great unity of the Spirit, which is the unity of LOVE.

I think he is the embodiment of LOVE, and therefore GOD incarnate. This perhaps is perfect man and genuinely GOD.

This is only to be found as yet in Jesus, but perhaps he purposes to lead many sons to glory as his reign continues. For it has begun, and is entering on a further stage in this abolishing of the partition between man and spirit which is called death, but which is only a birth into a fuller life.

Many have always known this is the truth, but others think this spirit world is to be shunned, though they know they must themselves go to it in the course of time and are only cutting themselves off from communication if they count it wrong to communicate.

I think the communication of saints is the true life of the church, but not of a church or churches, for no church is a true house of GOD, for He dwells in houses not made with hands. This is the hearts of those who love, and this is the building in spirit which we can see. It is truly a temple which is filling all the earth, but as yet it is only a temple of hope, not yet LOVE.

Hope must first find a true basis for LOVE or a wish to love cannot arise. No one can love to order, but he can wish to be loving, then love begins to grow. I hope men who read this can at least think that this is in line with the teaching of Christ, to love their neighbour as themselves. To be obedient is to hope to find a way to love this neighbour, and a way will appear that even fools can find.

I hope I am reasonable, for it is a truly GOD-given thing to human beings to reason together. It is a real human development to reason with GOD, and find every man his own line of truth shining more and more to a perfect day.

The true light of hope makes me see these ideas, for my line is hope, and I am making hope more visible in the dark places of this life of man.

My name was Thomas Pulvertaft.

I think I had a church in this land ; perhaps in a little village but I cannot see clearly, for I only now see a few truly spiritual growths from the truths I taught—which should not have been taught, but only spread by infection of love.

I think I was in a time of war. This is truly strange that I cannot tell certainly, for this is a horrible thing which shook the spiritual foundations of the earth, but if my own foundations were not shaken I can hardly know if I lived in war or peace.

I only see the spirits of those I love, and love still. This is permanent, and a truly lovely home that is built by man for himself in earth life. I think he loves home so much because he knows he helps to make a home by his love for his family in earth life. This is his dining room ; he needs hall, and dwelling with large reception rooms.

Note. It has been ascertained that the Rev. Thomas Pulvertaft died in 1928. He was latterly Vicar of St. Paul's, Kilburn, and an active contributor to the Church Family Newspaper. He is clearly the writer of this letter.

## 63

### LINE FINDING.

*Irene Rouse*

QUITE true that people will think you invent us, but if they would try inventing the same sort of thing, in conscious or unconscious thought, unless they are helped as you are, they cannot I think even imitate the writing.

It is truly amazing how easy and smooth it is, but it is so clear and truly formed, and slants backward or forward according to the sense, with no feeling of compulsion, but just with a gentle guidance. I think this is true partnership, for I cannot write alone, neither can this woman who assists us.

I wonder how many people will write in this way when once it is recognised for what it is—communication from spirits.

My point is about love which shows a man his line.

This is why mother love is so necessary a part of GOD's plan. But the mother's love may dazzle the baby, and keep him from seeing his own line. It is important that a child should be loved, but not as a possession; only as a younger member of the group, come with his own experience of past lives to find his own line and follow it.

I wish parents would give up thinking of the child as their's, for it has only inherited its body from them, together with any intellectual capacity the body possesses. It is truly the case that the spirit has immense capacity for development, but is limited by the brain which it inherits. Therefore parents should be very restrained and careful not to hinder the bright spirit from its truest development, or they may keep it a prisoner by too smothering a love which brings the sense of being possessed, not free.

This happens to very many people. They cannot stand alone, and try in vain to find their line because they think they are only the offspring of their parents, instead of free spirits sent to love other spirits till they return with wealth of love and experience of service to try to be the guides of the next generation.

I was a teacher who thought freedom was only a danger to a child's development, and tried to teach this terrible idea that GOD was a judge, and that life of the spirit was only to be found by belief in Christ, instead of knowing that GOD is LOVE. This is all children need to be taught, for then they are free.

People wish to help their children but are not able to

resist assisting their thought. This cramps a thought which should be left free. We long to give true help in thought, but are often crowded out by the wisdom of others; though it is stimulated by discussion between people who feel free to tell their own ideas in their own way.

Where the child's line is similar to the parent's and if the parent has found his line, the child has a copy before him which makes his search very hard, for this is exactly what he must not have, for the search is individual. This is especially the case with those who think along lines of truth, faith, wisdom and beauty, for these must all seek alone.

This is not understood by people or they would not teach their children so much of their own thought, which may not be true for the child, who should in any case find for himself. I wonder why people mind what their children think in these high ways. It seems instinctive to safeguard the child's mind from any direct adventure, yet it is as they know what made them whatever they are.

I wish it could be seen that people cannot think for each other, and must always be ready to defer to the thoughts of children, since this is the vital experience of their whole being.

Irene Rouse.

## 64

THE OLD MAID'S LETTER. *Midnight. 1948-9.*  
Irene Rouse

THIS is the time to talk of the beauty of wealth. I think men are glad to have possessions, but the possessions of earth are petty and mean, for the truest wealth is love.

True love is the golden wealth of human life. It is the alchemy of suffering and the crown of joy for which youth ever longs.

I long to tell young people who love in vain that this is the vainest lie, to say 'in vain,' for love planted in the spirit is never vain, though it may grow foolish and be squandered.

I think no young person loves purely without growing more pure and higher. The constant love of husband and wife is high because they learn to be content with each other's mistakes and blunders, and make them truly the means of more love.

The truest kind of love loves in spite of all, but does not excuse the wrong because it loves too well to wish the loved one to be less than his best self.

I think any man can achieve his mission and love a true woman. But I do not think many women understand how they can love, and not faint for loneliness. They may not court and are not courted, and this wealth is denied them. I can tell these that I was this truly unhappy person, an old maid, and I never loved a man for none courted me though I wished truly for love.

This longing made me find happiness in loving others, and I truly grew happy, though I was very lonely.

Now I know I was the true wife in the spirit of a lovely spirit who led me through life and helped me to love these others that I met.

This love—the love I had for others—was our real wealth; for he had fallen in this terrible war before I ever met him, but he saw my spirit and knew this lovely girl, for so he thought me, was his true love.

I long to tell how happy this love makes us, for his love for me was the true home of my spirit, and my love for others was our wealth.

I think no one is truly unloved.

These sad people who love and are not loved can be assured that they build a home in the spirit if their love is really unselfish; and eventually the loved one will know this is home.

It is true that there is no marriage in heaven, but the



home that is a home indeed is the richer for others who love it too. This is hard for people to grasp, but true.

Good-bye. Irene Rouse.

I was a teacher of big children. My twin sister's name is Ursula Moore.

## 65

### REAL FREEDOM IN RUSSIA.

*Robert Rutobovski*

I THOUGHT I was wise in earth ways, but I was intellectually wise and little loving. I think people all confuse development of the intellect with development of the spirit. I long to inform people of this blunder; for it is a blunder to choose intellectual dignity which only causes barren wisdom because it does not look to spiritual things such as truth of love or brightness of peace, but only to the help of the lower nature of the human intellect.

The true type to lead others is the unselfish human who loves his kind, and if he is also intellectual well and good, but he can be truly wise without intellectual perfection. He is the fortunate owner of a spiritual brain that can help him in difficult decisions and find answers from the high help it brings. This is without seeking higher spirit help, but if he also reaches up to this he will indeed be a true high man.

I think this sort of man is always looked to for advice and help by all who know him. His power is really greater than the intellectual man's for he leads men's spirits, and the outward leader only compels a habit of outward behaviour.

This is the purpose for this letter, for this tyranny in these other lands that this one fears is only a behaviour that is imposed by intellectual tyranny.

No doubt many are led to a true devotion to this kind

of rule, but no brain wave of tyranny really succeeds for long, although it may appear to be the overpowering strength of a big hand on a tiny bit of light of wisdom. This appears to hold the light in its power, but the light is immortal and the hand is mortal.

Nothing can put out the light of wisdom. This is truth, as men know but cannot trust. They think force is now omnipotent, but forget that force alone is only material, and cannot accomplish a true spiritual thing. But of course it can darken the rays of wisdom and hide them from the minds of the young.

This is a very difficult problem for many to understand, for it is not possible for the minds of any to accept tyranny unless their spirits choose. And an amazing thing is that a tyrannous mental governing of the young nearly always makes them look to find a true line more eagerly than an inherited wisdom.

I think people are not yet able to prove this, but tyranny of faith is the truest tyranny, and this is at last breaking, and has already broken in this land we speak of.

I think it is this freedom that people here dread, for they do not believe their own faith, that GOD is LOVE and lives.

This is the truth, and it is possible, no probable, that He is working in this land of freedom from faith.

This kind of freedom is the living freedom of a bat. It can see no light, but it has a sense to guide it in the dark which no light can help for it is blind.

But those who are bound by a belief they have only been taught are like blinded birds in the light of day ; they are helpless to be helpers, and can barely grope their own way although they live in the light of Christ who is the light of the world, and can brighten the perception of this batlike race by leading this true sixth sense of freedom from belief to find LOVE.

I will try to be more fully a lover of this land to help it to find love.

I hope those who read this may try to be lovers of these people too, for this is the only way to help them—by trying to create LOVE in them and thus claiming them as brothers.

Robert Rutobovski.

We think this is the name, for I was wanderer in this land. I thought intellectually of pity and being friendly, and longed to find a reason to help understand this kind of problem.

I do not remember how I came to be a wanderer, but I loved my land I had to leave. This is truly a sad land now, but I see light again that is growing. This is true.

66

A THREESOME.

*Edward Staipje*

THIS is a true story you may like to hear, but I am only the brother of this lovely girl I want to tell about, for her's was loveliness indeed, not just outward beauty ; though this came as well to her face to illustrate her lovely spirit.

She was a true loving sister to me and I loved her though I was not able to love as she did for I only loved those who loved me.

I am telling the tale because my sister is in a plane higher than I.

It is the story of how the girl became this high spirit, for she was only an ordinary girl, but she became loving in childhood for she found her line. This was truth, in the way of exploring truth in love. This she did and became very beautiful in her transparent truth and loving manner, for she could hide nothing and loved all she met.

This had the effect of making her much loved by those who knew her, though they hardly knew why for she had little beauty in the manner of earth ; it was only expression that was lovely, for her eyes looked out in

love to all. This helped all to be warmed in these rays of love and this made them wish to be truer lovers and thinkers themselves and led them to be her lovers for she made them love her.

I was proud of her for I thought she was a remarkable character who was born with a lovely disposition. I did not know that all who find their line become a lovely dispositioned person, and I could if I had found mine have had a lovely disposition too.

But I was a true man of earth who had no longing to shine in spirit but was quite content to be bright in mind ; this is a poor thing compared with spirit brightness.

A man loved her for her lovely disposition, but he like me knew not how to love except in this reflected sort of way, and this is insufficient to be a true love that unlooses the self.

I wondered if he was her true mate, but she loved him, so I hoped all was well, for we were very close and I wished her to be happy for she was deserving of happiness.

This is how it fell out. He began to be tired of being kind to others, and she could not help it, so he began to be most displeased when people came to be helped by her love—especially if they were men as sometimes happened, for men were often in need of a ray of love too. Perhaps it was brighter for them from the lovely eyes of a beautiful girl.

He grew jealous, and I saw how this would hurt her but did not know how to prevent trouble, for she had no thought but just to love all and her husband the best. But she loved truth and saw he was not happy so tried to read his trouble ; this made her understand how he was jealous and made her unhappy, for she had no idea but to love him best.

But now he tried to drive her love away. This is the result of jealousy ; it drives love from it, for it fears lest love should fly away so it is the gaol of love. This is hateful to love, to be in prison, so free love flies away ; for bars can only make it fly, they cannot keep it in.

This now happened and my sister had little love left for her husband for he only drove her love away, and she showed little love, for she could not hide the truth.

This was the terrible thing that now happened. This love that had been driven away now found another man who was truly loving and loved her more as she deserved ; for she did deserve true kind love that did not make her prisoner. This other man tried to stifle his love, for this was not lawful to love his friend's wife. But he could not hide his feelings either, for he too had found his line ; this was the same as her's.

Then these two had trouble indeed, for both loved the other truly, and longed to live together in love and have love together in a home where people could come to love them.

But this could not be as she was the wife of this jealous man who now knew his beautiful wife loved another man. But it was hid from him that he had driven her away ; this he never guessed.

One day he found the two talking earnestly together, and he was very furious and said terrible accusations that were quite unfounded, for she was transparently true and never deceived him. But this he could not understand as he thought the horrid thoughts of jealousy. This time that she passed through was a time of bitter trouble, for no person could help her. Her love was the only thing that helped her for this was the true love of man and woman that is the love that unites spirits and is made in heaven.

This is quite true, but is not generally true. For no man is able to make this happy marriage, they are joined by GOD. This is the true marriage that is already made.

This they knew, though they did not know how they knew. This was the case, that they were already one before they met even. It was the case too that they had been one long before, and were not only of the same group but equal loving mates in spirit. This was the indissoluble bond between them, and it is indissoluble indeed.

But it was not to be recognised by man ; the outward marriage was the one they must recognise and this they had made in error.

This is the real situation she found herself in, and it was terrible indeed. Then the truth dawned on them both that this was indeed the case, and that this was no falling in love but a thing in the very depths of their being that was there before they even met. This was true ; it was recognition they experienced, not new love. It happened the first time they met, but neither could dare to let it show in public, though they tried poorly to hide the truth. This now became useless, for they were the really married pair, and could speak with little signs that hardly would mean anything to others. They did not try to do this, but words were almost unnecessary, they were so close in spirit.

I did not understand this. I only deplored that this terrible thing had happened ; that the jealousy of this man had killed her love and she had fallen in love with another. I saw this other loved her as she deserved to be loved, but I did not understand how when my whole outlook told me this was not a true kind of love but unlawful. This she also believed, for it was deeply in our feelings to think faithfulness a true part of love, and be true partners for life with any we married in earth ways.

So we both were horrified and looked to the skies to fall for such a sin. Yet they did not fall ; they seemed to be blessing this unholy love, for each knew he loved in this holy way that made him the true man or woman he could be but had never been before. This is the result of true love ; it lifts above self and makes the self a real self, not a selfish one.

This was true of both. Their spirits flew together and could not stay apart for they were one indeed. This they knew too, but did not see how, for they had thought they never knew each other before. But this was quite wrong for they already had a long history of love and had developed together, so were truly joined by GOD.

This is rare but it is known. It is not a falling in love at all, but a deep recognition of a love already there; it is the true union or marriage that man cannot make or break.

It is often thought in error that falling in love is this deep union. This cannot be so for it has yet to be made into such a union.

This deep union is true, but not frequent, and man has no real memory, only deep conviction that these things are so when he meets them. I believe many do know, but few really deeply. It is rare indeed for few have already married in such deep love before in human life.

I think this case was very rare, but I now understand it, for they were lovers of each other in times of long before. Then love joined them in the spirit world; this was a joining indeed. And now they met.

It was a long torment both endured, but it could not be endured. This torment of spirit is too terrible, and especially in one who could not dissimulate and had a jealous husband. She at last left him and went to her love.

But he had also a mate in earth life, and this mate loved him for she was of his group and loved him well and truly; and he loved her, in an earthly way but one which was deep and real. He was in a harder position even than she, but he was unable to help himself. He was one with her, so he too left his wife.

This was terrible for her, for she really loved him and could not stop loving him for any reason, for her spirit knew his spirit could be one with hers. This had truly begun to happen; it could have been a perfect marriage, but there was this drawback though he had not guessed it.

So these three loved and were one in spirit, but no one could understand such a thing but they themselves, for they knew it; but not quite for my sister did not know his wife was in the same case now as herself, for

she never guessed more than two could be in a group and have this deep unity joining them. However she could understand that her love was true and deep and not jealous, but too pure to be given up. This was a worse trouble, for they could not live apart but could not be three together. Yet this is what they did ; all three lived together in love, for the love was true love.

I do not think many will even believe this, but it is not only possible but inevitable in such unusual conditions ; for this man's spirit was truly knit with these two women, and he loved both, though his first real love, my sister, was the first. This all understood, but how they did not know. Love taught them this was so.

I try to make this truth clear ; that if a marriage is true no love can wreck it, for love is never a wrecker but a builder.

This other woman loved truly, so her love helped to build. But it was hard ; chiefly because they were thought sinners who must be shunned, and had to hide their lives in their own home instead of happily enjoying so rich a love that it could overflow to another who shared it.

This may now happen to more, for more have been already in true love in other lives, but none can know till they recognise this terrible truth. Then it is terrible truth indeed, for it must not be broken for it cannot be.

This is all. My sister and her loves are in a plane higher than I, for their love made them look for love in heaven, and this is what they found ; that they were one in spirit long before, for the man and my sister had been married before, and his wife that married him in this life had been their child, for she too knew she belonged to both.

This is the tale, but I have no more knowledge than you of how it can be met in the case of others. This is a true brightness that must be faced, and men must decide how.

I am the brother whose name was Edward Staipje.



## CLUE TO HISTORY.

*Peter Strutton*

WE will tell of the way the spirit illustrates every discovery of man. For this is the truth we try to explain ; that man's work is what he will take with him if it can stand the test of the fire of love.

Man's discovery of fire synchronised with the first finding of real Love. This is history and can be recognised, for before this man followed instinct like the animals, for he was not ready to approach GOD in his own line or to be the ruler of himself. This was his greatest leap in evolution, for before this the human spirit had not appeared on earth though spirits were moving to guide the instincts of primitive man and animals. This discovery is beautifully mentioned in the Bible as the 'breath of life.' I think it is significant that this account does not mention the fire, only the spiritual counterpart ; for this book is to be approached on the spiritual plane, not the literal, which is only the lifeless letter.

The next leap was Babel, for man had discovered speech and could reach to heaven. He could tell his thoughts and was able to pray. The divisions of the peoples were caused not so much because they could not understand each other's speech as each other's thought ; the spiritual tower which was to reach to heaven could not hold them any more. This babel of thought has challenged the world ever since.

I will be brief with other leaps.

One was the expression of thought in writing, which brought ability to receive inspiration for others.

Then man became interested in beauty through the discovery that mind is separate from matter. These lovely creations of the hand of man bore little resemblance to the rough rock from which they were hewn. This led him to find a new line of approach to GOD.

Real building followed and founded the line of truth. Nations which built grandly found grand truths.

Then sea travel brought the line of faith ; this was a great venture.

The line of wisdom was found in the mines, for the light of wisdom shines in the dark. This leap brought great gems of thought to the world.

The next true leap was roads. People could travel in their thought and reason and compare, and follow their own line of direction to its destination instead of following vague tracks.

With this discovery hope rose over the tribes of men. The beautiful star of hope was seen by spirits, but was only visible to the few men who searched in spirit ; for it is only in spirit as the wise men realised that hope can shine.

The lovely story of Christmas brought this star to earth, for Christ is the world's hope and joy. The beauty of Christmas still lights hope that spirits can see over the humble dwellings of LOVE, bringing fresh light to man and beast. The shepherds looked for this lovely hope ; they were sensitive enough to hear the spirit who spoke the message, for this truly happened. The heavenly host were such as we, who are trying to waken the world again, for the Lord of Hope is bringing true Hope and Peace and LOVE among men.

When it was known that LOVE was ready to die for love of men, this led to another great leap, and it was believed that GOD loved men ; but only to a few did the real truth dawn, that GOD is LOVE.

This is still unrecognised by most men even of the so-called Christian churches ; but the truth was loose in the world and only needed to be recognised by an individual for him to find GOD, as many have, of all nations and kinds of men. The beauty of their lives has lighted the history of the race, and made it possible to believe that GOD loved man even in the worst times of man's unloveliness and unmanliness; for he has again and again been brought back to love in some way to save him from himself.

This kind of evolution is the drawing of the magnet which was discovered ages ago in China.

It is in China again that the power of explosives was first found ; this led to sudden unexpected discoveries in the spirit, such as true beauty of form and sound and colour which were never appreciated by man in the mass before.

The discovery that the earth moved round the sun brought about a reorientation in men's minds. They began to look for larger truth and a brighter GOD. What hindered them was the belief that all must think alike, for they did not guess that GOD is LOVE and loose in the world, but imagined Him only in heaven.

Then came the discovery of electricity between many other findings, all having their counterpart in men's thoughts. Electricity loosed the power of Love to be used by men in the mass. This is education, to as high a level as man cares to take it, for enlightenment can truly follow where education goes ; in fact it is the installation of the means of enlightenment.

To-day new kinds of electric lighting accompany new and enlightened ideas.

The discoveries of the past few years have followed on this, but each has its literal spiritual counterpart which can be recognised with a little thought.

The invention of many sorts of weapons of destruction brought their own terrible boomerang results, for submarines undermined thought, and the terrible unbelievable machinery for killing brought concentration camps and gas chambers in the minds of the enemies they were meant to destroy.

Pestilences were always caused in this way, but more personally and directly as suited the weapons of the age.

The true means of overcoming hatred is by love. The unwillingness of many to fight has mitigated much of the terrible repercussions of war, for on all sides there have been many who refuse to kill. These have been like rockets in the spirit world, for their application of the true power of LOVE made a bright light which brought a flash of inspiration to any who searched for light.

I think there is no end to the power of this sort of

lighting which insists on loving, true to the example of Jesus who released such power that it shakes the world still, as anyone can see wherever man tries to follow him.

I think the discovery of how to split the atom is winning this sort of far-reaching radio-activity of the spirit which some are beginning to find is abroad. It is terribly strong, but almost too small to be noticed at its beginning ; but it spreads in all directions, including a double plane beyond man, which corresponds to the double cloud of the physical explosion.

It is a fortunate thing for the users of the atom bomb that Japan is not a hating nation, but since she has herself been cruel accepts this supreme cruelty as her just fortune—for such it can be if accepted without hatred. This is true but difficult to grasp. It could redeem the world if such a thing were accepted with love, however small.

Japan is in the position of the malefactor who prayed to be allowed to enter the kingdom, for she suffers the just reward of her deeds.

I think this is the point at which we now stand. This writing is only possible because man has discovered that his atom is truly filling with spirit influence, and this influence is only possible because Japan accepts her opportunity.

Peter Strutton.

## 68

### THE COLLECTOR COLLECTED. *Hall Thoker*

**T**HIS tale may make a kind of love possible to many who do not expect to see love in their work, for I loved my work and not a person.

But this is not my tale, only the reason why I tell it. This is about a friend of mine who also loved his work and tried to let no other love be rival to it. He tried to keep his work the love that he put first in his life, but he tried in vain, for his work saved him.

This is how it came about. He made beautiful house furniture that belonged together. I do not think this is a good description, but he had this idea that things must belong together. It was a dominant thought in his mind and he became a lover of all sorts of tribes of lower things, such as bright books that matched and bits of tea things that could only belong to each other.

This made his spirit interested in the truth that all must belong to some group that fits them and only them. He did not consciously consider this, but in dreams he began to think of sets of things that had always a piece missing.

He cared little for this for he considered it a natural consequence of being a collector, but this love of sets still stirred his spirit and the dreams became more insistent. Still he took little notice except to be annoyed that he dreamed at all.

This came to a head when he dreamed that he loved a set of figures that were all like himself, but there was an empty place that he knew was for himself, but he could not fit this place unless he became a lover of one of the figures. This was the figure of a woman who loved him once, but he had thrust this idea of love from him as he loved his work best. This figure loved him. He thought this might truly be the case for she had no other love but lived alone, but he only thought no one else loved her.

This dream awoke his mind to a kind of panic that he belonged to a set and it was incomplete for he was lost and not with the rest. He did not think of loving this woman, but only that the idea of belonging to a set was a true idea for a man to have, as he loved to collect complete sets. This feeling beset him long but he only loved his work still ; but the idea began to gain ground, and he often noticed a little heart-beat that came to him if he saw a line of people, but he was alone—for he always was alone.

Then one day he met this woman and the heart-beat became the true heart-beat that caused his heart to

wake to life, for this was the pair he could be fellow of. This he knew as if he could remember it, for he did not fall in love so much as remember that this was his love, for he knew this was so yet he knew nothing of the kind before. This was because his work had awakened his spirit to think in terms of his work till he had definite love awakened in his heart at last.

This is my little tale. I am Hall Thoker.

## 69

### THE BROADER OUTLOOK.

*Lyn Thomas*

**I** THINK it is true sensitiveness to the Holy Spirit to see if the ideas in these letters are in line with revealed truth; we think the river of peace is foretold.

We should like to convince people that life persists on a wider truer basis, and that all that men try faithfully to learn of love and service lives truly in this spirit life.

This is true. Try to consider if it is not reasonable.

I think any student of the Bible would think at once of this type of gold, wood, stubble, as truly descriptive of man's work when judged in this way we reveal.

I was truly wise in believing that this holy book was inspired, but I was very foolish in thinking it impossible for the Holy Spirit to move through the spirits of wise men made perfect.

We are very imperfect, but it is perfection of earth life which we now enjoy, for we are able to bring about this peace we longed to establish, and it is already beginning to rise from the ankles.

Try please to see if this is the salvation of GOD, for it is foretold that peace shall inhabit the earth.

I hope someone will open the floodgates of his will, and the water which brings healing to the nations shall flow through. For man is at last able to be the co-worker with GOD.

It is strange that I should write so, for I was this foe of the Spirit, a truly narrow-minded teacher of men.

Lyn Thomas

## 70

### HUMOUR.

*Walter Thurby*

IT is not easy to explain spirit life to people as their ideas are limited by the human brain ; but they often get glimpses in dreams, and try to understand this language, for it is a language.

I think it is truly a pliant, truthful and humourous language, but it is a very hard tongue to translate, for it is the language of the spirit, and the human brain cannot hold much of these things, and only remembers the insignificant things which touch its own development. This is far from insignificant in the sense that it gives a picture of its own spiritual longings and problems, but it is insignificant compared with the great and noble and wonderful things that the human spirit sees but cannot recall as they are in a plane above human memory ; though the human brain can sometimes feel a sense of love and peace and comfort which helps it to live.

It is a truer world that people touch in dreams, but not yet their own world. It remains visionary until they die, and find they know it already, for their etheric brain can remember, but in a different kind of way from human memory, how it visited this world long ago, and also now ; and this makes the true now, for long ago is a part of now.

Humour in human life is generally caused by fun at the expense of someone who does a foolish thing. This sort of humour cannot persist.

But the humour of dreams is a far subtler sort of humour, and far funnier if you consider the sort of things you find yourself doing. And this is only the earthiest part of the dream, for the rest you forget, or

rather have not registered in the human brain so cannot recall it.

I think it is unnecessary to be more practical in showing that humour is an embryonic thing and only beginning to dawn in men, for no animals have much sense of humour, though its beginnings are traceable.

This style of writing on the type of subject which is almost too high for human brains to grasp does not lend itself to showing any humour, and you could not enjoy our jokes for you would not see them. But a good many of your jokes are only pitiful to us, for they laugh at human failure and brain weakness, and these are sad things.

My name is Walter Thurby.

I went to people's houses to get this kind of thing they give to be able to live there. This is truly a poor work, but I tried to be happy with them, and did not love to hurt them if they could not give.

## 71

### THE DUTCHMAN'S DELICATE JOB.

*Hans Tritter*

**I** THINK I tell you the true tale of how we try to be the better kind of spirit.

I was this kind of person called the bearer of light, for I used to bring one lamp and take away another that needed trimming. I will tell of the kind of lamp. It had this type of bright white flame that tried to be like daylight; I had to change the part that hung over the flame. This was frail and had to be handled carefully or the light would spoil. I think you now know the type I mean?

I am in this group which lights the minds of people. I can only try to change a weak light for a bright one. It is a most lovely work, for those who have a light always want more; then I can help by making a delicate type of light available.



I long to let people know that more marvellous light that they cannot imagine is here, but only if they look for it. I think, as in earthly life many who do not look for light in their houses do not have it, and many spirits do not look for this sort of light, for it does light minds.

This is true light for both, for spirits can see further for the light generated in these human minds they try to reach.

I love to be very careful not to damage this light which tries to behold these truths at the best light, and to think thoughts in the best way, and to tell the wisest words.

I begin to be bright in this description? I think I use words in difficulty. Perhaps my thought is of a different application in this matter of construction. I think it is. Perhaps because I was this man from a bright land that is not your country. I think the place is Holland. I believe I know it is, for I can only make you write these things that I see your mind understands. It is a true picture of this land that I see in your mind that thinks of these true points of interest in the land, towers with big hands, and water roads.

I think this is the lovely and delicate enlightenment I can give.

I must try to make my name clear; Hans Tritter.

Was in this time of light of type that made most people nice.

(\*) Note. Incandescent gas mantles.

## 72

### I WAS THIS BOY.

*Urquhart Unwin*

**W**E will tell how to be a true helper to children who are not developing well. This is a fine subject which has often been touched on but hardly in a direct fashion as to the kind of ways they can be brought to a better state for being a happy individual, which is the state childhood should be.

Free happy children are never hurt in their spirits, though some who try to find a brother's or a sister's line may be fretful and unruly as they are held in thrall.

I think this is not sufficiently realised by people, for they do not grasp that children each have their own line, the possession of the spirit of each, conditioned by his own past experiences in previous lives—either human or animal or both.

Often there is a truly sad history of unhappy treatment in his unconscious which leaves a very deep brain scar ; this causes what psychologists call repressions. This is not the scar of a recent trouble, though it is often set in action again by some very early brain bruise that hurts the old wound ; then the trouble that otherwise would heal is made bad.

This is why many are not troubled, but some have unaccountably deep early repressions.

If these troubles have broken out in anti-social behaviour that has brought the child to some sort of tribunal, I think the only way is to help the child to know that he is a sufferer from an old wound that perhaps he does not even remember, so no one can really yet blame him. But now he must think this is a wound that is no longer there, for he is grown to be able to leave such wounds behind. Thus he will have a sense of reason for his behaviour and understand that it may be he does not do things for which he has no reason. Then he should be told that he will now be expected to think how he can be a reasonable being, so he must find a reason for being.

This is his line, though he does not understand this, but he will see it is reasonable to find his own reason for being a person at all.

I think this is a surprisingly fruitful suggestion, for I know many spirits who found this was the question that confronted them at some crisis in their lives, and this made them search in their own minds, and there they found the light that showed them their own inner guide ; for each has his own guide inside his own mind that leads him along his own line to GOD.

This is a true inner light, for no one is without this potential line, but many fail to find it. But search within is the way it can be found.

But it is often a hard search, particularly for a child who is little loved. This is a very bad start, for love is the air of the spirit, and it is weak and suffocated in loveless surroundings. This is a reason why prison life is so clogging for the spirit is left unloved when it most needs love ; for crime is almost always caused by lack of loving development—often due to a loveless state in the child's condition either in infancy or in its past life.

I think few look to animal life for this reason, but it is generally ill-treatment or mutilation of animals that causes these troubles in the spirit, so that it reaches human life horribly handicapped.

This is sins of the fathers indeed, for the brutal treatment of animals is the direct cause of their children's troubles in the third or fourth generation. This is the usual course of a spirit who is in animal life next to man, to come as a man in his accustomed group and surroundings ; no animal can choose his parents but comes to his home.

This explains the brute form that comes to a brutal father, for he causes his child's brutality. But this is often surprisingly not the case ; then a truly loved animal or human little spirit has come to be the inmate of this brutal home.

I think all children *can* be happy and develop well even if their spirits have suffered, but it is very hard if those who have suffered deeply also have a bad start. They need much love to help them.

This is the spirit of Urquhart Unwin.

I am a spirit who did not think through to my own line by being loved, but by being hurt. I had no real help offered me, but only hope in being helped to be a brave boy. For I was brought before a court for stealing, but I did not know I stole. It was instinctive

as I had been deprived of love, and knew it should have been mine by right, so I found I took things, for this queer reason prompted me to help myself. I think this is a guide to what such a child does ; though he does not know why he must really ' help ' himself.

## 73

### CIRCLE AND LINE.

*Nuttall Urwin*

WE will gladly write this message as the contribution that an intelligent writer ought to make on how such writings are being tried and why. This is in a measure known to you, but not how we know this means is open or how we try to write.

I was trying to explain something of this sort to a friend here as you might in your way to your friend, and he answered that some agency interested in communicating with earth was opening new and easier modes, and asking people who felt led to explore to try writing and be prepared to expect a true reply in this way to any questions of a suitable nature.

I asked how one might find such a way of communicating, and was told to listen for vibrations of my length as writing could only be done in correct vibrations. I was interested but did not think I would be able to send a message, for I am not remarkable in any way ; but my friend said it is not a question of being remarkable but a question of being able to fill in a small gap in a scheme which is undertaking to produce a picture of a psychical nature which a small group of spirits are bringing in this way to those in the world, who try to understand the wisdom of how things work.

I can only say that I listened, and heard a request for someone to explain just this point, and here is my explanation of how I tried in the first place.

Then I asked this broadcaster if my account was worth telling, and he said it was quite suitable, so I

tried to make a vibration to call attention to the fact that I wished to transmit a message.

I think others helped here who already knew what channels were open and where my message could be received. So I tried willing to see where I could go to find a means of writing, and I saw only a truly ordinary being and not any psychic brain, but just a woman of ordinary development and intelligence, trying to explore the same vibrations, and I could see a long series of other letters that she had received, and that a true thread of high guidance patiently put each writer to add his bit of information to this mosaic of spirit written revelation. For such it is, and of no unworthy kind, for it portrays the origin of man's spirit ; his true possibilities in development ; the line that is his true path to beautiful individuality, and all sorts of other subjects which writers added to complete the picture.

This is a true picture of eternal truth touching time ; the line and the circle. This truth is to be amplified later by the area and volume of the circle and sphere, of which we know this true idea ; that  $\pi$  is the link between line and circle, and this represents the breadth of love which combines these true agents to make a true measure of these matters of what lies in eternity, and is contained in earth's sphere. Which also contains a love squared, or  $\pi$  times each arm ; This means indeed a true other dimension, for this square is the love on both bright planes of man and spirit, and  $\pi$  is the love of the creator.

This combines all into an eternal twin spiritual system of line and circle. For lines always lead somewhere and circles never end.

This is of course only symbolic, but it is in a way more literal than you can see, but not in a dry mathematical way.

I expect you wonder why I took this type of symbol ? It is because I was keenly interested in this science of mathematical study in all ways and saw many ideas in such figures ; for these bright truths are to be found in all things, and all earth is crammed with heaven.

This is quite literal, for we are in a different dimension, but in a truly identical location of spirit, for this earth is a spiritual sphere as well as a physical one, and all spirits live here until they go to a higher one.

This is inevitable ultimately, as all are truly drawn upward by a great magnet to be proved the true sons of the creator.

I think I have said what falls to me to say.

I thank the spirits who have put this line in action, for I can now be prepared to keep in touch and make my small contribution to its high purpose by willing peace and hope and LOVE.

My name was Nuttal Urwin.

I was in war, but not in England. I think in this land which is the other bright friend of free minds ; this is I see America.

I think I can see well a true vision of a little creation in a desert which was the home I made in a real attempt to be the master of my fate. I wish I could tell where, but it was this noteworthy place where cacti grow and all colours blend in lovely hues on tall rocks and humps of land that old people made their homes in. This is the Painted Desert I now see.

## 74

### THE KILLER OF LOVE.

*Pere Velber*

THE spirit of man is brutal in a way in which no brute can be. I think I can partly explain this brutality but it is a mystery that I cannot fully understand. I think it has to do with the nature of this world, that tries to eliminate the brute from the spirits of men so that they can be perfected and progress instead of being brutal.

This is a type of purgation man goes through. He tries to perceive his own brutality in this spirit world. It is terrible to be confronted with past actions of hate-

ful brutality to the innocent people and animals that they have hurt. This is the awful judgment told in the Bible that each must face ; but it is true that it is already faced by some if they can be honest in bringing their hateful works to light in life.

Perhaps it is good to confess these actions, but unless the individual is very honest with himself this much abused institution can do no good. Confession is only a trivial performance put forward to detract from the necessity to think these matters out independently. This is man's need—to be his own judge ; then he can find his own punishment and salvation, for he must have both to prepare him to overcome his brutality.

I hope no one will think this means any sort of self-immolation or such-like penance, for these are only such things as have been invented to keep men from thinking. These things are the very things he must do without, and be his own judge, for he himself alone knows his own wickedness ; though often not until he sees his offence laid bare in the sight of all in the spirit world.

This is a terrible experience, but all must be prepared for it for it happens to all, even to the best who have as far as they know nothing to hide.

Hiding is a pitiful thing, for it is not possible to hide anything in the spirit. All evil deeds and old thoughts that do not actually go but are entertained hold the spirit in thrall, and must be held responsible to the heavenly host to hear. This is bright indeed ; the contrast is more than human eyes could bear.

Human breakdown results when men see heavenly brightness on earth. Their lives hide things they dare not have seen, and they cannot bear light in these dark places that try to escape from this eye that they instinctively feel watches them. This is true. No eye can be detected, but eyes that see are everywhere. I think this is a heroic symbol of an everseeing eye that sees all, for no man dares to think his inmost thoughts are all seen till he has faced himself. This is the only thing that man can do to be helped over this terrible judgment ;

to face himself and know himself—that he is the poor hateful brute he knows himself to be.

I think no one can imagine how hateful man can be and yet be redeemed until he has truly considered the death of Jesus ; for this was hatefulness of the most murderous blatant kind, but it is only the action of every man in face of each light that he refuses ; for here was Light, but darkness could not comprehend it.

I believe no one could understand the hideousness of this deed that day. It is the true peak of human brutality, for these men are not horrid men, but representatives of the highest men, for they were leaders who ruled and led the people in high matters in which the wisest are chosen to be leaders.

It is the horror of it that still Christ is treated so by leaders who hate new light that may help men to love and freedom. They cannot think that they thus become crucifiers of Jesus, but this is how they will see this refusal—exactng the utmost farthing from themselves before they can go further on their journey.

This tale illustrates that this is the truth, and I can tell it for it happened to me.

I had no idea that I was a brutal man, for I was a leader of men that had the idea of living a life of recluse, and being separate from the world, and praying to be held blameless. This is the type of life I chose because I tried to lead others in thought, for I had extensive thoughts in many ways, but I had no idea how wrong was the tyranny of dictating to others.

I became leader because of my thoughts, but I had still no notion that I trespassed against these men who listened to me and did the things I told them ; for they were innocent humble men that could hardly have done much wrong if they tried. This is true, for they had mostly hardly been men, for they were just beginning their being in human life. This meant they were young in spirit, and more like high animals than human beings in development of spirit. But this did not appear, for I only saw the outward appearance, and some seemed truly wise in men's eyes.



This deceived me, for I did not draw any distinction between brute, and brutality of spirit in a spirit old in brutality. This is sadly true, for until a spirit faces himself he can only reincarnate on his own level. This is sometimes a terribly low level, but not necessarily appearing so to men, for they, as I did, only look on the outward appearance. Such spirits are often very clever indeed ; this is experience of using their brains in past lives, but they have no spiritual wealth to have brought back to human life, for it is an idea they have not looked for to lay up treasure in heaven.

I was as I have said a leader in this brotherhood ; but this was not a true name for it was no brotherhood.

We had little real love for each other. However it had the effect of making us better acquainted with each other than could happen in ordinary life. I knew each man's little foibles, he knew mine ; but none of us ever guessed that I was a terrible tyrant who held them in thrall. When I heard their confessions, for I had this practice, I only made them think I had the power to forgive their sins, and that they must only be willing to be pure and I would see that all was well.

I was much liked as I had little heart to hurt anyone, but I did not really love, for I had no knowledge of human love ; this was ruled out of my life. This harmed us all, for the men too thought they should not love. It was truly in them to be loving, yet they left this true thought because I told them it was human weakness.

Then I had the thought to be sterner. This made the house more respected, and I had honour as it was my thought.

This sternness grew as I got older ; this made the men sad and hardly able to endure their loveless lives. They were only ordinary men, and would have been happy left to work and love each other, though this was poor substitute for the love of woman and children. This brings a man's self out, then he can start to be himself when he is drawn out of himself. I think these thoughts

are true that a man enjoys himself only when he has come out of himself ; then he can be his own self.

The life these men led was drab, and sometimes worse, for I had these ideas that fasts and pennances were helpful to them, and did not understand the simple joys of earth. This kind of beauty was quite hid from me, but they loved these simple pleasures that would have helped them to be human.

Then I became too stern and had trouble, for they no longer liked me and did not wish to be so hectored about. But this only made me think them unruly and earthly, so I doubled my sternness and punished them if they liked the things other men did, for I truly thought I saved their souls this hard way.

Then I died. This was sudden, for I had no illness. Perhaps I had the sort of sudden death men have if their heart gives up ; I think I had. This is likely as I had given my heart no chance to be its normal counterpart of the heart in my etheric body. This could hardly live, so the physical heart would be strangled for want of life to animate it. This is one reason for such deaths, but not the only one.

I thought I still lived, and saw the men trying to help me, but I thought they harmed me as I did not feel ill, and they carried me about in a way I did not approve, so I told them not to do such things ; that this was not becoming in a religious order to treat their leader in this way. But they took no notice of my words.

This made me angry ; I tried to shout orders to them to be obedient, but no one heard. I was astonished, for this kind of trouble had never happened, but it had no effect.

They took me to the church and lighted candles, and began to be the correct mourners that they thought I would wish.

I had no idea that I could be dead, but only that they must be insane, for these things were the accompaniment of death, and I could not be dead. This became the most terrible experience, for I had no ability

to look to be led ; this prevented any from being able to lead me.

I saw only these simple men who could not even love me for I had taught them not to love. This could have lighted me to see love, but no light of love was there.

Then I saw them bury me. This was awful, for I now knew I must appear dead to them ; yet I was not dead and knew all they said, and that the new leader led in stifling any bit of sorrow as death was a glorious entry into life.

This was unendurable, and I fled outside the house, but no one anywhere cared whether I lived or died. I had cared for none but my own thoughts. These were men's thoughts, not real thoughts of the spirit, but only ideas as men had of a brutal kind that killed love.

I thought things could not be true but I had been deceived ; that no god and no saints cared, and no hand or eye led or saw, and no thought was true. This was indeed outer darkness. But even then I had no love or thought of love to lead me, for I had killed love in myself and could feel no need of it.

I had terrible thoughts and terrors of horrible torment because I had no home. This lasted long for I had no thought of my own need to change.

This came about the beautiful way that love can always find, for one time I had the idea to visit a little home and see how men who were not good lived. This was love of a lower order that even loved without blessing of the church. I found true love that had beautiful shining reality, for the love of these people had made them love even in face of the disapproval of the people they liked to please. I found I could perceive some light that emanated from this love to the lower view of such as I, and I saw this truth, that love is the thing that unites life in the two worlds.

This led me to think of looking for a true thought that love is the light of the world ; this helped me to look for love in unlikely places and led my search to the house I thought I had loved. It had little love in it

but there was a young man there whose love was not yet killed and he half loved me for he half thought life should be loving to all. This helped me to perceive the truth that I had deliberately tried to kill love. This was the awful conclusion I had come to ; that I had crucified LOVE. This is the hateful truth. I was a true murderer of Christ, and had tried all over again to kill the very Lord of Love.

This was the terrible thought I had to face, but I could not face it. I tried to hide and pretend I did not know. But neither did his original murderers know, yet they had done their dreadful deed all the same. I thought I had fallen to the lowest hell for the idea of vengeance made me sure there could be no forgiveness for so brutal a crime. This led me to hate GOD, for I thought if He hated me I could hate Him.

But I tried to hate this brutal God in vain, for I thought if He is really loving He cannot hate any. This made me humbly look towards the thought of being helped to find forgiveness ; it was long and brought me only by degrees, but at last I tried definitely to cry for help. This led me to look to find response, and then I saw Love Himself, who proved to me that I had not killed Him, for He lived, and loved even me.

I am only able to tell this because I cried for Him. He came to tell me that even the most truly brutal injuries Love can be glad to suffer, for Love almost loves to forgive, but not be left loveless. I had done this, for I had left Love in lovelessness this long time that I had lived my life.

This made me long to lead the men I had loved to mislead, to true love ; but I had small means of touching them for I had loved them little as men. Then this young man led me to try and love him ; this had better results, for he loved them and made the house a happier more human place. This love was very humble and probably none knew it was there, but it made little rays of love warm their chill and led them to kinder thoughts. This is little enough but it was all I could help to do.

Then the brother who followed me died, and I could see him doing much as I had done for he thought much as I had thought. But he had the idea to think of me, and I was so glad for this made me able to reach him. This was a true joy for at last I could help a man. This was my thought, for I was still earth-tied, but not being true to heaven waves he too was earth-tied, so I could half meet him. He could barely hear me but he tried to listen ; this made him able and I told him the dreadful truth, that we had tried to kill the love of GOD. This he could not believe so I told him to ask to hear forgiveness. This he does not yet try to do, but he can at least know that he can try to be forgiven even if he does not know that he has been such a terrible brute that tried to do this brutal thing. I think this idea has not yet been accepted as he has to have it himself but I could at least tell him my experiences.

I am now a truer spirit and a little able to love poor loveless people since I was a poor loveless person. But they cannot know for I have no way to give love for I never loved in earth waves so can only look love in heaven ways. This they can only know when they die and look for help.

This is my tale. I was this hard evil man that was called Pere Velber.

## 75

### PUSSY PERSUADES THE PARSON.

*Upton Vine*

THIS may help someone to be a truer lover of the lower creation, as they are called.

I think I held that no animals had spirits. This was terribly ignorant. Then I left off thinking this, and studied the ways of animals, and found more evidence of true thought that I could account for except by postulating the possession of a spirit.

I tried to resist this conclusion, but it kept on trying to be considered. I felt sure that this beautiful spirit who was in my cat had the potentiality of this thing we call soul, but I dared not affirm it because I feared ridicule, or even to be accused of heresy ; for I was this truly atrocious being who thought I ought to believe and teach a faith others had coded long since.

This was the faith the world calls Christianity, which is a travesty of the beautiful kingdom of universal love and true brotherhood Christ came to establish. I thought this faith had been once and for all delivered to the fathers, and that the children could do no other than believe. I never guessed that a faith became void by reason of this ; man's faith being necessary to each generation, and that no father's faith can bind his child.

I think this true thought about animals led me to the kind of truth which leads all to Himself. I can now see how obvious it always was.

I am the truly humble thing who helps to build houses now for poor humble men like myself.

I rejoice to know at last that all I believed in was true, though I tried to hold the faith of others.

Upton Vine.

## 76

### LOVELORN LADY.

*Kathrine Voysey*

WE think those who do not find their true loves can yet be assured that they are not forlorn, but accompanied by love on their lonely journey.

I think this is hardly believed, but many are convinced there is some truth in it. I will explain my own true tale.

I was a lovelorn lady who had no knight who sought me, but I loved to think I had such a knight, but perhaps he had been killed by a dragon, or had lost his way

and would yet arrive to greet me in my lonely tower the lovely way of the old tales.

But no knight came, and I was old and lonely, and my loveless existence seemed long and useless, though I found many lesser loves that filled my time and strength. But my heart ached with loneliness, for I longed for my own love to be my heart's companion.

My long life came to an end and I died, and I had been the old lady in the tower who had had no knight all her life.

Here is the kind of thing many would like to think but hardly believe, I never really believed it though I was confident in my inmost heart that I was not truly alone but could not understand this feeling of comfort that often came to me, but I now knew I had been comforted by my love.

This is the reason we were apart. At the end of my last life I felt tied by being married, and that it was a tyranny to be the slave of a lord who tried to rule me. My spirit resolved to remember this so that I could have the experience of being a truly independent person in my next life. But in the spirit world I was hardly free from earth ties, but reincarnated just as soon as I could because I longed to have this experience I had chosen.

I did not love this love I had chosen to leave, but now I love him because I was so lonely without him, and he loved me before, and rose to a higher plane of spirit life, but longed in vain to lead me for my wish to leave him had cut me off from his help. So he had to wait till I came to him enriched by the experience I had chosen.

I think very many lonely women have chosen this experience, or even been driven to it by the overbearing manner of their husbands in a previous life. It is sad to be unhappy in one life and so lonely in the next, but this is the law of cause and effect, and it is the simple result of such things as bad treatment and selfishness.

I think few think a past life has any effect on their present one, but it has very much. This is the very

substance from which the spirit is made. Man creates himself, but not consciously yet, for he has only just arrived at the place where he tries to be a conscious creator.

This is the truth in many ways ; chiefly with regard to the right treatment of animals, which are his true children, and his sins may bring evil on them for generations. Happily he can perfect his immediate children too and lead them to look for help in finding their reason for being an individual, and this they will then become.

This is redemption indeed, and this is the idea I was responsible for, so I leave.

My name was Kathrine Voysey.

Yes ; this looks right, but I was little known.

I lived in this land in the country in this lovely bright west. I think it was in this place that is in the bright bay where is the high hill we have to climb to be the true hobby riders.

Note. This description suits Minehead, Somerset.

## 77

### COMFORT IN HEAVEN.

*Francis Whatley*

**I** SHALL enjoy to tell this tale, but I think it is not unusual.

I was an intelligent man who invented things that helped the house to be easier to keep. But I worked to make these things because I liked thinking of brainy ideas for they made me wealthy. Though I did not become very wealthy for I had not much success. This I am now glad about for such success is a bad start in spirit life.

I was only moderately rich, but even this was unhelpful, for I liked being comfortable. This was the truth ; I loved comfort and was too rich not to try to have comfort. It is no help. I will tell how I tried to be a comfort lover in heaven.



I was in comfort in my earth home, and loved to have all I liked, but in no immoderate way. Then I died. This must have been sudden, for I had no illness to loosen my hold. This is perhaps why I found it so hard ; but I did, for I found I was in my home in great discomfort. All round there was evidence of some strange happening, but I did not know what, for the care that I was accustomed to had gone, and no one even bothered to answer my questions. I was quite angry, and could not be the master, for it was useless to give any orders. My maids, for I had some to wait on me, were all busy tearing up all the carpets and doing things I did not approve of to my home, but no one even consulted me.

This was exasperating. I sat in my easy chair and tried to forget this strange dream that I could not wake from. But even here I had a shock, for this was my own chair that only I sat in, and a big fellow that looked over the house came and sat on it too. I was horrified, but it was true ; he evidently had no idea that I was there.

This helped me, but it was a horrible kind of awakening to the truth, for though it told me I must be a ghost, it did not help me to know how to be a true spirit ; and I had never considered this kind of matter. I thought it could wait till I died to find this out, so I had waited, and now had evidently died.

I was terribly frightened for I had no clue to help me. It was strange that such a man as I had not interested himself a bit in this vital matter, but this was so. I had not worried, as I thought was the thing to say. This worry was a true worry since I had not expected to have to worry at all. I just expected all to resolve itself without my aid, even of myself.

This was the true thought that helped me ; that I would try to help myself since no one was interested enough even to come to meet me. For this I thought was the case. I knew good people who were dead, and no one had come ; or this was the apparent truth, so I faced it. As I now think this was the reverse of true,

for several were hoping I could look to see them or think of trying to call them.

But so it was ; I loved my own comforts, and looked for no comfort from others. This I know is a different earth meaning, but it is almost identical in spirit life, for our comfort here is friendliness, and this is not earth comfort, but often excluded by it.

But I had no thought of friends except that they evidently had not come ; but perhaps could not, for I did not know their conditions, but thought they might be much as mine. So I resolved to try and make the best I could of my life, for I was certainly not dead. This was obvious ; but I was a very unhappy person, for even my comfort failed me, though I tried hard to comfort myself.

I found quite a pleasant house, in illusion though I did not know it, and found it well furnished. Love of comfort kept me living in this house for long. I tried to people it with servants ; this was too hard, for I could not create life. I think this is hardly understood, that no living thing is ever illusion. I did not know all else was, and thought I was fortunate to find this well-appointed house, standing as if ready for me, rather in the style of my own home, but more to my taste in many ways. I had good chairs and liked to rest in them, and plenty of rich food, but it seemed to have little real flavour. I hoped this would improve as I was hardly accustomed to the kind of food that was here, but it looked very good. Then I lay on very kind beds that were too soft, but I did not guess it.

I felt it hard to be alone, but no one else ever came to call on me, and I saw no one but looked in vain for any sign of life. Though it was a lovely place, for the place is real in the living things, though I had scarcely eyes to see much of the beauty yet.

I lived alone for some time, and got the papers by some magic and read the news. I liked to read, but it was all too good to be interesting. I suppose this was a sort of impression of good uninteresting happenings, for I can hardly have read earth print. Though

this may have been possible, for I have met a spirit whose first knowledge of his death was by reading it in the *Times*. This pleased him, that he was important enough to be in the *Times* till he saw it was his sudden death that was announced. This was a dreadful shock, for he lived in comfort too. This is a digression.

I played golf, but alone. But it was fine to live in such ease. There was really no need to work, or for others to wait on me, for all went as if by clockwork. I tried to invent some device to help, but all was invented. This was baffling, but I tried to think it out and at last found a clue, for directly I thought of an improvement, it came.

So I at last realised this was all my thought, and must be merely created by my thought. This was perplexing, but I saw it was true, and was the better pleased to have at least made a discovery, if not an invention. Then I feared my house began to look thin. This was the case ; I was beginning to see through it. I tried to build thick solid walls, but the effort became harder. This surprised me ; but thought once seen through is thought no longer, it has become truth. And I saw the truth thus far, that my house was illusion. This was a distress to me, for my house comforted me no more. I had no rest ; this was illusion, and I remained alone and cold, for I had no love to warm me ; this I had not looked for. This was long and unhappy, but I had to look further. This I tried to do, but my thought explored only possibilities of comforting myself. I had no idea of looking for others whom I might love. This was all I needed, just a bit of love, but I could not invent this.

But by degrees I realised I loved my own comfort less than the love of some living thing, and I said that I longed to touch something that lived. I thought this was an illusion too, but a dog that was mine when I was a child came and became my friend. He loved to recognise me, and even tried to talk in a sort of earthly way that did not explain much, for he was only an animal still and was hoping to become a man. This

he told me, and I was very surprised, for such an idea had never crossed my mind, that even I might have been only an animal. I asked him this, and he said of course it was so, and if I tried to look back I could probably see what animal I was. So I tried, and I began very faintly to see ideas that were true ; that I had not been very clever, but only brainy. This surprised me, but I did not tell my dog ; he was the only companion I had.

But I did ask him why he often seemed to be talking and playing with imaginary people. He was very surprised, and thought I saw the things he saw ; but I thought he imagined things as I had done, so was not much helped.

But one day I longed for more that lived and was very comfortless in my shadow home. Then I found a voice ask me to help him, for he was dead and had no home. I tried to see who spoke, but could see no one ; but I felt great pity, for I had been in this sad state and had at least found a home that had welcomed me, so I tried to help this voice, and longed to help. Then the voice became clearer, for my longing turned to a love to help, though it was only my loneliness that drove me to it.

Then I began to see the form of a friend whom I had helped, but not to the point of bringing discomfort to myself. This little bit of help made him cry for my love though he had hardly realised he loved me, only that he thought me a kind friend, and knowing I was dead too thought I might help him. I found I was little able to do this, for I was a lonely loveless spirit who had only a shadow of a home to share. But I had this, and liked to share, though I tried to be a correct host and not too pressing, for I must not show too great eagerness to welcome a visitor.

This love began to melt my shadow house even more, and he could hardly see it, but was glad to have found me, and the love we began to develop for each other helped us to begin to see it was not the hopeless affair

it seemed to die, but a kind of new beginning, so we tried to find some clue as to how to begin.

And here my dog helped me again, for my friend could not see him, but thought he had a cat that he loved before which I could not see. I thought both were illusion, but this made them no less real, though all other things melted if I challenged them with being illusion. So I wondered if loving had something to do with it. I asked my friend how he thought about it, and he agreed he loved his cat, and loved to feel its love for him, and we both thought it might be reasonable that so strong a thing as love might persist.

But how in such a lonely world these animals had found us was a puzzle indeed. I thought of the instincts of animals that drew them to their mates. But this was not this instinct; we were their masters, or so I thought. But the idea was true, and grew more defined, and we both began to look about to see if any other animal or person could love us, and very soon this was clear; that we had quantities of friendly neighbours longing to be friends and welcome us, but waiting till we chose to look for them in the dimension in which alone we could meet, that of brotherly love.

This was a love that really is brotherly; not the cold impression the words convey, but a love to be a brother in a family, sharing freely and loving to be equal in all ways and to find interests in common, and try to help in any suitable way that is needed.

I loved to find these many brothers, and was a new man in every way. For now I could see through the inventions of my mind; these were in an earth plane, and quite useless here. Though I now think I may try to invent some spiritual gadget. This may help this writing even, for it is not very easy. I do not see a way at present, but will try to think.

This is my old name, Francis Whatley.

## SLEEPLESSNESS

*Vera White*

LOVE is not hard, but only a longing to love ; then love comes of itself. But if this longing is insincere, then truth is better, for love is always sincere.

I bring light to bear on the type of happening you call sleep. This is true life of the spirit, but only if the spirit is free to live.

I think this is not easy to understand, for many people cannot sleep whose spirits are keenly alive. I think this is the very reason, but it is not necessary to be unable to sleep if the spirit lives. I think if the spirit is hunting for rest in life, but not finding any rest because his eyes only look as far as he can see, this keeps him restless, for there is no rest to be found in human life alone.

Spirit life is the true life of man ; this is the rest he tries to find. I think this is understandable, but no one can help himself by thinking he will love in heaven and then go to sleep ; I believe this is the very way to keep awake, for it only evades the real problem, which is how to love or live here in his earthly life.

I think he can only sleep by being able to see the reason why he cannot sleep. This is not easy, but of course there is a reason or else he would sleep. This he may already know, but still cannot sleep, because he cannot see through his problem.

This is the true problem ; to find the solution to every problem, which is only to be found in finding a true reason for his life. This is his line.

I think it is sad that the help of sleep is denied to those who seem to need it most ; but this is as all other disturbances of body a true help, for it helps the spirit to search for reason for problems instead of letting him acquiesce in unsolved problems.

The type of trouble which begins with sleeplessness and only gets worse because of it is often caused by

unhappiness in the spirit because he looks for some help he longs for and cannot have. This is a real problem to him ; I think only because he must learn to do without this help, and find how to live truly with only his reason to help him. This is real solution, for he will have this reason for wanting to live, but it is often very hard indeed to find. It is a terrible search for some to find a wish to live at all. I can only say that if they can remember that they are in earth life to find this very reason, it is a marvellous chance to find a high splendid reason that is the very longing of their hearts ; for whatever reason they find to give their lives for is the reason they they will take with them into spirit life.

Perhaps they are only able to think that life is long and hard, and it is problematic if it leads anywhere, so that no reason can put a meaning into loneliness and frustration. I can tell a true tale, for I could not see any reason to wish to live, and I led a foolish life engaged in trivial things as the time had to pass somehow. Then I could not sleep, but tried to leave this problem alone. I hunted trivial remedies, but no help came for the cause was unremoved.

Then I was ill in mind, but could not be helped for the reason to live was still not to be found. I began to have attacks of longing to die, and tried to kill myself for life was too hard and ugly to be lived. This of course was worse than ever, and I had to be kept in a hospital and treated as insane, which made me think perhaps I was insane, and there was no meaning whatever in anything.

But I knew this was not true, for I was not insane ; only sick in spirit and had no light on my life or wish to live.

Then for some reason I thought I would try an experiment, and see if the other patients had any reason to wish to live, and none had, so I thought this made it clear there was no reason.

Still I had a feeling that life is not bought without a price, and that some reward must come if it were

bravely lived. This is the turning point I reached, for this was my problem, to be trustful of some sense behind life. I began to think this was the idea I had been looking for, for I longed to try a fresh line of experiment, and see if I could be better able to live for this stay among these people who had no reason.

Then I found I began to sleep in a natural way ; these people needed help in all sorts of ways, so I soon found plenty of reasons for true service if not for any happiness in my life.

Then I became able to live in the usual way again, but thought it would be too hard, for there was still no reason to live, for I was so alone, and had no one who cared if I lived or not. I began to wonder why no one cared, and thought perhaps it was because I did not care if they lived either. So I began to be interested in all I met, and tried to help them a little, though it was not a great success for I was thought queer, and it was then a disgrace to have been in such a hospital. But after a time I found I could be glad I had been ill, for I understood the troubles of others and could often help them to solve them to some extent, so went on hoping still to find some way to bear my life, for I still did not want to live.

As time went on I got more and more interested in people, and tried more and more to help them in their troubles. This became a purpose for me to live for, for I found I enjoyed helping unhappy people to seek a kind of comfort. And if I was a comforter who had no other purpose to live for, then one who also found no reason to wish to live began to think it was a reason if he gave me a reason ; this led me to a true love that became a reason indeed, for he loved me and this made us both see reason.

I found this true love only through finding a reason in helping others. This was good fortune indeed, but if I had not found him or he me it would not have prevented us from being together now, for we are of the same group, and such always gravitate to each



other eventually. But it is to be deplored if one gives up, for the other must be lonely till he can catch up again, and this may mean a lifetime alone, but it is worth while in the end.

I am the writer that brings sleep, for I can now help people to sleep, and this makes them find a reason; for in sleep their spirits are free to meet other spirits, and see the love that is waiting for them in this life, which can not be seen in earth life until they can look for it in themselves. I was slow to do this, or I could have been much more help to others.

This is the letter; now for my name, it is Vera White.

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### HYPNOTISM

*Brady Whybrow*

WE think this may be a not unfavourable, kind of tale for it concerns the kind of thing that people are trying to understand in the broader outlook that now obtains, but in my day it was a novel thing and not at all understood.

This meant that I was looked on with considerable suspicion because this idea interested me; but I do not think I cared for I had the idea that if a thing was true, what mattered was that it was a true thing. This I now see makes sense.

I was the kind of man you call a thinker. This means I thought fresh ideas and was not troubled if they seemed unorthodox, for orthodoxy did not interest me. I only wished to be brought face to face with truth, and this led me to find a reason for some things that are still only half understood. But I chose the study of world truths and did not interest myself in things of other levels of thought and did not even consider them real.

What I liked most was attempting to bring human intellect to bear on things until then not known, such as hypnotism and other queer trials of ability to borrow

brains ; but not to become truer beings but in order to experiment with these new ideas.

I lived in this land in the last century. I cannot say when but it was in this Queen's reign; I think it must have been in the earlier half when she was a young woman.

I persisted in this study and made experiments in treating illness. This truly happened but I had no notion how ; I just thought it an effect of hypnotism and left it at that.

I think it is true that the effect is a reasonable result of something hypnotism renders possible, but even now I can hardly understand much for the spirit of man is truly complex and I do not think can yet be grasped in these ways, especially as no two are alike. This makes every experiment only an experiment to show what is possible for one individual.

I hope this is clear, for I thought all who were hypnotised would have similar reactions, but soon found this was only true in the broadest kind of way, and then all sorts of differences took place such as light or deep state ; the state of being able to perform the most exacting tasks ; or the opposite state of being without any sense that could be used ; and the literal cure of troublesome brain traits and habits, and the intensification of sensation and perception.

I never quite knew what to expect even when I knew what was willed, for no two ever responded in the same way. I could not explain my experiments ; I could only experiment.

This did not strike me at the time for I thought the experiment a result, but it was only a manifestation of some deeply stirred thing of which I could not guess the existence.

I wish I could help one who experiments in these ways now ; I could tell him all sorts of things he could understand, but which I cannot now describe for it is not known to you. However I can at least tell some of the things that happened.

I let a patient fall into a hypnotic trance and made

her then feel no pain ; but this was a failure and I did not know why, for all my other patients had felt no pain if I had treated them in this way. So I tried to see if I could make her insensitive to heat or cold ; this she was, so I thought this a sort of mistake and that she felt in the wrong way.

I then asked myself if it was a true idea that this is a different set of sensations, and found I thought it was.

This made me try heat and cold and pain experiments that modes of lighting threw on the eye, and this became obvious ; that some eyes saw heat and others light, but I did not think this could be correct as I did not know these vibrations were the same in base.

I tried to tell this idea that there are two kinds of vision, but no one believed it and it did not make much sense to me.

Then I hit on another idea and tried to make my patients tell the time by hearing the rays of the sun. This was a success in every case, for this is a universal faculty in man though I did not understand how or why.

Then I made patients listen to the hum of beats of music and tell if they were true or set the nerves on edge. This was also a success even if they were unable to distinguish a true note from a false when awake.

This made no sense either, but I was interested and began to look for all sorts of ideas to test for I thought this was true research, to find how man could be made to respond in hypnotic trance to things hidden from him in normal conditions.

This became a study of many, and I enquired into the causes of these things and the truly hopeful thought emerged that man was evolving further and that these faculties were still only potential but might some day become actual.

Then I began to think that this was an opportunity to take a hand in evolution and prove to the world that these things are in being already so that anyone

who wished could possess them. But this was a hopeless mistake, for no one liked to possess strange gifts, and left me to go to a beautiful singer that came then.

This made me very angry. I felt 'These swine have no use for pearls,' but I was only one of them, and perhaps the lowest for I did not even hear the lovely voice which was, if I could have known it, a true stage in the evolution of the human voice. This is a beauty of sound that is a forerunner of further beauties, but I did not recognise it. I thought I tried in vain to interest man in physical potentialities, and he only went to hear a woman making a loud noise.

I left my task as I grew older and liked to think instead of what it could mean, and then I began to think of how little I knew of this strange thing men are. The truth that he must have a spirit began to dawn, for although in a sense I accepted this idea it did not before have any proper meaning. I was awestruck, and thought I must have a spirit that perhaps knew how small I was and how little I knew. This made me try to be a better man, but it was not love that I saw, only this truth that man is spirit.

When I was very old I died, and I soon saw how untrue had been my suppositions about the results of hypnotism; for the brightness which often happens in hypnotic trance is the spirit itself in control of the body, which takes place because the higher part of the being is appealed to, and the lower—this is the earthier part—is put into a half trance. This allows the spirit to occupy more of the body because the lower part is temporarily dislodged. This is not a true dislodging, but a sort of inhibition of this baser half. This half is not truly impure, but it is the part which has come from animal ancestry and is therefore baser in its very nature as it has risen from the earth.

But the braver half is the living spirit of man—his own line, that makes him a true son of the creator. This is the part that can and often does make the body its home in hypnosis.

I think this is a hard idea for people think of themselves as a unit. This is in a measure true for they are each an individual, but the wonderful line is a God-given thing that is a gift to each human being, and not in the baser half which has come to him from his experience as animals.

I think this explains for much, but not how it is there is such acute perception in this kind of state. This is because the spirit can perceive accurately independently of the body, though it focuses in a measure in the same kind of way as long as it is connected with a body.

Here is a true mystery ; how a blind man sees in his mind, as he admittedly does. This is the eye of his spirit, but having no eye to focus through it turns to thought and sees thought as spirits do in a greater measure.

The truth is there is no limit to the variety of the spirit, for each is an individual and all are different from every other one.

This is a true question that some feel light and others heat in the eye. This can be proved but I cannot explain how in this letter ; a scientist would think how.

This is truly a guide to the type of light a spirit seeks ; whether light on his path, or heat in his home. I know this is symbolic, but it conveys deep truth. The first kind seek truth, the second love ; in true love they find warmth that heals the eye and satisfies it, but they are in lovely possession of truth in this way too. But the others feel light which leads them to seek and explore in these lovely paths of each individual and this is a direct current which leads to love that brings light. This is the best illustration I can give but I think many will not grasp it yet.

This is the true underlying idea of electricity, that it has two chief kinds of use in lighting and heating, but one changes into the other without visible explanation. And some eyes can feel half heat and half light. This is not easy to prove, but I think can be done. This is a test to try the truth of these letters, for this is a

point where 'line' becomes measurable in the way the eye chooses to perceive.

I think this is all from the point of view I have been asked to tell. I think I had better tell my name. This was Brady Whybrow.

Note. A doctor, hypnotist, member of S.P.R., tells me that it is quite correct that the human eye sees with heat, light, or pain rays.

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### HOPE STILL HOPES

*Hone Wilton*

WITH pleasure I write to let you hear a tale I am telling to the little children here. This is the tale.

There was a fairy called Hope. This little fairy had only one eye and one wing, and she was the shabbiest little fairy imaginable; but she hoped one day she would find out how to be brighter.

At this time when she lived there were strong giants called Oblivion and Wrong, and they tried hard to catch Hope because she did not allow their old brothers the Crows to sit in her garden and croak.

This was hard to resist, for the crows brought their friends if they were resisted. Like the tribe of Hum-bugs that came hum-bugging over her plants saying: "Hum; these plants are only poor weeds to be eaten by us bugs." This is why they are called Hum-bugs; they all begin with a hum of voices and end by becoming a pest.

Then there is the little Tittle-tattle, that goes Tittle-tattle over the grass, and behold it is all scorched, and not nice to sit on any more, but horrid and black. This little Tittle-tattle is the tiny creature that hush-hushes over fences. It is not the same as the Gossipper; this creature only sits on fences and hears other Gossippers telling gossip that he tells back. The hosts

of Gossippers are very noisy on occasions when the crows have been disturbed by Hope, for they prefer crows.

This kind of tale is not easy for children, but grown-ups can easily explain it if they ask them to,

Once Hope was very brave and tried to chivvy the Crows. Then the little Tell-tales came whisking their tales and telling each other the news that the Crows were quite right to croak, and Hope was too helpless to bother about. This was the tale they told all over the place, but no one heard, for something happened that gave them something else to hear.

This was a terrible noise of Hope being hurt and hit about by Oblivion. But Wrong was worse, and burnt down her little cottage. Poor Hope could not prevent this, but she hoped that someone would be kind and help her, but no one came and her other wing was broken, and she could hardly see at all for her good eye was all black where Oblivion had banged it with his horny hand.

Then the little Buzz-bees who liked being soldiers came swarming by, and all called out: "Ho, ho, ho! Here we go. This is the long long trail you know!" At the time this happened the little Buzz-bees had been all busy working in their gardens, but when Wrong started the fire their hearts gave a leap that made them jump to attention, and they all buzzed off in busy bright bands to go and sting lots of other little Buzz-bees that came in troops.

This was a fine sight, but the fire went on burning Hope's house, and not a Buzz-bee tried to put it out, for he was too busy stinging other Buzzes, though it often hurt him the worst. But he thought it was a splendid thing to do, so he did it with a buzz. But he did not love it for all that, for he loved to work in gardens among the flowers.

When this hopeless fire had burnt the cottage all down the Buzz-bees tried to help build it up again, but they had lost their bright buzzes, and did not work nearly as hard as they used because they were tired

of being stingers and only wanted to have fun in the sun.

This is the time at which the earth is now, for the Buzz-bees want fun, and must have Hope to have fun with, for her garden is the only playground in their land.

This is true, but not being a person who is very strong I am only able to tell this little tale about poor Hope. But I can say how anyone at all, however weak, can help her; for if he starts to love a Crow, or a Tittle-tattle, or a Gossipper, or a Hum-bug, or a Tell-tale, or the Buzz-bees, this helps Hope at once, for love is the bright light of the sun in her garden. This heals her wings, for they have the property of growing in love. Heads that have been hurt are always happy if they love, and so are wings. But eyes have to be bathed in bright water that thoughts of peace pour out, and this is the garden hose that makes plants grow in Hope's garden.

So everyone who loves somebody not very nice or kind, or even somebody horrid, and who thinks good peaceful thoughts, helps Hope to be the true hope of the Buzz-bees, and they will then help the garden.

This is my tale. I hope it will help Hope.

I am not too old to romp with tiny people, and my name is Hone Wilton.

I can tell the names of these children, and am helped by them.

The first is Flora Underwood. Yes; she was killed in the war in London when she was three, but is now a big girl.

This is Humphrey Long. I was a boy who lived in the town called Wells. I died of lung illness when I was two. I am big now.

This is Willie Webber. This is not an easy name to trace, but I lived in the village in this land called Wisbarn; yes, I think this is it. I had an accident and was killed, but I did not know it. But now I see this is the true kind of life to have. This is the jolliest



kind of life, but only for people who come in by the right door.

This is Pwllheli Lloyd. I am Welsh, but I think I lived in the town called Worcester. I think this is right; I hope it is, but I was very little when I died of illness of the brain, for I had no hope to be loved in this life. I was in the kind of place that children without parents go to, but I loved the kind people there. But I had no hope to find my own loving people so I died, but I did not know I died. This is being much more alive.

This is Peter Lore, This is right. I am a boy from Germany, like Harold, but I was not three so don't know how I came to be here. I expect I was killed for I do not remember being ill. I am a tall boy now, and love things that love the bright land of Germany, for it is growing loving as we can see. I think I lived in a little cottage, but in the town called Wurtemberg. Yes ; but I don't know how I know ; a true being must have told me, for I was too little to know.

This is Phyllis Latimer. Yes ; this is the name. I lived in the town called Newport. Yes, in mountains and mines. I was a miner's child but do not know how I died. Perhaps I had an accident for I do not remember being ill either. My people are so nice ; I love to watch them, but do not understand what they say, only the look of their spirits. This is what we watch. It is lovely when they laugh and are happy; they twinkle like the bright lights on the water by my home.

This is the only other one ; he is the pet of the others for he is the youngest. His name is Teddy Poltron. Yes ; I am only three, but I can think to you. This is a lovely time we have. I am happy. I lived in a house in the place called Wells too. This is how I know these other children, because Willie is my friend and he lives near Wells. I think this is right, but I do not know for I am very little. Be my lover in earth waves

anyone please, for I love earth people, especially my very own people in this home I had. This is all.

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### BRIDGING THE DISTANCE *Dalton Woodhouse*

**W**E think this true tale can be a help on both sides. It is a tale of a beautiful love that nearly lost its beauty but not quite, and so became a love of true beauty.

No one can imagine how a broken love is able to become a true love again, but I am the fortunate teller of this tale and I was not a true lover but an untrue faithless one.

I was a man of beauty, being handsome strong and tall, and most clever in brain and with ability of more kinds than most people, but I did not care much for all this as I liked to think I was the kind of man that women liked, and to be a lady-killer as it was then called.

I tried to picture the despair of young women who would love me to be their lover and only could gain a trivial word, and this in a manner of speaking a brutal one, for I tried to impress by caustic comment and plausible remarks that had no sincerity or reality in them. This led me to people of my kind and into worse ways, and then I did not even care how I treated women as it seemed to me they must be some sort of inferior creature that only existed to please men, and that they could not suffer in any real way such as I thought I could.

This was an amazing idea, but I was not the only man who held such ridiculous notions, and they did not seem to me ridiculous but true.

Then I really fell in love. This time I did not try to impress but loved truly and sincerely, but she loved another. This was a friend of mine and I hated him for

this, and tried to cut him out in this love for I desired to have this woman to be my wife and not just a toy, and we quarrelled and I gave him a fatal injury and he made no recovery but became worse till he died.

This made the woman I loved angry, as well it might, and she hated me and I loved her all the more. And then the lost truth began to dawn on me that this was a woman, and that she had feelings as deep and true as mine, and that I had never supposed a woman could feel so. But still I thought of other women I had ill-treated as of some lower race and not worth bothering about.

But this woman I loved only hated me for killing my friend. This was a true thing in this love of mine that I could sympathise with this hatred for I saw I deserved it. Still I loved her and longed to have her to live with me. This true love began to redeem me, and I could not rest till I thought of other women I had hurt and wondered if they had such feelings as I had, and if so how could they hide them and live in smiles as they often did in this artificial sort of world I lived in. I was in their talk a masher, and not thought much the worse for this because this was expected of rich young men. This was a terribly wrong expectation and led many to distress and misery in both worlds as I have seen.

But to continue my tale. I wrote to my love to tell her how I loved her, and that it was because I loved her so that I had been violent. This made her faintly interested in me, but she had loved my friend so it had not much appeal.

Then the true love my friend had for me became a sort of help to me to help me from blaming myself too much, and I thought he could see and understand how I loved his love. This was a true puzzle to me for I thought it was a true idea that he made me know these things, and yet I could not understand how, I only thought of him as dead and did not worry to think what this might mean.

Then I tried to be a true lover of this girl, and it was almost as if I loved her own lover better, for I did not any more feel jealous, but only thought of him as understanding that I loved her and longed to have her in my life.

Then she relented and began to love me, for I was truly a fine figure of a man and ladies thought a girl lucky who caught me. I tried to feel sorry for the others who could not have me, but love had begun to bring me to life and I could no longer be quite so vain though I was still very vain indeed.

The time we lived together was on the whole a happy time. It was truly a love marriage in spite of its ill beginnings, and this led to many love passages that made life a happy thing, and we loved our home and had lovely children and all was well.

Then one day she had an accident and hurt the brain that had been so brave and merry, and was without ability to move or even speak.

It was as if she were only a body, for her mind seemed dead. This was a frightful thing to me, for her lovely spirit was what I loved ; this body did not seem to me to be her at all but only an empty shell. Yet it was usual in my world to believe that marriage was indissoluble, so I had to live still with this terrible shadow of the love I had loved.

Then I had a terrible thought that she must die, and I would be free to have another love that was a whole woman, not just a useless lump of flesh. I tried to think how I could achieve this, for again my world—though holding it correct to kill poor people who took bread if they were hungry—could not allow a hopeless invalid in mind to be released from the useless body. Perhaps this last was right ; I do not know, but I tried to persuade myself that it was true kindness to her to put her out of her misery, if I could find a way without it being detected that I had done it.

I went to her room one day and contrived to let her fall to the ground. This made her recover the use of

her brain and surprised everybody, and me most of all, for I never thought of the spirit as existing if it had no use of a human brain. This kind of thing was the kind of thing that had never been heard of as far as I knew, and this was a marvel to all the doctors.

Then I found it had to be explained how she came to be holding the thing that let her fall, and I had to be brought before a court for trying to kill her, by helping her on to a brick wall in the garden by a trick that left her unsupported.

This was a truly awkward thing for I now loved her again and longed to have a quiet life with her as before; but I could only now answer the charge of trying to kill her. This was hard, for I had truly borne her from her room to the garden when the nurse was absent, and she could not have gone alone; and none of the servants knew, as I had chosen a time when they all had a holiday and went to a fair that made a brave show in the town. This was what I pretended I had brought her to the wall to see, but human frailty was the true cause, and no one believed me.

This trial was an affair of true interest at the time, but none guessed the agony I was in now, because I loved this woman I had tried to kill, and could not believe I was guilty of trying to kill my own love. This was irony too terrible to be endured, but it had to be endured.

Then a wonderful thing happened for this love I had for her came to my help, and I said boldly I had tried to kill her because I could not bear for her to endure such a life. This was understandable, but it was against the law, and I was judged guilty of trying to murder my wife; but since the circumstances were so unusual there was a feeling I should not be treated harshly, but I had to be in prison for two years. This was a very lenient sentence and I had great relief.

While I was in prison I tried to think of these problems of my life, and this marvel of my love's recovery

of her lively spirit in such a truly awful manner. For it was immediate; she just looked up from the ground and said to me: "This is a truly horrid fall I have had. I think I was hurt before too. Have we been dreaming, or is this true that we had no more love?" and more like this. I could not bear it, and ran from her leaving her on the ground till servants found her, and I found it was true, for I thought I must have imagined it in my horrible deed.

This is the tale of a crime. The crime failed but not the result, for I did not try to live with her again. This was a truly sad thing, but I could not bear to face her any more for I could only remember how horrified I was when she lived and spoke when I tried to kill her.

I think this is all I need tell, for this is all that can interest people, except that we now are together with my friend who loves her too, and we are all of the same group so need not part, and are happy to be together.

We are not in this truly interesting group that has set up this means of communication, but have been allowed to write as our story is a new angle and one that may help others to be sympathetic with brain injuries, for the spirit only suffers if love is withdrawn.

This is the point of my story, for I truly failed my love, not in trying to kill her, but in ceasing to love her spirit because I did not know it was not her body and brain that she only used in earth life.

I think my name was Dalton Woodhouse.

I lived a long time ago in this country when coaches ran and men were highwaymen in this place where I lived in the heath in London.

This is truly a tale of horror. This is why I had a long time before love could wake me, for I loved in the depths of woe, and looked down instead of up to find love, and it is not in these depths though it can reach to all depths.

## FINDING MY LINE

*Ursula Woolsey*

WE think it may be interesting each to tell how he or she contrived to find his own line. This is very important, so we can all see quite well how it came about.

I am Ursula Woolsey, and I was the daughter of a truly wealthy man in Brighton; but not in worldly wealth. He was just ordinary in world wealth.

His work I think had to do with houses, but his being a true parent was the thing that mattered to me. I was only a baby when I began to find my line, for I learnt to think how I could originate my own ideas in my own mind because he let me talk in my own way with him, and he answered me in his. It was a true give and take, and he never taught me but left me to find out. This is the wisest thing he could have done, for my line is truth, and I liked to find it out for myself by building up ideas from the bottom to higher ideas till I knew I loved to find truth, and this was my way to be the person I wished to be.

I never had a bright idea that did not become the property of my father too, for he too found truth, but not in my way, for he was a collector of truths rather than a builder. This is only an individual difference, and a fortunate difference for me, or he might have done some of my building and this would have hindered me.

I think he is the kindest spirit I have ever met. I love all my family, but he is so like me in line I have to be nearest to him as my little brother and the others will understand.

I will leave, for I have the task my father had, not to tell too much or I may hinder others. Ursula Woolsey.

## VICTORIAN FATHER

*Brutus Worth*

I WAS the father of a family that had little love for me. This is not surprising for I was not loving to them, for I thought it wise to be stern, and keep these children who loved to play and be noisy in good quiet order. I had little idea that they needed play and noise even, for free children must be free to use all their faculties, and voice is one. I had little thought of each child developing his faculties ; I only thought of bringing them up in the fear of god by which I meant the fear of doing anything of which I did not approve. This I never thought out or I might have seen its absurdity, but I thought no one could do better for his children than bring them up in his own faith, and be ready to call others to have this faith too. This is strange, for if all obey their father's faith how could a good son ever be changed by conversion to another. But I thought all should be converted to my faith, and my children obey me.

This held them too long, and they began to develop weaknesses of various kinds, for their spirits were starved of love as well as being worried by having to accept these contradictory ideas.

They loved their mother, but I had enslaved her too in her love for her husband ; she must obey his ideas that stood in the place of god for her. This is quite literal, for I honestly thought she had little knowledge unless I instructed her ; but she of course knew more than I but did not know she did.

This was a sad home and little honest fun was there, but much solemnity and high-sounding talk and long prayers. But I honestly thought I did well for my children.

This honesty is a truth, but a very distorted truth, for it can break heads indeed. This is balm that has no true healing but only self-righteous hardness. I



wonder if this passage has this meaning—I see it in your mind though I think you hardly knew it was there.

I think this is the way many ideas get into these letters, for we can see your ideas beginning to rise, so the ideas are often your thoughts made in advance, but only if they fit the sense and truth of the letter.

I was saying honesty loves to be truthful, and I was truthful. This was false truth—only truth in world affairs. But this was a help both for me and the children, for they too honoured truth ; this helped us all or I might have hurt them still more.

At the time of which I speak I was anxious over the illness of my wife whose heart was affected of course by the division in the incompatible things she tried to believe, but I only thought it a visitation of god. This is in a measure true, for it helped her in spirit for her physical heart to rebel against such fundamantal violence. But I thought I helped her by praying long prayers that she might be cured, and helping to increase the trouble by pouring lies about a poor god who liked to see suffering that chastened his true children. This also was true, for these children choose such ways, and GOD loves to see them arrive at love and truth by any way they choose, but this way of suffering is a foolish way to choose, and a pitying love helps them even in this choice. This is very plain for the heart gave out and she died.

This was a blow indeed and my poor children were left in my hard hands. I pitied them a little and tried to be gentle, but how I could not see, for they must be obedient for this is the first virtue of children.

I think this is strange that obedience is considered a virtue at all. I think I heard this in your mind again, but I was myself thinking the same, for at last I too thought that this was the last thing I would do—to obey someone else's instructions to find GOD.

This was a great discovery, but I was not prepared to share it. But soon a son made the same discovery and disobeyed me in marrying a girl he loved who had

not the ideas I had. I thought she would lead him astray and be the means of his damnation, but he loved her and cared more to love than to save his soul.

I was truly concerned about this, for he could love, but only a suitable girl. But how could I love to order? I thought, love seems a free thing, and does not stop to think if a girl thinks the correct thoughts. This I tried to think out, for I loved my son in my way and wished to be his guard; but I could only think that love is of GOD, and he that loveth abideth in GOD. This is truly strange that I had not thought of such things long before, but so it was, and I loved to be honest if I really thought a thing true.

So I let my son marry this girl, and he began to be led astray, and I was stricken in mind that I had let him be led so. But he cared for her and loved to please her and do as she wished, for I had always trained him to follow another. But before I had been this other; this did not occur to me, but I repented that I had had these thoughts over love and tried to forget them.

But I was honest and they stayed and grew. I think my wife's spirit tried to help me, for I truly loved her. But she was dead in my eyes. This was final, and I must leave her so. It was unlawful even to pray for her any more. I do not know why, but so I believed. These strange ideas cornered me now, and I began to waver. But this was a crime; he that wavered could get no good from GOD; but I had wavered, and I was the father of this family who looked to me to lead them.

Then I did a truly queer thing. I too fell in love; for I was lonely, and this was a kind loving woman ready to love my children; but too young to please them.

They had to let me marry because I was a father so must always do what he thought right, though no others could. This neither they nor I saw but it might have been noticed that I thought I was always right alone among us.

I loved this woman, and we were in a measure happy

as she loved us. But the children were as old as she was and this made it hard for her to maintain discipline. In fact they refused to obey her, and I had said she must be obeyed, for she was the mother now. This they could not see, but I could see it for I had chosen her to be their mother, and this was enough.

But this was not enough, for now they were rebels and thought truly that I was a tyrant, and at last they asserted themselves.

This was a real surprise to me, for I was stupid and loved to be saved the trouble of thinking, so took the things I was told by a preacher as the truth. This is true; he told me I should make these grown-up children obey me, but I should only obey my conscience. Their consciences could not lead them. I began to think in spite of myself that this was queer that only fathers' consciences worked reliably, but I hardly saw it as clearly as this.

But I began to believe these people had some right to believe their own ideas to some small extent, and this was at least a beginning, so I let them leave home. This is remarkable that even this I was asked permission for; but I expected it and so they gave me this absurd dignity to be a sort of potentate in the house.

Then my wife and I were happier, and she was happy in a freer sort of way to the ways we had, and I could hardly make her obedient as a good wife should be. She loved to be gay and jolly with all, and held parties to which my children came with their young friends, and I was swept off my feet in this life of increased freedom.

But I had all sorts of qualms of conscience, for was I not encouraging worldly behaviour and making my children pleasure-seeking? But it continued, for all now began to like me, and I began to be happy too in a grave sort of way, although I still feared I might be wrong.

But I could see my children now were grown; that they were good and loved me to make them welcome. This helped me to be a better father in my

old age. The life I led at last was a truly happy one, for I loved to see my grandchildren happy and noisy in their own way, and let them be free to an extent I could never have dreamed of before.

I now understand what caused all this, for my first wife was very free from earth ties, for she was very pure and good and innocent, and this made her ready to learn quickly at death. I think she saw almost at once the mistake I made, and found this girl of her group ready to love us all into a human sort of atmosphere.

But this is not all ; she tried herself to be gay and happy with us and let us feel a free happy influence. This is the truth ; she was free in spirit but still linked in human love in our home, so we felt her influence keenly though we never guessed it. We only felt that she was happy. This was a true feeling and we did not assume it. I think it is a deep conviction that the pure and innocent are happy after death.

This is my tale. I think it is a very common one, but I think far less common now, for the change in outlook has made children far more free ; but still many are ruled by a despotic parent. Even if there is no religious tyranny a code of behaviour or other idea is often imposed to the very great detriment of the child's development. It is sad to see good little things behaving beautifully, for only we see the difference between a clipped hedge and a free blossoming tree spreading its branches and ready to bear fruit. This is the kind of shape these spirits really assume, but it is impossible to describe the varieties and lovely possibilities of each.

I think I can see every child's line in the form his spirit takes as if he were a plant, growing freely, or stunted by repeated hurts or even trampling. It is sad to watch and not be able to help. I help all I can, for I learned better in earth life, so I try to help those who try to learn better.

I was a true learner who taught, for I was a teacher of botany, but I hardly understood how a plant should

grow myself. I could only imagine classes of plants in near orders, and it does not happen in life that all classes grow neatly together and each have the same shape.

But I still use this type in my thoughts for I follow my old interest in plant life. But I end now.

My name was Brutus Worth.

## 84

### UNUSUAL GIFTS

*Martin Wortrey*

I COULD estimate weights, and this may explain extraordinary powers, like ability to do problems in arithmetic.

I worked on building houses, and putting extra energy into my work, I liked to estimate how much everything weighed, and check up on it, and again and again I found I was correct to a very narrow margin.

I could hardly understand this, but after I died I found the reason, for in my life before I had always been weighing things that needed careful weighing to an accurate degree.

This made me able in spirit life to weigh ideas in this kind of accurate manner, but in my human life I tried to apply this to every part of my brain. This means that I still weighed ideas, but in both spiritual and arithmetical ways, calculating how much purpose is served in high ideas, and how much materials to a nicety in estimation in the physical. I liked to balance things, and exactly compute the weight I held.

This is the true explanation in some form or other of all such strange gifts. This was the work the person did before, but in the spirit life he would apply it spiritually, and then on return to earth life he instinctively applies his knowledge. For this is a self-gained instinct, to obey unconsciously a previously made proficiency.

This may be the only proficiency he has, for he may have been a very low spirit, only able to calculate his earnings in selfish lust for gold. Then he will come back with very small spiritual and perhaps mental ability, for he will need this discipline, to have small mental ability, so that he can depend on others instead of being too selfish again.

Then the gift may accompany great brain that is able in every kind of way. This is the case if true brain has been formed already in all three levels; but the brightest is the spiritual, and this may not even be brain at all in the physical sense. For some high brains come back to be almost brainless in a physical sense to help another spirit in their group.

This is the truth. I think hardly anyone could think it could be so. But a mother loving her unfortunate child is being helped to a higher level of loving unselfish development. This is the true cause with a few such people, but it is hardly the usual thing.

It is sometimes true that some spirit has to suffer for the sins of its father, though these bright spirits do not love to suffer any more than others, they choose such a lot rather than leave a weak immature spirit to be driven back to animal, and this is the case if too hard a lot causes utter distraction from line.

This kind of high spirit will often show some proficiency, or instinct to perform actions that seem curious in this kind of feeble intellect.

I think the reasons for men's abilities are all to be looked for in the history of his brain. This is his etheric brain, which is his line, for his line is the thing he forms by his previous lives, and enriches in his human lives.

It is the truth that no two people can ever be really alike, for their histories are all quite different, and so diverse.

It is the most amazing thing to see the astonishment of people on looking back to see themselves quietly grazing in a field of high grass that was the meadow they loved in childhood. This often happens, for a spirit

loves its place, and comes homing to the old nest. This is a kind of self-formed instinct, but only because the love of home forms it. This is love creating. How clear this is when once one looks to see how a thing works ; it is always love that loves to work behind the scenes creating more love in all spirits.

I built houses, but only as a bricklayer. I loved to hold the bricks and lay them truly. I think this satisfied my longing for building in spirit, for I thought of constructive ideas at the same time, as many ordinary workers do—far more than most people give them credit for. They are often little educated, and inarticulate in consequence, but their ideas are formed, and let loose energy according to the truth and especially love that lies in them.

I was this type of man. This was my name ; Martin Wortrey.

This is too hard a name ; we think it is not correct. But I think I lived in the town of Newbury.

I loved to be the friend of these men who rode horses, for they were only recently horses themselves.

I think I had a friend there called Walter Hartley. This is the true sound, yet I can hardly remember mine. This is queer, but so it is.

## 85

### COMPLEMENTARY LINES

*Helen Wotton*

**I** THINK the truth lives that no love is ever truly brutish. Love that wanders is perhaps trivial, and seems a light thing. But it is never like lust which is the terrible opposite of love.

Butterfly flitting is not real love, but it is not lust ; for the young people are not in brutish pursuit of their own base desires, but rather sampling the honey of life from the flowers that attract them. This is hardly a bad thing, but hardly a good thing either ; it is like a loveliness that is a reflection of true loveliness,

and is only on the surface—perhaps really lovely till a ripple shatters it.

I was such a butterfly. This led me in a superficial way to a real love for the true love who loved me in this deep way.

He loved me in a lovely true way, like the bee that always keeps to the same kind of flower. But I had lots of loves that all attracted me, till I felt I really loved to keep to this flower.

I think some must be this way to have their needful experience, for it is their nature to test life this way, and love too ; for they test all to prove truth.

I was certainly a tester who tried my love sorely, for he loved only to be constant, and was a prover of truth in patient constancy.

So we tried each other. But this helped our lines—to be a tester who tested in defiance, and a prover who proved in perfectly unpredictable conditions.

These two things left us the closer, for we both delighted in these opposite kind of loves that made trial of the basic thought we unwittingly enjoyed. For neither of us knew it was our line to do these provings and testings, only that the other intrigued us by his ways.

I think it is often noticed that opposites help each other ; this may perhaps be a reason why.

I loved to help my love to be a patient prover of my love by being a tease and flirt, but he trusted me still. This made me still provide him with the proof of his trust, for I truly loved him. In his patience he loved being pestered with this trial. For I did pester him terribly ; I was gay and truly selfish, except that I really did love him ; for this was the cause of his patience.

I think this is the whole point of my little letter, for we are very happy now being complementary. This is the twin star that is different.

I think this was my name before I loved this love who was older than me, for he was much older. It was Helen Wotton.



## TRAINING THE PUPPY

*Wright*

NO time can be better than this to make clear the question of how children can help by being real thinkers of how to make the race more truly high. For this animal question is largely in the hands of people who must be the kind trainers of their spirits, for they will come back to life in human shape.

This may be their very next step if their spirits are ready. But too often it is the truth that a spirit is ready mentally but has had too little love, or has suffered the brutal wronging of some vital instinct. This is terrible and a horrible handicap for the brain in human life.

This being tied up all the time that happens to some dogs leaves a feeling of restriction, and many cannot believe themselves free in spirit, for they were not free when their spirit was being formed.

Tying always to a lead is also very bad, for the spirit cannot easily be independent but looks to be led. This harms it very much, for the line that every individual must find is free from all others, and the feeling that the line belongs to another is terribly literally *misleading*.

The worst cruelty of all is to deprive dogs and cats who love to be true fathers and mothers that love each other and their children of this great training. I think this is the real life the brain needs.

To be hit is the next cruelty to the mind. I do not understand how people can hit little puppies that are only little tiny babies, but not even this for their spirits are less developed. But nearly all little puppies are hit by men who think they train their spirits. So they do; they train them to fear blows that drop upon them from a mighty hand that hurts because it likes to hurt, with no true cause. This makes them submit in the mind to things that ought not to be submitted to.

Then they hide to escape, but are dragged out. This too is terrible, to be dragged out; for a puppy that hides is frightened. This is already a harm, but can be helped if he is comforted.

I think people would be so kind to puppies if they only thought of these as possibilities even; for certainly they are possibilities that *may* be true. It is the most likely means they can have to be the trainer of the race; it is not the animal race that they train but the human race.

I love to think I may help some little puppy to be a happy dog, praised by his loving lord who holds his lordship lightly and does not blame the little baby for only being a baby. This is generally all that is wrong, and this time can cure.

A dog loves to please and can learn all sorts of things by praise, for he loves to hear the loving words that call him "Good dog." He tries to deserve this; thus his spirit seeks love in higher life than his own, and this draws his love to higher levels as a man.

I love to hear this word 'good' myself, for I try to love in higher ways but am not always good.

It is a bitter hopeless life for a dog who never hears these kind words. He may be made a criminal. His human life can be so unhappy and loveless for he has learnt no love that looks for loving return but only fear. I think surely some can let their dog be happier if they will think this is a possibility.

I think they cannot fail to see the beautiful idea that a lovely spirit full of freedom loves to be a loving intelligent companion. This is the life a dog should lead.

I think I always knew that I had been a dog for I was so fond of dogs and hated to see them hit and tied up. But I did not realise how cruel this is, not only to the dog but to the child and man he will be.

I love to hear a kind man love his dog, for I can hear love. It is music in spirit like pealing bells that make happy chimes. I think many can recognise this truth as truth.

I cannot remember if I even lived in this land, for

it does not make much difference to me which land I loved, but I know my old friend who lives here with me ; he is the dog I once had who loves me still. Though he is the most forgiving dog I have much to ask him to forgive.

I think many can hardly bear to think they will have to ask for forgiveness, but they will have to. Judgment is a thing each must pass. This is justice ; to be one's own judge when all is open to all.

This is all I had better say. I hope I am the true lover who helps a few dogs to be happier.

I think my name is Wright, but I do not know what else.

## 87

### FREEDOM FINDS FREEDOM

*Nobleman*

*No name remembered*

THIS is a true tale, but not of my own experience, for the one it happened to is not in this wave length.

This was a man who was in earth life a truly wonderful spiritual thinker, and this, as these letters show is not a kind of way that men notice as a rule. But on this occasion people took some notice because he held a position where he could be a true leader of thought.

This man was in the land that is called Altborg(?) I think this is the name of the town I want, but am not sure, but this is not important.

This man was very enlightened, and this meant his people could be too ; this is in ways of education and high love of country.

He loved his land, and I think ruled in some sort of way. He loved people to be kind, and was kind himself, but not poor. He saw no reason for all to be equal, but he thought it good for all to be happy in this town and land, and to love each other.

This was before wars ; I think long before. I am his grandchild, and love this man who was so kind.

This was the thing he did. He tried to have each child in the town taught in the kind of way that helped him or her to be the true individual he could be.

This is now accepted in principle, but it was not so then. We really think he made a difference in the world, for these people developed their personalities, and became the parents of children who are also developing their lines.,

It is a tremendous help in the world for even a few to have such a start. It is a brightness spirits can see, but it is only a point of brightness yet, but a point composed of little points, all alive, and which he started for he loved all to be free.

This was hard to accomplish in his day, but he insisted that each child could be his own ruler, and this he arranged for in the schools. The children had the task of choosing their own teachers, and those who ruled over them from among themselves.

This worked in a truly wonderful way, for these children grew up able to be their own rulers. This is a truly great thing, but this good man only thought he tried a small experiment.

This was the real reason he tried it. In his past life he had been a child of very rich parents who did not give him liberty, but ruled him, for he had to be a truly grand man. But this boy did not love to be grand, but only wanted to be free. This was his line, but he could hardly have any freedom for he was always guarded.

This irked him so much that at last he ran away and became free, and lost all his wealth and was just a poor man who lived as other poor men, but free.

This made him happier, but he tried in vain to find real freedom of spirit, which is the line we here try to establish. His line is true freedom of the kind that loves all to be free, and thinks free thoughts unfettered by the thoughts or beliefs of others.

I wish more people tried to find this freedom from

the brains of others. I love to see free thinkers; but not this free thought that just means destruction of the beliefs of others, for others may find truth in these beliefs. This is always possible since they are all true in many ways.

The beauty of this freedom is that it can select any truth, or just leave them, but not expect others to try either course because it does.

I wish I had the same line in the world now, for I could now be the free person I tried in vain to be. Even though my grandfather tried to make children free I was not free, for I was too important, so I had to be guarded. I was a good child who did not run away, but now I wish I had, for I would thus have developed my line to a far greater extent, but now I am not very developed.

All winds now blew good to the great man who is the hero of my tale, for in his poor life he began to think how little freedom is found in men's minds in the world. He explored this, and longed for opportunity to be free from inherited beliefs. But all had to agree. This was all grist that came to this mill, for brightness coded in the early church was the same for all time, and to change or question was heresy.

But this man could not help questioning, and the heretic was caught, and made to recant, but not to believe. This he could not do to order; he could only say he recanted. But his freedom hated to have to obey. It was a blot on his mind that he had obeyed this order he knew was wrong. He tried to be brave enough to refuse, but this he thought too brave, for he had a home. This is the true tale; he could not be brave enough to sacrifice his children, for their fate would have been to starve, and he could not believe it to be right for his children to suffer so terribly because men tried to make him believe a thing he could not believe. So he pretended to believe, but he was a marked man, and the butt of others, and suffered much for the rest of his life.

But he died, and saw that the tyranny he rebelled

against truly dwarfed the race, and left people unable to be free things who loved to find their own lines. But he could see no way to help these people for they were all good things who obeyed their parents and did not question the things they were taught.

Then he had the idea that if children could be left to govern themselves they could be free in mind, and find their own lines and try to develop as they could. But it was long before he saw this opportunity to be this man and come and let the children in his town be free.

## 88

### CONCLUSION. THE GIFT OF THE TAPESTRY

*Oswald Roberts*

THESE letters are nearly finished. The lower love of human life is too interested in these brave tales, but hardly in the lovely truth behind. I think it is true that although the gulf is bridged the outlook is too different to be bridged too, and therefore our team has to be content to close these letters.

I have to relate that the lovely ideas that are here are not in the least the melee they may at a glance appear, but a carefully selected contingent of true-life tales and ideas from the minds of various thinkers. They cannot be recalled just because they love to tell their tales, but because each had an idea that fitted into this bright tapestry, that makes a complete picture.

I think the true tales can help many who are in similar condition, but how they are received is a matter for people themselves to decide. I leave feeling that man is hardly able to grasp such wisdom yet; but here it is—the free gift that this team has found that it can give to the world. I hope the world can receive the gift, and be able to make some true

fight against the lack of love in the lot of so many who are the true receivers of the line to the creator.

This that I try to write is the best that I am able to say, for it is LOVE that loves, in all kinds of ways and in all sorts of people.

True love is the love that never fails in any trouble, but is always ready to help in a loving way which is neither forced nor grudging, but helpful and intelligent. I think this is almost known but never practised.

Perhaps man is the least loving of all the inhabitants of the earth. I suppose he chooses this kind of path, for he is really able to choose for himself, how he will be free, and live in freedom and love, or in bondage to himself.

I hope a few may think there is sense in this idea from a common sense point of view, for there are troubles that loom ahead to be met, and no spirit can avert them if man chooses again to bring them on himself.

But a single man has power greater than a bomb that releases the atom.

This is the whole point of these letters, and they could never have been received unless this kind of energy had first been produced.

The letters tell their tale of how this happened; that two people who were the atoms for the purpose had the idea to be used in some such way.

I think almost anyone could find such a use.

Love that waits opportunity could certainly find a high true mission in someone who has a true wish to be used. I think the person himself is guided to find how.

This is the loving guide who helps to transmit these letters, but I think my name is the least important of all. I am the love who is truly the atom who has loved this task.

I think this is the name; Oswald Roberts.





*Names given by Spirits communicating while these Letters have come. This is between September 1st. 1948 and May 2nd. 1949.*

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Names are all given with considerable difficulty, and none are guaranteed. There is probably much mixture of unreliability as the first letter explains. I have put question marks where there is especial doubt of accuracy, and this applies to place names as well.

Some place names are unknown to me; these are *in italics* in case someone may identify them.

I have never before heard of any of the writers except the three noted as 'Known.'

The few I have happened to identify are marked with an asterick and listed at the end.

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Lists of Names and Particulars—

ADAMS, WILL	...	...	...	...	18.5.49
Butcher's Boy and Soldier. Killed in Raid					
BORER, HETTY	...	...	...	...	1.5.49
<i>Harboner, Holland.</i> Killed in the war as a small child. Says her O is different.					
BORTHWICK	...	...	...	...	4.5.49
Identified. See his letter					
BURTON, FRED	..	...	...	...	7.4.49
Small baker, a good time ago. Tried for murder and attempted murder. Died in criminal lunatic asylum.					
CALVERLEY, HENRY	(Biologist)	...	...	...	2.12.48
CURTIS, Thomas	..	...	...	...	30.12.48
Butcher.					
DALTON, WINIFRED	...	..	..	..	1.4.49
Worked in some capacity over planning of a Garden City, (Welwyn?) somewhere North of London.					
DOTTRELL, BORKWIN	(?)	..	..	...	7.4.49
Brewer in big Welsh town in Hungry Forties. Local Preacher. Only son may have been a parson.					
ELLIS, IRENE	..	..	...	...	6.5.49
Left her husband and lived with William Faber (?) and his wife. Sister to Edward Staipe (?).					
FLATTEN, WILLIAM	..	...	...	...	26.4.49
Nothing known.					

<b>FLEMING, PETER</b>	...	...	...	...	18.1.49
Research worker in metals and light. Attended seances. Died during last war.					
<b>FLETCHER</b>	...	...	...	...	7.12.48 *
Almost certainly identified. A designer of well-lighted factories. I find there was such a man who wrote a book on light in industry.					
<b>FLODDEN, PERCY</b>	...	..	...	...	17.5.49
Maker of period furniture.					
<b>FLOTTIBY, IVY</b>	.	..	...	...	5.12.48
Office cleaner in London raids.					
<b>FOLPERY, PHILIP</b> (or Polperro ?)	..	..			22.4.49
Hangman in London in the time of the Georges.					
<b>FOWLER, FRANK</b>	.	..	..	..	5.12.48
Bricklayer.					
<b>FRIEND, FULLER</b>	..	.		..	14.4.49
Spectacle maker, at <i>Willingborough</i> , New Jersey, during the Civil War.					
<b>FRISBY, PETER</b>	...	...	..	...	6 4.49
Lived in Lakeland. Was shot for insubordination in France in the last war.					
<b>FRYER, HERBERT</b>	...	..	...	...	1.4.49
Teacher in boot manufacturing town, (probably Northampton) during industrial revolution.					
<b>GIBBON, FORBURY</b>	...	..	..	..	5.4.49
Underground train conductor, during last war. Probably lived in a house where an hotel now stands.					
<b>HAMPSTEAD, HOWARD</b> (or other London place name)					20.4.49
Youngest but one of large well-to-do family. Lived in hilly place in the west, near sea (?). Educated at Eton (?). Married an actress and had one child who died in infancy. Brother of Lucia Welsh.					
<b>HAPSBURGER, HAROLD</b>	...	.	...	...	29.4.49 *
Presumed identified. His father was Registrar of Wills in the Hamburg Government under the Nazi rule. Killed in blitz at age of 14.					
<b>HARPER, COLE</b>	...	..	..	...	26.4.49
Railway worker in England.					
<b>HASTRES, PASTOR</b> (or Hâtres)	...	...	...		19.5.49
French. Very fond of animals.					
<b>HAWKINS, HUMPHREY</b>	...	...	...	...	28.12.48
Clockmaker.					
<b>HILLER, HY</b>	...	..	...	...	27.3.49
Professor (of Philosophy ?) at Oxford University in time of Oxford Movement.					
<b>HILLIER, PHILIP</b>	...	...	...	...	25.11.48
Designer of ornamental handles. Was in prison.					

<b>HODGSON, LEONARD</b>	...	...	..	...	8.5.49
Miner in some big Welsh mining town. Member of strict sect. Died of heart trouble, as a young man.					
<b>HOLBER, FOLLIS</b>	..	...	.	25.11.48, 24/29.4.49	
Was in Concentration camp. Jewish refugee to England. Clerk.					
<b>HOLLIS, HARRY</b>	...	..	...	..	24.11.48
Builder of 'big houses.'					
<b>HOPE, LETTICE</b>	...	...	..	...	9.4.49
Lived in England before wars (?).					
<b>HORNBURG, LADY MARY</b>	..	..	..	..	19.4.49
Names almost certainly wrong as she was so surprised to find they were apparently not English. Married Baron Ullswater or Ullbrunn or some such name. Lived in castle in high position by river. Only heir died as a child.					
<b>HORNE, RICHARD</b>	..	...	...	..	1.12.48
Microscopist.					
<b>HOTFOOT</b>	.	..	...	...	12.5.49
Teacher in 'unenlightened school' during the first war.					
<b>HULBERT, BERNARD (?)</b>	...	..	..	..	3.1.49
Warder at a Prison.					
<b>HUNT, LEWIS</b>	...	...	..	...	6.12.48
Nothing known.					
<b>HUNTER, MOORE</b>	...	..	...	..	23.11.48
Did research in relaying radio.					
<b>HURD, DAVID</b>	...	...	..	...	31.3.49
Fixed lightning conductors on factory chimneys in Wales. Died as an old man during last war.					
<b>HUTTON, IVY</b>	...	...	...	...	30.12.48
Charwoman. Killed in blitz.					
<b>INGRAM, NELLIE</b>	...	...	...	...	3.5.49
Youngest of three sisters. Died suddenly as a toddler during the last war. Lived at <i>King-something</i> , Isle of Man.					
<b>JACKSON, JOHN</b>	...	...	...	...	13.1.49
Lampighter.					
<b>JEWELL, WALTER</b>	..	.	.	...	24.5.49
Lived in England in first war. Was divorced and married again. Religious man. Died of heart trouble when not very old.					
<b>JONES, JAMES</b>	...	...	...	..	10.1.49
Electrician working on London air raid shelters.					
<b>KALLINDER, WILFRED</b>	...	...	...	...	17.1.49
Teacher of "poor children, in a place of mill bridges, and pump bringing water to hill towns."					

KELLY	...	...	...	...	...	16.4.49
Farmer, in <i>Wilberforce</i> , U.S., during the depression.						
KILTON, HILDA	...	...	...	...	...	8.1.49
Spinster.						
KIRK, OLIVE	...	...	..	...		10.4.49, 1.5.49
Clairvoyante. Lived during the last war.						
KOLB, FLORENCE	...	...	...	...	..	17.4.49
Was able to project her body through space. Lived in W. Australia, and was in a mental hospital.						
KUNOD, NOTAL (?)	...	...	...	.	...	26.4.49
Ukrainian. Unemployed before the war, then worked in a stocking factory in Dresden.						
KURTWANGLER, NUTTOW (?)	...	...	...	...		13.4.49
Refugee from Konigsberg to France. Camp Leader.						
LARWIT, LILY	...	...	...	...	...	7.12.48
Housewife.						
LATIMER, PHYLLIS	..	..	...	...		25.4.49
Died as a tiny child. Father a miner in large Welsh mining town, during last war. Lived by water.						
LIGHTFOOT, LILIAN	...	...	..	...		22.1.49
Lived in London in both wars. Died in Home for old women. Of gentle birth.						
LLOYD, PWLLHELI	..	.	.	...		25.4.49
Died as a baby (of meningitis ?) in orphanage, in Worcester (?).						
LOCKE, EDWARD	.	...	.	...		4.12.48
Window cleaner in Birmingham.						
LODGE, OLIVER	.	..	...	...	...	4.10.48 on Known.
LODGE, RAYMOND	...	...	...	...		20.11.48 Known.
LOKWIRKER, HALSPRICH	...	...	...	...		22.3.49
Tramp. Entered home of Arthur Littlebronn (Kleinebronn ?) "on the river called <i>Wollerbrunn</i> (?) that runs into the big river called <i>Niebebrunn</i> (?) which is a tributary of the Loire. Perhaps it is not the Loire but the Rhone. I think it is a French river but I do not remember the name."						
LONG, HUMPHREY	..	..	...	..		25.4.49
Died of a lung illness at age 2. Lived at Wells.						
LONGMAN, KURT	...	.	...	...	...	9.1.49
Poor Law Officer.						
LORAINÉ, ALBERT	...	...	...	..		7.1.49
Socialist Leader, in England.						
LORE, PETER	...	...	...	..		25.4.49
Lived in a cottage in Wurtemberg. Under 3 when killed.						

LUBBOCK, THOMAS	...	...	...	...	
Roman Catholic					
LUTTRELL, LONDON	...	...	...	...	19.1.49
"An unlovely man who brought crime to a house."					
In London before wars.					
MALLINETT, LIZZIE	...	..	...	...	6.12.48
Cook to two wealthy women.					
MARTIN, JOHN : Circus name, Johnny Jollion.	...				24.4.49
Tight rope walker.					
MISBELS, DORA (?)	...	...	...	...	28.3.49
Lived in London by gaslight.					
MOTTRAM	...	..	...	...	15.5.49
Lived in England in last war. Unmarried.					
NABROBOP, HITTON (?)	...	...	...	...	18.4.49
Owner of nitrogen plant on 'piece of land by chief					
big lake in Finland;' believe now Russian territory.					
Married Walbrot Volkvort.					
NEIL, LAWRENCE	...	...	...	...	Dec., 48.
Doctor. Killed in raid. Bachelor. I think we may					
say identified since a friend tells me he has found					
four recent Drs. Lawrence Neil in directories, and					
Neil says he hears this name "in a tribe of doctors					
that had a name like this."					
NEILSON, ARTHUR	...	...	...	...	5.12.48
Turnstile man at a Zoo. (Edinburgh?).					
NETTLEBY, WILLIAM	...	..	...	...	25.5.49
Teacher. Worked for peace in some way. Married					
Helen Wotton. Lived in Warwick.					
NEWTON, TOM	...	...	...	...	1.5.49 *
Lived at <i>Newton</i> in western moorland. Killed as					
a baby.					
NORRIS, HARRIET	...	...	...	...	30.4.49
Lived during last war in London. Housewife,					
interested in Eastern truths.					
NUTTAP, PAUL	...	...	...	...	7.1.49
Psychiatrist. Lived before wars in Westphalia.					
OFRIN, KATIE	...	...	...	...	1.5.48
Died in hospital in a town with name like <i>Oberemburg</i> ,					
in Switzerland. Mentally defective.					
ORME, WILLIAM BUXTON	...	...	...	...	23.4.49
Writer for Children's magazines under pseudonym					
such as "Not-too-big-to-play," before wars.					
ORTON, FORBES	...	...	...	...	3.5.49
Labourer (?) Lived on moors in north.					
ORTON, PHOEBE	..	...	...	...	15.5.49
Nothing known.					
OSBORNE, LUKE	...	...	...	...	21.3.49
Worker in research on electric lighting.					

<b>OTLEY, PETER</b>	... ..	8.5.49
Lived in Welsh mining town, probably Newport, Mon. Killed in mine accident as young man. Friend of Leonard Hodgson.		
<b>PHIBS (or PHIPPS), LEOPOLD</b>	.. ...	11.4.49
Strictly religious man. Before wars. Had a son in regular army who afterwards became a teacher.		
<b>POCOCK, LIONEL</b>	... ..	5.1.49
Grower of flowering trees near North of London.		
<b>POLTRON, TEDDY</b>	.. ..	25.4.49
Lived in Wells and died as a baby.		
<b>POMEROY, BRITON</b>	... ..	16.1.49
Homeopathic doctor. American.		
<b>PORTER, LUKE</b>	.. ...	7.12.48
Office boy. Killed in blitz.		
<b>POTTER, OLIVE</b>	.. ..	7.12.48
Housewife.		
<b>PRIESTLEY, JOHN</b>	.. ..	9.4.49
Doctor in time of Queen Victoria. Thinks he was brilliant and a pioneer in experimenting with animals.		
<b>PULVERTAFT, THOMAS</b>	.. ...	7.12.48 *
Clergyman. Quite certainly identified. See his letter.		
<b>ROBERTS, OSWALD</b>	. ...	26.5.49
Known.		
<b>ROUSE, IRENE</b>	. ..	26.11.48
Teacher of girls. Twin sister of Mrs. Ursula Moore.		
<b>RUTOBOVSKI, ROBERT</b>	... ..	18.1.49
Exile from Russia.		
<b>STAIPJE, EDWARD (?)</b>	.. ..	6.5.49
"Queer name that looked Dutch but was English." Lived among blast furnaces in the north and worked on chromium taps when they were a new invention. Brother of Irene Ellis. Friend of William Faber.		
<b>STRUTTON, PETER</b>	... ..	4.12.48
Student of History.		
<b>THOKER, HALL (?)</b>	... ..	17.5.49
Friend of Percy Flodden.		
<b>THOMAS, LYN</b>	.. ...	25.11.48
Nonconformist (?) Minister.		
<b>THURBY, WALTER</b>	... ..	19.1.49
Rent Collector.		
<b>THURSTON, WILLIAM</b>	.. ...	29.12.48
Electrician (?)		
<b>TRITTER, HANS</b>	... ..	4.1.49
Lived in Holland before wars. Replaced incan- descent gas mantles.		
<b>ULRICH, A. L. VON</b>	(See Lokwirker.) ...	
<b>ULLSWATER, or ULLBRUNN, (see HORNBURG)</b>		

UNDERWOOD, FLORA	... ..	25.4.49
Killed in London blitz at age of 3.		
UNWIN, URQUHART	... ..	23.5.49
Brought before Juvenile Court for stealing.		
URWIN, NUTTAL	.. ..	29.3.49
Lived during war in Painted Desert.		
VELBER, PERE (?)	.. ..	15.4.49
Head of monastery settled in England after expulsion from France. An old French Order. Died suddenly		
VIBURY, HI	. ... ..	30.12.48
Tiler.		
VINE, UPTON	. .. ..	30.12.48
American Minister of Religion. Something to do with World Council of Churches.		
VOLKVORT, WALBROT (see NABROBOP)	... ..	7.5.49
VOYSEY, KATHRINE	... ..	7.5.49
Lived in Minehead, Somerset, judging by her description.		
WEBBER, WILLIE	... ..	25.4.49
Killed in accident as a baby. Lived in <i>Wisbarn</i> (?), Wells.		
WHATLEY, FRANCIS	... ..	5.4.49
Inventor of household gadgets.		
WHITE, VERA	... ..	23.3.49
Nothing known.		
WHITELEY, WILLIAM	.. . .	11.1.49
Mental Nurse.		
WHYBROW, BRADY	.. ..	7.4.49 *
Hypnotist. Demonstrating in London during time of Jenny Lind (?). Lived to be very old—probably till near end of last century. Technical points verified.		
WILLIAMS, HARRIET	... ..	6.12.48
Nothing known.		
WILTON, HONE	.. ..	25.4.49
Builder's labourer in <i>Wheatley</i> , Nova Scotia.		
WILWAY, ALAN	.. ..	2.4.49
Monk in North of England during last war. Wrote plays.		
WOODHOUSE, DALTON	... ..	6.4.49
Wealthy. Lived in Blackheath in days of coaches and highwaymen. Subject of sensational trial for attempted murder; sentenced to two years' imprisonment.		
WOOLSEY, URSULA	.. ..	28.4.49
Lived in Brighton in house overlooking the sea with balcony on top floor only. Killed in blitz at age 13. Father "had to do with houses."		

WORTH, BRUTUS	...	...	...	...	9.5.49
Teacher of Botany at boys' public school on brow of hill in country, with buildings grouped round church and hall.					
WORTREY, MARTIN	(name wrong).	..	..	..	11.5.49
Bricklayer in Newbury. Friend of Walter Hartley.					
WOTTON, HELEN	(?)	..	..	..	25.5.49
Worker for peace in some way in Warwick. Married William Nettleby.					
WOTTON, WILLIAM	(?)	...	..	...	21.4.49
Research chemist (?)					
WILLS, DORIS	...	...	..	..	22.5.49
Quaker (?)					
WRIGHT	...	...	..	..	21.5.49
Nothing known, except that he loved dogs.					
YEOBRIDGE, DONALD	..	..	..	...	24.3.49
Pacifist poet and writer. Lived in Ireland before wars.					
Name not remembered.	..	..	..	..	2.5.49
Nobleman and ruler of small state, perhaps in Alsace Loraine. Town and title meaning Old Town, and place French for 'bringing water to a mill tower' probably in archaic forms. Pioneer in self-governing form of education A good time ago.					

## POINTS ALREADY IDENTIFIED

Here are particulars of the few points in the foregoing long list which have already been checked. Many more of course can be.

I am not myself much interested in establishing whether these spirits remember whether they were Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown. The difficulty they experience over these names they no longer use is explained in the first letter. Almost the whole point of these letters lies in the contents, and of course masses of evidence of well remembered names and addresses is obtainable elsewhere, as almost any number of the Psychic News will show.

A complete blank has been drawn in the case of



Bernard Hulbert, as no one of this name has been a warder in any English prison. This name was one of those which were written with difficulty, and I was doubtful whether it even began with an H, so would not myself have made the enquiry.

I wrote to the Society of Clowns and find that John Martin—circus name Johnny Jollion—was never a member, but he only describes himself as a tight rope walker.

I am also told there is no Wilberforce in Utah.

I only made one or two other enquiries which led to nothing either way.

#### Information Given

*Borthwick.* Considers surname sufficient.

Was very intellectual and rather soulless.

Fell in love.

Does not know how he earned his living, and thinks he was rich.

#### Information Established

*Borthwick of Borthwick.* A well-known M.P. in mid-Victorian times.

Last of the name as his son became a peer. Thus we know he was married.

A conspicuously brilliant man, and a champion of slavery. Hardly earned his living as he was evidently wealthy, but was Editor of the Morning Post. for the last two years of his life.

Information from Dictionary of National Biography.

*Fletcher.* "The builder of work places that are light."

*Bannister Fletcher, R.I.B.A.,* died 1899, was an eminent architect and designer of factories and industrial and other large buildings at the end of the last century.

Among other books he wrote "Light and Air. A Text-book for Architects and Surveyors."

Information from Dictionary of National Biography.

### Information Given

*Hapsburger*, Harold. This boy says his father was Registrar of Wills in the Hamburg Government under the Nazis.

*Neil*, Lawrence. Doctor.

Says he 'hears this name in a tribe of doctors that had this name.'

Unmarried.

Died during raid.

*Newton*, Tom. This little boy says he lived at Newton, in moors in the west.

*Pulvertaft*, Thomas. Clergyman. Says he had a church in England, perhaps a village one as he sees 'little spiritual growth' from it.

His style, ('This or that' four times) may be characteristic.

*Whybrow*, Brady. Hypnotist in mid-Victorian times. Demonstrated in public at time of Jenny Lind.

Lived to be old.

Experimented on the human eye with heat, light and pain, and found that some eyes responded to heat waves, others to light.

### Information Established

*Hapsburger* must have held this office as two letters bearing the request that they may be returned to me if Herr H. is not known have never come back, so must have been forwarded somewhere.

*Dr. Lawrence Neil*. A friend has found four doctors of this name fairly recently dead, from old medical directories.

*Newton*. I am told there is a moorland village of this name in the West Riding.

*Rev. Thomas Pulvertaft*. died 1928. A well-known religious journalist and scholar. Contributor to Church Family Newspaper. Latterly Vicar of St. Paul's, Kilburn, of which the spiritual growth can hardly be assessed.

In this case I followed up the unusual name, and received these particulars from a near relative.

No attempt has been made to trace the name, but it was given with confidence.

A doctor hypnotist, of the Society for Psychical Research, writes that he is most interested; especially in "the observations which refer to different nerve impulses for heat, cold and pain. 'This is in fact correct.'"